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MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURTS

OF

BERLIN, DRESDEN, WARSAW, AND VIENNA,

IN THE YEARS 1777, 1778, AND 1779.

By N. WILLIAM WRAXALL, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE.

THESE Memoirs were originally collected, with a view to publication; but, a reluctance to the diſcloſure of anecdotes and facts relative to ſo many diſtinguiſhed living characters, induced me to poſtpone the accompliſhment of my intention, to a diſtant period. The lapſe of more than twenty years has fully emancipated me from thoſe reſtraints; the deceaſe of the King of Poland, and of the Archduchess Chriſtina, both which took place during the courſe of laſt year, having withdrawn the only remaining impedi-

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ments to their appearance. The depoſition, added to the misfortunes of Staniſlaus, rendered him peculiarly ſacred; and had he been ſtill alive, I ſhould yet have delayed publiſhing theſe Memoirs.

However remote the time may appear ſince they were written, I have ſtill choſen to be wholly ſilent on many points, equally curious and intereſting. The perſonages themſelves, to whom that remark applies, are either dead, or forgotten; and motives of reſpect induce me to let them remain in oblivion.

In unveiling the errors, or diſcloſing the foibles, of Princes and of Miniſters, we muſt conſider them as incident to the frailties and infirmities, inſeparable from human nature. But, their greateſt faults will be obliterated, when compared with the atrocities,

cities, and contraſted with the exceſſes, of the preſent ſelf-created Sovereigns of France.

How moderate will appear the ambition of Joſeph the Second, in the affair of the Bavarian ſucceſſion; and how mild muſt be accounted the moſt deſpotic acts of Frederic, towards the Saxons, or the Poles; on a compariſon with the flagitious enormities now committed, under the banner of Liberty and Equality, in Switzerland, in Rome, and in Piedmont! Even in their moſt arbitrary proceedings, Joſeph and Frederic reſpected the rights of human nature, of religion, and of nations. In the conduct of the "Directory," we experience their emancipation from all reſtraints of private honor, of public faith, and of moral obligation. They have made the beſt apology for deſpotiſm, as well

as for ſuperſtition; and have compelled us to look back with envy or regret, to ages of the earth, which the philoſophy of the preſent time has endeavoured to repreſent, as only deſerving of oblivion, or worthy of compaſſion.

CHESTERFIELD STREET,
BERKELEY SQUARE,
April 2, 1799.

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MEMOIRS, &c.

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Anecdotes of Frederic the Second, Landgrave of Heſſe.—Hanover.—Electreſs Sophia.—Sophia Dorothea, Princeſs of Zell, wife to George the Firſt.—Relation of the principal circumſtances attending her impriſonment, and the death of Count Konigſmark.—Examination of that tranſaction.—Particulars of the laſt illneſs and death of King George the Firſt.

HANOVER, *Sept.* 9, 1777.

THE line of inquiry and reſearch which you ſo warmly recommended to me at my leaving England, is undoubtedly far more intereſting, as well as important, than the deſcription of palaces and cities. But, it is likewiſe more difficult, and in ſome reſpects I might add, more invidious. Kings and miniſters are neither

as acceſſible as the buildings they inhabit, nor can we wiſh to ſpeak of them while alive, with the ſame freedom. "Pericu-"loſæ plenum opus Aleæ, hiſtoriam ſui "temporis ſcribere." Even Burnet and Clarendon, who wrote of the events of their own times, did not eſcape the penalty inſeparable from ſuch an attempt. I am however, on the other hand, ſenſible, that it is only from cotemporary authority we can derive the moſt authentic, as well as curious materials of hiſtory. The minute and perſonal anecdotes of illuſtrious men ſoon fade under the touch of time, and are obliterated. In order to be preſerved and tranſmitted to poſterity, they muſt be collected at the moment. The letters which I propoſe to addreſs to you, from the various courts which I may chance to viſit while on the continent, will therefore be directed, though not excluſively, yet in a peculiar manner, to that object. If ſometimes, when ſurveying ſcenes or countries remote from the common track, I may ſeem to deviate from my original

original deſign, the digreſſion will only be ſhort.

I ſhall paſs over the time that elapſed between my landing at Calais early in July, and my arrival at this place, as furniſhing little towards my preſent deſign; and I ſhall therefore, neither detain you at Antwerp, at the Hague, nor on the Rhine. Remounting that river from Duſſeldorf to Mentz, I croſſed the dominions of Heſſe, to Caſſel. The Landgrave may be accounted one of the richeſt, as well as moſt powerful Princes of the German Empire, after the temporal Electors: the Dukes of Wirtemberg and of Mecklenburg Schwerin alone, among the Princes of the ſecond order, can conteſt with him in extent of territory, in revenues, and in political importance.

Frederic the Second, reigning Landgrave of Heſſe Caſſel, is at this time about fifty-ſeven years of age, of a middle ſize inclining to robuſt, and of a manly figure. Over his uniform he uſually wears the

Order of the Garter; but, his treatment of the Landgravine his firſt wife, who was a daughter of George the Second, did not tend to cement the alliance which he had formed with the King of Great Britain. They were ſeparated from each other during many years. The infelicity of his firſt nuptials, has not however prevented him from contracting a ſecond marriage, as ſoon as the neceſſary forms of decorum permitted. Captivated by the attractions of the Princeſs of Brandenburgh Schwedt, he eſpouſed her about four years ago. She is a collateral deſcendant of the Pruſſian Houſe, and is ſtill at this time a very beautiful woman. But, the Landgrave ſeems either not deſtined or not calculated, for matrimonial happineſs. They live in a ſtate of alienation and eſtrangement, in the ſame palace and capital, without iſſue, or almoſt intercourſe of any kind.

For this domeſtic misfortune, he conſoles himſelf in the ſociety of Mademoiſelle F——, whoſe perſonal charms are pointed by

by all the faſcinating coquetry of a Pariſian education. She was miſtreſs to the Duke de Bouillon, and arrived here only three months ſince. Two thouſand Louis-d'ors were allowed her, for the expences of her journey from Paris to Caſſel; and her actual eſtabliſhment falls little ſhort of ſix thouſand pounds a-year. As if all theſe remunerations were below her merit, ſhe is treated with ſtill more flattering marks of diſtinction. At the public theatre her box is placed cloſe to the ſtage, in a conſpicuous part of the houſe. I ſaw her there laſt night, when the Landgrave and Landgravine were preſent at the performance. This contempt of decency, ſo repugnant to our manners, is not uncommon in the German Courts, and derives a ſort of ſanction from cuſtom.

Caſſel is in many reſpects a beautiful city, and embelliſhed with ſome magnificent buildings. Hanover preſents the image of departed greatneſs; palaces without inhabitants, a capital without trade, and an

Electorate without a Sovereign. It is principally by the recollection of what it was, that Hanover continues to intereſt an ordinary traveller. To an Engliſhman it offers many curious ſubjects of reflection, connected with hiſtory. I ſtudy the local ſcenery with pleaſure; nor have I been leſs attentive to collect ſome of the anecdotes, which tradition ſtill preſerves relative to the Electoral Family. At the palace of Herenhauſen, yeſterday, a grey-headed domeſtic of fourſcore, pointed out to me the preciſe ſpot in the gardens, where the old Electreſs Sophia, wife of Erneſt Auguſtus, dropped down and expired. That event happened in the beginning of June 1714, not eight weeks before the death of Queen Anne. "I perfectly remember," ſaid he to me, "the evening, which was uncom-"monly ſerene and fine. The Electreſs "appeared to be in perfect health, not-"withſtanding her advanced period of life. "She had dined in public; and, invited by "the beauty of the weather, walked out, "accom-

"accompanied by the ladies and principal "perſons compoſing her court. Suddenly, "without any apparent cauſe or attack, "ſhe exclaimed, 'It rains! it rains!' "and running acroſs the garden, ſhe ſoon "ſunk down, cloſe to a little alcove about "two hundred yards from the palace, "where in the ſpace of a few minutes ſhe "breathed her laſt without pang or ef-"fort."

Her deſtiny was a very ſingular one. The youngeſt daughter of the exiled and unfortunate Elector Palatine, King of Bohemia; brought up in adverſity and privations; married to a German Prince of the family of Brunſwick, who had then no proſpect of becoming the head of his Houſe; called in the evening of life, by a wonderful concurrence of circumſtances, to the Engliſh ſucceſſion, from which ſhe was apparently removed by her birth to an incalculable diſtance; ſurviving that event above thirteen years, and at laſt carried off by death, at the very moment when ſhe

muſt have aſcended the Britiſh throne: ſuch were the outlines of her hiſtory. We know, that though above eighty at the time of her deceaſe, ſhe felt none of the infirmities of age; and that far from regarding with indifference the crown which awaited her, ſhe anticipated with anxiety the accompliſhment of ſo great an expectation. It would have been a ſingular ſpectacle, to have beheld the grand-daughter of James the Firſt quitting Hanover at more than fourſcore years of age, embarking for her new dominions, and aſſuming the reins of government, at a time when other princes are uſually incapacitated for all the functions of royalty.

My reſearches have, however, been more particularly directed to another Princeſs of the Electoral Family, leſs generally known than Sophia: I mean, the wife of George the Firſt; for ſhe was never acknowledged as Queen of England, or even as Electreſs of Hanover. She is in fact only remembered by ſome imperfect traditions of her gallantry

lantry and her misfortunes. The greater part of her life was paſſed in a ſort of melancholy ſequeſtration, at the Caſtle of Ahlden, in the Duchy of Zell. As only perſons of inferior condition were admitted to ſee her, during the reſidence which ſhe made there, it is very difficult to aſcertain with certainty the principal circumſtances of her hiſtory. Even relative to the charge of infidelity brought againſt her, it is not eaſy to ſupport by facts any decided opinion. Her innocence is matter of inference and belief, more than of poſitive proof. I have converſed with many perſons who recollect her death, though ſcarcely with any who ever ſaw her. On the nature of her connection with Count Konigſmark, and on the particulars of his *diſappearance*, I have in a peculiar manner endeavoured to obtain accurate information. But, over this tranſaction ſo myſterious a veil has been drawn, that no cotemporary teſtimony or evidence, on which implicit reliance can be placed, is now to be procured.

cured. The Court of Hanover, as might naturally be expected, was desirous to suppress as much as possible, every thing relative to the Princess and her pretended lover. Even the name of Konigsmark was not mentioned without repugnance, till within the last twenty years.

Various portraits of Sophia Dorothea, the wife of George the First, still exist in the palace here at Hanover, as well as in that of Herenhausen. I have studied them with attention; and if I were compelled to name any person now living, to whom they bear a particular resemblance, I should say it was to the celebrated Mrs. Draper, better known under the name of Sterne's "Eliza;" but, the Princess was unquestionably by far the most beautiful of the two women. In a very capital picture of her, which struck me yesterday at Herenhausen, she appears to be in the bloom of youth. The contour of her face is more round than oval, the features regular, and their expression gay, pleasing, and animated. Her

eyes

eyes are hazel, and her brown hair plays negligently over her forehead. The painter has dreſſed her in a lilac-coloured veſt richly embroidered, which is cloſely fitted to her body, and calculated to diſplay the delicacy of her ſhape. Over her left ſhoulder is buckled a blue mantle, adorned with flower-de-luces; and behind her ſtands a negro girl, who holds out to her a ſcarlet riband. This portrait was probably done ſoon after her marriage in 1682, when ſhe was about ſeventeen, and cannot be conſidered without emotions of concern for her ſubſequent fate. I ſhall now endeavour to throw together the moſt material facts relative to her, which I have collected at various times, here, as well as in other parts of the empire. They will ſerve at leaſt to give ſome general information, on which to form an opinion reſpecting that unfortunate Princeſs.

Her father, George William, Duke of Brunſwick Lunenburg and Zell, was an elder brother of Erneſt Auguſtus, Duke of Hanover,

Hanover, who married Sophia, daughter of the King and Queen of Bohemia. George William was one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Princes of his time, and not leſs known by his talents for war, than by his political abilities in peace. He checked the career of Louis the Fourteenth's arms, at a moment when they were every where victorious, by defeating Marſhal Crequi at Conſarbruck, in 1675, and by taking him priſoner afterwards in the city of Treves. In the decline of life, his profound judgment, added to his zealous protection of the Proteſtant Religion, rendered him the oracle of all the adherents to that faith, and the declared enemy of France. It was to the Duke of Zell, that William, Prince of Orange, uſually had recourſe for advice, in great or delicate emergencies; and before he ventured to embark for England in 1688, on the expedition againſt James the Second, he conſulted George William in perſon. A range of rooms in the Caſtle of Zell, is ſtill called the Prince of Orange's apartments, from having been frequently inhabited

inhabited by him, and appropriated to his uſe. Even in the act of ſucceſſion, which called the Houſe of Hanover to the Britiſh throne, William was unqueſtionably actuated in part by friendſhip for the Duke of Zell; whoſe deſcendants, immediate and collateral, were thereby eventually raiſed from German Princes of the ſecond order, to the rank of Kings.

George William, after having paſſed the meridian of life in celibacy, became at the age of forty, deeply enamoured with Eleanor Deſmier, a young lady whom he ſaw by accident at Breda in Holland. Her father, Alexander Deſmier, was a French gentleman, of antient and honourable deſcent, Lord of Olbreuſe in the province of Poitou. Being a Hugonot, he had quitted his native country, on account of the perſecution to which he was liable for his religious opinions. If we may believe tradition, Mademoiſelle d'Olbreuſe was not ſo dazzled with the conqueſt which her charms had effected, as to forget the diſ-

proportion

proportion of rank and birth between her and her lover. She did not yield to his addreſſes, till convinced by time, of the ſincerity, as well as the warmth of his affection. In the marriage contract, ſhe was qualified "Counteſs of Harburg;" it not being in the Duke of Zell's power, according to the forms of the German juriſprudence, to elevate her to the dignity of a Princeſs of the Empire, though he could make her his legitimate wife. But, at his ſolicitation ſome years afterwards, the Emperor Leopold raiſed her to that eminence, and ſhe was then univerſally recognized as Ducheſs of Brunſwick-Zell.

Sophia Dorothea, the only iſſue of George William by Mademoiſelle d'Olbreuſe, was born in 1666, and at an early age was promiſed in marriage to Auguſtus Frederic, ſon of Anthony Ulric, Duke of Brunſwick Wolfenbuttel. But, this young Prince, who excited great expectations, was cut off when only nineteen, having died in conſequence of the wounds which he received

received at the ſiege of Philipſburg in 1676. Erneſt Auguſtus, Duke of Hanover, preſumptive heir to his brother George William in the Duchy of Zell, as a maſculine fief; was likewiſe deſirous of ſecuring the allodial or perſonal inheritance of the elder branch of his family. He demanded therefore, the Princeſs Sophia Dorothea in marriage for his eldeſt ſon George Louis, Hereditary Prince of Hanover. The Duke of Zell conſented to the propoſal; but, it is univerſally aſſerted that neither the Ducheſs his wife, nor the young Princeſs herſelf, ſubmitted to it without great reluctance and conſiderable oppoſition. The nuptials were nevertheleſs ſolemnized in November 1682. In the following year ſhe brought into the world a ſon, who was afterwards King George the Second. His birth was followed by a daughter, who by her marriage with Frederick William the Firſt, became Queen of Pruſſia.

But, the union of the Princeſs of Zell with the Hereditary Prince of Hanover, though

though fruitful, was by no means happy. It is difficult to know whether their infelicity reſulted from natural incompatibility of character; whether it was principally produced by neglect on *his* part; or whether it aroſe from *her* heart being preoccupied by a paſſion for another perſon. The Court of Hanover was at that period, one of the moſt ſplendid, gallant, and poliſhed, of any in the German Empire, or in the North of Europe. Erneſt Auguſtus himſelf avowedly maintained a commerce of gallantry with the Counteſs of Platen, a woman of beauty and accompliſhments, whoſe influence over him was in many reſpects almoſt without bounds. His ſon, the Hereditary Prince, imitated the example ſet him; though he preſerved for his wife, and manifeſted towards her, ſentiments of reſpect and conſideration. She ſeems on her part to have been a high-ſpirited woman, of ſtrong paſſions, capable of the moſt violent reſolutions; and not ſufficiently circumſpect in her conduct, whatever might be the purity of her intentions,

intentions, in a ſituation where calumny might ſo eaſily find ſubject for attack.

Among the ſtrangers of diſtinction who viſited the Court of Hanover, was Count Konigſmark, a man whoſe crimes, adventures, and tragical end, have rendered him too much known. He was by birth a Saxon, though his family was originally from Sweden. Handſome in his perſon, captivating in his manners and addreſs, he was formed to ſucceed with women. He had been early known by, and peculiarly acceptable to, the Princeſs of Hanover, before her marriage, when ſhe reſided at Zell in her father's palace. It is even pretended, that ſhe had retained a deep impreſſion of this partiality for the Count, which naturally revived on ſeeing him again. Konigſmark, whatever perſonal or external graces he poſſeſſed, was unqueſtionably a diſſolute, unprincipled, enterprizing man of pleaſure, capable of the greateſt crimes in the purſuit or attainment of his views. He had travelled over Eu-

rope, had ſeen ſervice in various countries, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his gallantry, magnificence, and courage. In Spain, where he had diſplayed his addreſs on public occaſions, he was honoured by as public teſtimonies of attachment, on the part of the ladies of the Court of Madrid. When in England, under the reign of Charles the Second, he narrowly eſcaped an ignominious execution, for the murder of Mr. Thynne, in 1682. His accomplices, for it is impoſſible to doubt that he employed or ſuborned them, though the fact could not be judicially brought home to him; were all executed at Tyburn, for that atrocious act. He himſelf was reſerved for a deſtiny hardly leſs unfortunate, a few years later; and his name is now inſeparably connected with the Princeſs of Hanover, Sophia Dorothea.

The Prince her huſband, who ſerved during more than one campaign, in the Imperial army againſt the Turks, was frequently abſent from her; a circumſtance which

which naturally facilitated Konigſmark's acceſs to the Princeſs. It is unqueſtionable that ſhe entertained for him ſentiments of the moſt partial nature, and that ſhe indulged them in a manner, which, if not criminal, was at leaſt imprudent. She was accuſtomed, two or three times in a week, to feign an indiſpoſition, under which pretence ſhe retired to her apartment. Konigſmark was then admitted; they ſupped together, and uſually remained at table, or in converſation, till two or three o'clock in the morning. When he retired, he deſcended by a little private ſtaircaſe, near the great gate of the Ducal Palace, which conducted him into the town.

Interviews of ſuch a nature, at ſuch hours, and in the Princeſs's own apartments, imply great, and one may add, improper intimacy, particularly, if Konigſmark's profligate character be recollected. It is even difficult at firſt ſight, not to connect with them the idea of a criminal connection. But, on the other hand, there

is neither any proof that they were ſo in effect, nor was any ſuch proof ever attempted to be made out againſt her, though her enemies were deeply intereſted to eſtabliſh the fact, if it had been poſſible. In addition to this negative preſumption in her favour, it is poſitively aſſerted that, during the time when Konigſmark was with her, they never remained alone together; one or more of her ladies of honour, and thoſe of the moſt unimpeached characters, being always preſent. The very imprudence of admitting him to ſuch interviews, ſeems to prove that they were innocent, ſince it was impoſſible that they could be altogether concealed or unknown.

Unfortunately, Konigſmark's perſon and accompliſhments had made an impreſſion not only on the Princeſs, but on Madame de Platen, miſtreſs of Erneſt Auguſtus. Whether, as is pretended, he had divulged the favours which ſhe conferred on him; or whether he had returned her partiality with indifference and contempt, as other

perſons

perſons aſſure, it is certain that ſhe deeply reſented his behaviour. Irritated at his preference for the Princeſs Sophia Dorothea, of which ſhe was well apprized, and having ſet ſpies to watch his motions, ſhe ſoon diſcovered his ſecret interviews with her rival, of which ſhe gave information to the Duke of Hanover. It was natural to ſuppoſe that he would not tolerate them; and the Count ſoon afterwards received an indirect, but peremptory intimation, that his longer ſtay at Hanover would be diſpleaſing. As he delayed compliance with the injunction on various pretences, it was reiterated. He therefore made public preparations for his departure, fixed the day and hour, ordered his poſt-horſes, and having commanded his ſervants to expect him at three o'clock in the morning, he went privately to the Ducal Palace. The Princeſs, under pretence of indiſpoſition, admitted him as before to her apartment, where a ſupper was ſerved, and they re-

mained for ſome hours together, but, al-always in company with one or more of her ladies.

No ſooner was the Counteſs of Platen apprized that Konigſmark was in the Princeſs's chamber, than ſhe inſtantly carried the intelligence to the Duke, and repreſented to him the inſolence of thus braving, if not diſhonouring him in his own palace. Profiting of his indignation, ſhe induced him to give directions for puniſhing the Count's temerity, by an act of immediate violence. It is doubtleſs to be lamented, that Erneſt Auguſtus ſhould have ſanctioned or authoriſed an aſſaſſination; for ſuch it muſt be deemed: but, it ſhould likewiſe be remembered that he was a Sovereign Prince, and the provocation was great, if he really believed Konigſmark's viſits to his daughter-in-law to have been of a criminal nature. No appeal could be made to his ſon, who was abſent in Hungary, and the Count was on the point

point of leaving Hanover. How far theſe conſiderations may ſeem to palliate the act, I leave others to determine.

A very general idea prevails throughout Germany, that Erneſt Auguſtus having cauſed four of his guards to put on maſks, they by his order attacked Konigſmark, as he came out of the Princeſs's apartment, and killed him on the ſpot. I ſaw this very morning, the place in the Electoral Palace, where tradition ſays the Count fell. It is a paſſage almoſt deſtitute of light, not above nine or ten paces in length. A door at one extremity opens into a large handſome apartment, the firſt of the range occupied by the Princeſs of Hanover, and out of which Konigſmark paſſed, when he quitted her on the night that he periſhed. At the other end is another door, near a ſtaircaſe, by which he was to have left the Palace. That this was the ſcene of his ſeizure, there is no doubt; but, the means uſed to put him out of life were more ſecret, though not leſs effectual, than open

attack. I ſhall relate them from good authority.

Orders were iſſued on the part of the Duke of Hanover, to the ſoldier on guard at the Palace gate, to ſtop Konigſmark, as he came down the private ſtaircaſe beforementioned; to force him by menaces of immediate death to follow, and then to ſhut him into a ſubterranean vault or cellar, which was indicated. The ſoldier punctually executed the commiſſion, without knowing or ſuſpecting the conſequence. It would ſeem that the Count neither made nor attempted reſiſtance; a fact which proves either his want of courage, or of any means of defence; unleſs we ſuppoſe that, confiding in his innocence, he took no precaution for his ſecurity, and was unſuſpicious of an intention to interrupt his paſſage out of the Palace. The vault into which the unfortunate Konigſmark was forced, could at pleaſure be filled with water, by means of a pipe. It was in fact a reſervoir, and no ſooner

ſooner was he ſhut up, than they immediately let in the water, and drowned him. His body on the enſuing morning was put into a heated oven, and the mouth of it bricked up, as the moſt effectual means of concealing the whole tranſaction.

But, though the preciſe nature of Konigſmark's death might not be immediately divulged; his diſappearance, and the anxious inquiries of his ſervants, who after vainly ſeeking him through the city of Hanover, went to the Ducal Palace, in order to obtain intelligence of his fate, ſoon betrayed the ſecret. It was ſpeedily conveyed to the Princeſs, who well-knowing the implacable enmity of Madame de Platen, made no doubt that the Count had fallen a victim to her vengeance. Far from ſubmitting tamely to the power of Erneſt Auguſtus, ſhe abandoned herſelf to the moſt immoderate tranſports of reſentment and indignation. Neither his authority, his preſence, nor his menaces, could ſubdue her ſpirit. She treated him as a monſter

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and an aſſaſſin, declared that ſhe would no longer remain among barbarians and murderers, and even appeared ready to make ſome attempt on her own life, in the violence of her deſpair. After ſo public and ſo ſcandalous a breach, it became impoſſible to conceal, or to paſs over the affair in ſilence. Erneſt Auguſtus ordered the Princeſs therefore, to be conducted to the Palace or Caſtle of Ahlden, ſome leagues diſtant from Hanover, where ſhe was retained in a ſort of honorary confinement. Two ladies and a chamberlain were named to attend on her, and to compoſe her houſehold. This whole tranſaction took place in 1686, at a time when Konigſmark was about thirty-one years old, and when Sophia Dorothea could not have been twenty-one.

How far the Duke of Zell her father approved or condemned the conduct of Erneſt Auguſtus his brother, does not appear; nor, if known, would it form any ground on which to infer with certainty

his daughter's innocence or criminality. That her huſband, the Prince of Hanover, was in no manner acquainted with, or privy to the death of Konigſmark, is clear to demonſtration; ſince it was a ſudden act of reſentment, and he was abſent in Hungary. He even ſubmitted with conſiderable reluctance to the Duke his father's deſire, that he ſhould renounce the Princeſs for ever. Erneſt Auguſtus exacted of him that mark of obedience, if not of approbation. In December 1694, a ſentence of *ſeparation* was pronounced between the Prince and Princeſs. But no *divorce*, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe of the term, as totally diſſolving the marriage between them, and enabling each party to marry again, ever took place. Sophia Dorothea continued to reſide at Ahlden, till the death of her father-in-law, the Duke of Hanover, which happened in 1698; and from the time of her being firſt transferred thither, to the end of her life, ſhe was commonly known

known under the name of "Princeſs of "Ahlden."

After the deceaſe of Erneſt Auguſtus, George, then become Elector of Hanover, made propoſitions to the Princeſs, for an oblivion of paſt animoſities, and for a reconciliation. It is difficult to ſay whether a conviction of her innocence, a ſentiment of affection, or motives of intereſt and policy, were moſt prevalent in this propoſal. But, it is certain that ſhe rejected the offers, and replied, that "nothing could in-"duce her to live in a family of aſſaſſins." A fact much more incredible, but which reſts upon the ſtrongeſt evidence, is that after the death of Queen Anne, when the Elector was called to the throne of Great Britain, he renewed his propoſals for the ſame purpoſe. A deputation, compoſed of Engliſh Peers and Gentlemen, by the new King's deſire, waited on Sophia Dorothea at Ahlden, and acquainted her that they wiſhed to be permitted to approach her as

their

their Queen. They repreſented to her the injurious conſequences which her ſeparation, and her ſtate of miſintelligence with the King her huſband might produce, peculiarly to her ſon. And they reminded her that for ſlighter cauſes, the birth of James the Second's ſon had been called in queſtion. Far from yielding to theſe arguments, or being dazzled by the proſpect of a crown, ſhe peremptorily rejected the overture: "If," ſaid ſhe, "I "am guilty of the crime imputed to me, "I am unworthy to be your Queen. If "I am innocent, the King is unworthy to "be my huſband." A woman capable of ſuch a renunciation, muſt either have been animated with implacable reſentment, or have been conſcious of her own innocence, and of the malignity of her perſecutors. Of the fact I have ſeen and heard ſuch proofs, as it ſeems impoſſible to call in doubt.

Sophia Dorothea, during her confinement at Ahlden, was treated with every

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mark of reſpect due to her rank. The two ladies of her houſehold, the chamberlain, and the officer who commanded the guard, conſtantly dined at her table. She was allowed to go in her coach, to the diſtance of a league from the Caſtle. Perſons of inferior condition, workmen, and tradeſmen, had free acceſs; but no man or woman of conſideration was allowed to approach, or ſpeak to her. After Erneſt Auguſtus's death, who was her declared enemy, ſhe might have obtained, if not her liberty, at leaſt an alleviation of the reſtraint and privations impoſed on her. But ſhe diſdained to make any application for the purpoſe. By the concurring teſtimony of all perſons, ſhe bore her misfortunes with dignity and equanimity; never vented herſelf in reproaches againſt thoſe who had injured or oppreſſed her; and preſerved the cheerfulneſs of a mind ſerene and innocent, in the midſt of her hard condition. Even her beauty remained in a great degree unimpaired, to a late period of her life.

Blondel,

Blondel, who was the French Minister at the Court of Hanover from 1715 to 1726, a period when she was still living, and who had every opportunity of informing himself of the particulars of her history, confirms all the principal facts which I have enumerated respecting her. In a very curious account which he drew up of the whole transaction, he declares that he derived his information relative to Sophia Dorothea, from the mouth of the second Countess of Platen, mistress to George the First. Blondel protests likewise, that he had himself seen the very soldier of Ernest Augustus's guards, who shut Konigsmark into the reservoir; and who assured Blondel, that he should never forgive himself for having had any share in so abominable an act. "Such," adds he, "was the uni-
"form gaiety and serenity of the Princess's
"temper during her residence at Ahlden,
"as to impress universally with a convic-
"tion of her possessing a quiet conscience.
"Those who saw her, if they judged from
"appear-

"appearances, would even have ſuppoſed "that ſhe was not diſcontented with her "ſituation and fortune."

In 1705, her father George William Duke of Zell died, at above eighty years of age, and ſhe then ſucceeded to all the *perſonal property*, which was very ample. It was commonly aſſerted and believed, that ſhe contrived to remit large ſums annually, ariſing from her ſeparate income, to her ſon, the Electoral Prince. When he afterwards became, by his father's elevation, Prince of Wales, Sophia Dorothea continued to ſupply him liberally with money from her own purſe. She maintained with him a regular intercourſe by letters, and expreſſed towards him the warmeſt ſentiments of affection. It is probable that ſuch proofs of it, however natural, did not tend to heal the breach between her and her huſband. She remained till her death at Ahlden; nor did George the Firſt, who ſurvived her, wear mourning for her as his wife, but as his couſin; though

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he permitted his ſon and the other branches of the Royal Family, to mourn as for their mother and grandmother.

When we conſider the principal circumſtances of the princeſs Sophia Dorothea's hiſtory, we can form only one opinion reſpecting her. She was doubtleſs imprudent, and therefore in ſome meaſure culpable; but it is impoſſible not to acquit her of crime. If all the facts which I have enumerated, do not impreſs the conviction, there remain others hardly leſs forcible, drawn either from the internal evidence of the ſtory, or reſting on the ſtrongeſt teſtimony. She herſelf, during the long term of her detention at Ahlden, conſtantly and invariably perſiſted in aſſerting her innocence. As often as ſhe received the ſacrament, which was frequently, ſhe repeated the proteſtation; and ſhe confirmed it when near her end. She is ſaid to have admitted that her heart was not indifferent to Konigſmark, but ſhe maintained that her honour was unſullied. The

lady who was in attendance about her perſon, on the fatal night when Konigſmark periſhed, and who let him out of the Princeſs's apartment, confirmed the ſame aſſurance. As an accomplice or participatreſs in her miſtreſs's ſuppoſed guilt, this lady was impriſoned; but ſhe proteſted that neither at the laſt interview of the Count with Sophia Dorothea, nor at any of their preceding ones, had they ever been alone for an inſtant together.

It is very commonly aſſerted here at Hanover, that Madam de Platen was purſued by remorſe during her whole life, for having inſtigated Erneſt Auguſtus to take vengeance on Konigſmark: and they add, that during her laſt illneſs ſhe imagined continually that ſhe beheld his ſpectre near her bedſide. But, if George the Firſt had really believed his wife guilty, in the full extent of the term, would he ever have condeſcended ſolemnly to propoſe a reconciliation to her? The very circumſtances of Konigſmark's end, rather mark a ſudden

tranſport

tranſport of indignation, or a ſally of anger, than the ſpirit of ſober puniſhment. It has left a ſtain on the memory of a Prince, otherwiſe highly amiable in his character; and whatever may be ſaid in its extenuation, the act can no more be juſtified, than the murder of Monaldeſchi by Chriſtina, in the gallery at Fontainbleau.

Before I quit the ſubject, let me add a few words relative to the death of George the Firſt himſelf; an event which happened only ſeven months after that of his wife. It is generally aſſerted, and all our hiſtorians inform us, that he expired at Oſnabrugh, on his way to Hanover. I have been more than once in the Epiſcopal Palace at the former city, where they pretend he breathed his laſt. But the fact was nevertheleſs, I apprehend, otherwiſe. I will relate the particulars of his laſt illneſs, as I received them ſome time ſince, from an ancient domeſtic, who attended him on his journey, and which I conſider as particularly authentic. His own words will con-

very the beſt idea of the fact: "On the "20th of June 1727, in the evening," ſaid he, "his Majeſty arrived at Delden, "a little town near the frontiers of Ger- "many, but belonging to Holland. At "that time he appeared to be in perfect "health. He was entertained at the ſeat "of a Nobleman, about twenty miles from "thence; and after ſupper he eat of ſome "melons, which doubtleſs cauſed the "indigeſtion that proved fatal to him. "He returned to Delden the ſame night, "where the Ducheſs of Kendal expected "him; for ſhe accompanied, or rather "followed him, as ſhe travelled with poſt- "horſes; while the King, by means of "relays placed on the road, was enabled "to proceed with more expedition. Hav- "ing taken ſome hours repoſe in the inn, "he continued his journey for Hanover "very early on the enſuing morning, the "Ducheſs of Kendal remaining behind "at Delden. Previous to his ſetting out, "he drank half a cup of chocolate, and

"ſoon

" ſoon afterwards found himſelf indiſpoſed.
" When he arrived at Bentheim, a town
" about twenty miles from Delden, he
" was already ſeriouſly ill; but his anxiety
" and impatience to puſh forward, pre-
" vented his having recourſe to medical
" aſſiſtance. An emetic, had it been ad-
" miniſtered at that time, might, it is
" probable, have ſaved him.

" At Rheine, the next ſtage, which is
" in the dominions of the Biſhop of
" Munſter, his Majeſty continuing very
" unwell, the perſons who accompanied
" him, entreated him to ſtop, and to call
" in help; but as he refuſed, they pro-
" ceeded. He grew perceptibly worſe
" every minute, and before he got to Ip-
" penburen, a little town belonging to his
" Pruſſian Majeſty, the King was become
" lethargic. One of his arms fell down,
" and all the endeavours made to revive
" the limb, by chafing and rubbing it,
" were ineffectual. The moſt ſerious

"alarms began to be entertained by the "perſons who attended him; but he per- "ſiſted in his wiſh to proceed without "delay. At Ippenburen, they held a ſort "of conſultation on the meaſures proper "to be adopted; and a meſſenger was "diſpatched to acquaint the Ducheſs of "Kendal with his Majeſty's illneſs. He "met her about two miles beyond Rheine, "and on receiving this information, ſhe "made all haſte to come up with the "King.

"No remonſtrances or expoſtulations "could prevail on him to ſtop at Ippen- "buren. He had only eighteen miles "from thence to his brother's Palace at "Oſnabrugh, where he knew that every "accommodation and aid could be pro- "cured. His tongue began to ſwell, "his ſenſes to fail, and his articulation "to become indiſtinct. But, as long "as he could make himſelf underſtood, "he continued to repeat, 'Oſnabrugh!

"Oſna-

" Oſnabrugh!' They therefore hurried
" on, in hopes of reaching that city
" while he was ſtill alive, though the King
" was fallen totally ſenſeleſs into the arms
" of one of his attendants, a gentleman
" named Fabrice. The place where he
" expired, is difficult to aſcertain; but it is
" believed that he breathed his laſt, as the
" carriage mounted the high hill out of
" Ippenburen. The body was, indeed,
" ſtill warm when they arrived at Oſna-
" brugh, where his veins were cut, and
" every method was vainly uſed to recover
" him, as he never gave any ſign of life
" or perception, after leaving Ippenburen.
" About half-way between that place and
" Rheine, a ſecond courier, diſpatched from
" Oſnabrugh, announced to the Ducheſs
" of Kendal, that George the Firſt was no
" more. She received the intelligence with
" demonſtrations of violent grief, tearing
" her hair, and exclaiming that ſhe was
" undone. When her firſt emotions had
" ſubſided, ſhe diſmiſſed the ladies who

" accompanied her; and not venturing,
" or not chooſing, to proceed to Hano-
" ver at ſuch a moment, ſhe took the
" road to Brunſwick, where ſhe remained
" for three months afterwards."

My next letter will be from Zell.

LETTER II.

Deſcription of the Caſtle of Ahlden.—Reflections on the death and hiſtory of Sophia Dorothea, Princeſs of Zell and of Hanover.—Caſtle of Zell.—Account of the Daniſh Revolution in 1772.—Particulars of the arreſt of Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, of Struenſee, and of Brandt.—Removal of the Queen to Zell.—Her laſt illneſs and death.—Detail of thoſe events.—Reflections on her character and miſfortunes.

ZELL, *Sept.* 13, 1777.

PROMPTED by curioſity to ſee the Caſtle in which Sophia Dorothea, the wife of George the Firſt, reſided during ſo large a portion of her life, I took the road to Ahlden, on leaving Hanover. It lies acroſs an unfrequented part of the Electorate, through a dreary tract of country; and the diſtance is not leſs than thirty miles. Ahlden has no title to the appellation of a Caſtle, except that it is ſurrounded with a double moat,

moat, acroſs which are thrown draw-bridges. The building itſelf is compoſed only of brick and wood, reſembling rather a large farm-houſe than a Ducal ſeat, and deſcribing three ſides of a ſquare in figure. I obſerved on one part, the date 1579; and over the principal entrance are the arms of the Houſe of Brunſwick, with the year 1613 inſcribed beneath. The whole manſion has an air of antiquity ſpread over it, mixed with melancholy ſequeſtration; and the rooms are neither numerous nor elegant, though ſuperior to what the external appearance ſeems to announce. In a large ſquare apartment, which was the eating-room, are preſerved two portraits; one of George the Firſt at full length in his robes of ſtate; the other of Sophia Dorothea herſelf. This laſt picture is very ill executed; but it reſembles all the other portraits of her which I have ſeen. She is repreſented in a ſort of fancy dreſs embroidered, and her hair ornamented with flowers. The face is charming, and there

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is in its expreſſion a wildneſs or playfulneſs, which adds to its effect.

Adjoining to the above-mentioned apartment, on the ſame floor are three rooms, one within the other. They command a tolerable proſpect to the North, over the meadows in front of the houſe, through which runs the river Aller, at the diſtance of three hundred paces. In the innermoſt chamber, the unfortunate Princeſs of Hanover expired on the 13th of November 1726, at eleven o'clock at night. She was then ſixty years and nine months old, of which ſhe had paſſed near forty at Ahlden. From the Gazette of that year, we are only informed that her preceding indiſpoſition was ſhort. Many of the villagers remember her; and they confirm the fact of George the Electoral Prince her ſon, (afterwards King George the Second,) having attempted in vain to obtain acceſs to her. Anxious to ſee his mother, he ſwam his horſe acroſs the river Aller, and unaccompanied by any one, reached the Caſtle.

He even paſſed the outward moat, but was ſtopped at the drawbridge of the inward moat, by the Baron de Bulau, under whoſe care Sophia was placed. He drew his ſword, informed the Prince that he had orders to refuſe all admittance to the Princeſs, and compelled him to retire without accompliſhing his purpoſe. Her death, which as I have already ſaid, preceded the deceaſe of George the Firſt about ſeven months, unqueſtionably prevented her ſon from reſtoring her to the honors of which ſhe had been ſo long deprived.

Very late the ſame day on which I viſited Ahlden, I arrived at this city, where every object recalls the image of another Princeſs, ſcarcely leſs unfortunate than Sophia. I mean, as you will eaſily imagine, her deſcendant, the late Queen of Denmark, Caroline Matilda. It is curious and affecting to contemplate the ſimilarity of their hiſtory. Both were precipitated in the prime of youth from their elevation, and their pretended lovers equally fell by the

the hand of the aſſaſſin, or of the executioner. The two Princeſſes alike expiated their errors, in impriſonment or in exile; and they now repoſe together in the ſame vault, where their remains are depoſited ſide by ſide. Hiſtory, from Julia, the daughter of Auguſtus, down to the preſent hour, is little more than a repetition of the ſame ſuppoſed crimes, accuſations, and puniſhments. It is only changing the name of Pandataria, to that of Ahlden or of Zell. Sempronius Gracchus, the lover of Julia, periſhed by a violent death, like Konigſmark and Struenſee. The Semiramis of one age, is the Catharine of another.

This place is no longer to be recognized for the ſame city as it was three years ago, when it exhibited the aſpect of gaiety, amuſement, and pleaſure. Now all is ſilent and deſert. Not a carriage is to be ſeen or heard in the ſtreets; graſs already grows in the area of the Caſtle, and hardly a human creature is to be found within its

its walls. I wandered yeſterday for a conſiderable time through the galleries and apartments, without being able to meet any perſon; till entering one of the rooms, I diſcovered at the fartheſt extremity a man, whom I ſoon recognized to be Mantel, the late Queen's faithful valet-de-chambre. He conducted me over the Caſtle. In the range of rooms which was occupied by the Queen Matilda, every thing remains exactly as it was left in May 1775, the period of her death. The Caſtle of Zell is ſtill a noble edifice, fit for the reſidence of a Sovereign Prince. It is a Gothic fortreſs, of a ſquare figure, ſurrounded by a deep moat, having ramparts and baſtions for its defence. In the center is a quadrangle, and the whole ſtructure forcibly reminds the beholder of thoſe antique deſerted caſtles, ſo frequently deſcribed in romances. Though part of it is near four hundred years old, and tending to decay, yet the far greater part, which was rebuilt, or at leaſt modernized by George William, Duke

Duke of Zell in the laſt century, continues in perfect preſervation. The apartments, inhabited by the late Queen of Denmark, may almoſt be termed magnificent; but in a few years they will probably ſink into a ſtate of neglect and dilapidation.

You requeſt me to relate the hiſtory of that Princeſs. You deſire to know the principal circumſtances of the Daniſh revolution; the manner of the Queen's ſubſequent life at Zell; finally, the particulars of her laſt illneſs, death, and character. Many reaſons make me unwilling to gratify your curioſity. The revolution of Denmark in 1772, as it is commonly termed, was not, like that of Sweden in the ſame year, a political or conſtitutional revolution, which altered the form of the government: it was only a convulſion of the Court, produced by the indiſcretion of a young and unexperienced Queen, facilitated by the imbecility of a weak and credulous King, who permitted his mother-in-law and brother to ſeize on the adminiſtration,

niſtration, which he was himſelf incapable of exerciſing in perſon. When Guſtavus the Third effected the revolution at Stockholm, every circumſtance was tranſacted in open day, and became matter of notoriety. But, the arreſt and impriſonment of the Queen Matilda, of Struenſee, and of Brandt, were performed in the night, and the ſcene was the Royal Palace at Copenhagen. The facts attending that extraordinary tranſaction, are beſides too recent, to juſtify their entire diſcloſure. In compliance nevertheleſs with your deſire, I ſhall ſtate to you the leading events, which preceded and followed the Daniſh revolution. If I do not relate every thing that has come to my knowledge, you may on the other hand be aſſured, that the facts which I record, are authentic.

The marriage of Chriſtian the Seventh, King of Denmark, with the Princeſs Caroline Matilda of England, was one of thoſe alliances in which neither ſimilarity of diſpoſition, nor any other requiſites were found,

found, to enſure felicity. The King ſoon abandoned himſelf to irregularities of every kind, too puerile, effeminate, and diſſolute for commemoration. Nor was the Court leſs a ſcene of univerſal diſſipation, calculated at once to corrupt the heart, and to contaminate the manners. A young and amiable woman, who ſaw herſelf neglected by her huſband, while ſhe was at the ſame time an object of reſpect and homage to every other perſon that approached her, could ſcarcely be ſuppoſed to eſcape the contagion of ſo tainted an atmoſphere. Yet, previous to the King's journey in 1768, when he viſited England, France, and other countries, the Queen had ſo conducted herſelf, as if not wholly to eſcape detraction, to preſerve, however, a great ſhare of general affection and popularity. The birth of the Prince Royal, which preceded the King's departure from Copenhagen, augmented the attachment of the people to her perſon and dignity.

It was at this time that Struenſee, deſtined afterwards to make too conſpicuous a figure in the Daniſh annals, firſt became known to Chriſtian the Seventh. The father of Struenſee was only a deacon of Renſbourg, a little town in the Duchy of Sleſwick, where he ſtill continues to reſide. He never loved his ſon, and frequently, during the ſhort term of Struenſee's elevation, foretold or apprehended his approaching fate. When the King of Denmark determined on viſiting ſome of the Courts Europe, Struenſee was appointed to attend his Majeſty, in quality of phyſician; he having previouſly practiſed medicine with ſome reputation and ſucceſs, at Altona. Brandt, who ſuffered at the ſame time with Struenſee on the ſcaffold, and whoſe two names are now become inſeparably blended in hiſtory, was of a more elevated extraction. His family, though not noble, was very reſpectable, originally from Holſtein, in the vicinity of Hamburgh, where his

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anceſtors were eſtabliſhed. He poſſeſſed many qualities calculated to advance their poſſeſſor in a court. His manners were poliſhed, his addreſs eaſy, and his converſation lively, as well as amuſing. Throughout his life, no leſs than at his death, he manifeſted perſonal courage; but in principle and virtue he was totally deficient.

Among the favourites of Chriſtian the Seventh, who were the companions of his pleaſures, Brandt occupied a diſtinguiſhed place; and he was commonly ſelected from among the crowd of courtiers, to make one of the party at the King's private ſuppers. Having been appointed a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, he flattered himſelf that he ſhould be placed on the liſt of thoſe, whom his Daniſh Majeſty named to accompany him on his intended travels. It was not therefore, without equal ſurpriſe and mortification, that Brandt found his name excluded. He attributed his rejection to the enmity and rivality of the young Count Holcke, who had ſupplanted him, as he

conceived, in his Sovereign's favour. Stung with a preference ſo injurious to his views, Brandt endeavoured to procure the diſgrace of Holcke, by means of an anonymous letter addreſſed to the King, accuſing that favourite of diſaffection. But, the attempt proved ruinous to himſelf: the letter having been ſoon traced to its real author, Brandt received an order to quit Copenhagen in twenty-four hours. He obeyed, and retired to Paris, where he remained in obſcurity, as well as indigence. When the King of Denmark arrived at that city, Brandt found means to repreſent his poverty, and obtained from his maſter a preſent of a hundred Louis-d'ors.

Struenſee meanwhile had accompanied Chriſtian the Seventh on his travels. He and Brandt meeting at Paris, they formed a ſort of connection or compact, by which it was agreed that if Struenſee, on his return to Denmark, ſhould attain ſufficient credit at Court, he would uſe it to obtain the recall of the other. During the King's

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ſtay in France, Struenſee had riſen to a conſiderable degree of favour; and his Majeſty ſoon after his arrival at Copenhagen, preſented him to the Queen with his own hand; recommending him at the ſame time to her as a man of talents, and as peculiarly ſkilled in the profeſſion of phyſic. He was promoted immediately to the place of a Privy Counſellor, and ſoon became as acceptable to the Queen, as he had been to her huſband.

Reaſons of a very delicate and peculiar nature, facilitated his progreſs in that princeſs's good opinion. The King and ſhe having been alienated from each other, in conſequence of his exceſſes, and having ceaſed to cohabit together, Struenſee undertook to reconcile them, and ſucceeded in the attempt. He received every day from both, new marks of conſideration and eſteem. Brandt, by his endeavours, was recalled to Court, reinſtated in office, and they were ſhortly afterwards raiſed at the ſame time, to the rank of Counts. Struenſee

in particular became not only the declared favourite, but was conſtituted firſt miniſter, with almoſt unlimited political power. So rapid and extraordinary an elevation, neceſſarily excited many comments; and envy or malignity added a thouſand reports, injurious to the honour of the Queen.

It muſt be admitted even by thoſe to whom her memory is moſt dear, that her imprudence was great and inexcuſable. Not only in private, but at the theatre, in the ſtreets of Copenhagen, and before multitudes of ſpectators, ſhe manifeſted a very injudicious preference for Struenſee. He was himſelf ſenſible of her Majeſty's indiſcretion, and endeavoured, but without effect, to induce her from prudential motives, to moderate the teſtimonies of her partiality towards him in public. The levity of her conduct was augmented by the impropriety of her dreſs on many occaſions. She was accuſtomed to ride out with Struenſee, habited completely in men's cloaths, without any mixture of female attire;

attire; and though this mode is neither uncommon among ladies in the north of Europe, nor implies any immodeſty of deportment, yet it tended to increaſe the popular clamour and miſrepreſentation.

The King was a paſſive and quiet ſpectator of Struenſee's favour, as well as of the Queen's attachment to him. Though indifferent towards his wife, he nevertheleſs eſteemed her; nor did he feel or expreſs the ſlighteſt reſentment at her behaviour. His mind and body, equally debilitated by exceſſes of every kind, left him without activity, and almoſt without perception or ſentiment. He ſunk into a ſtate of imbecility, which while it rendered him capable of receiving the worſt impreſſions, diſqualified him from appreciating their truth, or taking any part in the management of public affairs. The adminiſtration devolved therefore on the Queen, Struenſee, and their adherents: but the Court was plunged in diverſions, and immerſed in pleaſures, which were ſoon to

be ſucceeded by ſcenes of a very different nature.

Struenſee was unqueſtionably a man of abilities, capable of great application to buſineſs, rapid and deciſive in his reſolutions, as well as enlarged and patriotic in his views. Many of his meaſures tended to the amelioration, improvement, and aggrandizement of Denmark. But he neither poſſeſſed the profound policy, the ſevere vigilance, nor the ſuperior judgment, requiſite for maintaining him in his ſudden elevation. Towards the cloſe of his miniſtry, he acted without foreſight or addreſs; as if, with the difficulties which augmented round him, he loſt the ſtrength and preſence of his underſtanding. At the head of his enemies, who were numerous, powerful, and implacable, appeared the Queen Dowager, and her ſon Prince Frederic. The former, Juliana Maria of Brunſwick Wolfenbuttel, widow of Frederic the Fifth, the late King, had aſſuredly not received from nature any pre-eminent qualities for government.

ment. Her ſon, who ſeemed ſtill leſs formed to occupy a diſtinguiſhed place in the hiſtory of his country, inſpired little apprehenſion. But the indiſcretion of the young Queen, and the fatal ſecurity of Struenſee, ſupplied every defect. Patience and perſeverance were alone neceſſary, in order to ripen the machinations prepared for their deſtruction.

Several perſons of the firſt quality and conſideration, impelled by ambition, indignant at the preference ſhewn to an obſcure ſtranger, or irritated by their excluſion from office, joined the Queen Dowager's party. Among the chief, were Counts Rantzau and Oſtein, General Eichſtedt, and Colonel Koller Banner. Various conſultations were held by them, relative to the meaſures proper to be purſued; and towards the cloſe of the year 1771, they finally determined to proceed to action without further delay. On the firſt day of January every year, it was cuſtomary at Copenhagen for the populace

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to aſſemble near the Royal Palace, where an ox, roaſted whole, was diſtributed among them. As the Court and Royal Family uſually aſſiſted at this feſtivity; the Queen Matilda had ſignified her intention of being preſent, accompanied by the King, and their ordinary attendants. Such an occaſion appeared too favourable to be neglected. The partizans of Juliana Maria and Prince Frederic, having gained over a ſufficient number of the ſoldiery, came to a reſolution of breaking in among the crowd, arreſting their opponents, and even of putting them to death upon the ſpot, if any reſiſtance were attempted. Nothing could have prevented the ſucceſs of the plan, which would have been greatly facilitated by the confuſion ariſing from the aſſemblage of people; but it was diſconcerted when near its execution, by an anonymous warning ſent to a nobleman in the Queen Matilda's houſehold, enjoining him to be abſent, if he regarded his ſafety. He immediately communicated to her

Majeſty this alarming intimation, which ſhe by no means deſpiſed; and on pretence of indiſpoſition, ſhe announced her reſolution not to be preſent at the ceremony. So unexpected a failure on her part, truſtrated the project, without inſpiring her or her adherents with ſufficient caution againſt future attempts of a ſimilar nature; while their enemies, diſconcerted but not diſheartened, prepared to renew their attack under more favourable circumſtances.

They at length reſolved to ſeize on the Queen Matilda, and the principal perſons attached to her, at the cloſe of a maſked ball, which was to be given in the Royal Palace, upon the 15th of January 1772. Count Rantzau undertook the delicate commiſſion of perſuading the King to ſign the order for the purpoſe, and of putting it afterwards into execution. To Koller Banner was aſſigned the important taſk of arreſting Struenſee; and all the inferior arrangements for enſuring ſucceſs, were ſettled with great dexterity. They were never-

nevertheleſs on the point of being overturned, at the very moment when all was ripe for action. Rantzau, upon whoſe courage, fidelity, and ſecrecy, no reliance could be placed, determined not only to withdraw his aſſiſtance from the party in which he had enliſted, but to reveal the whole conſpiracy to Struenſee. On the afternoon of the 15th of January, only a few hours before the ball was to begin, he wrote to the miniſter, deſiring to ſee him at his own apartments, upon buſineſs of the utmoſt importance. Struenſee intended to have gone thither; but, being detained by a variety of affairs till it grew late, he went ſtrait to the ball, and thereby loſt the faireſt occaſion of extricating himſelf from deſtruction.

Rantzau, thus diſappointed in his deſign of betraying his aſſociates, was not the leſs reſolved to renounce all further participation in their ſchemes. He ſent a meſſage therefore to the Queen Dowager, acquainting her that he ſhould be unable to come

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to the Palace, or to execute the part aſſigned him in the projected revolution, on account of a violent attack of the gout, to which diſeaſe he was conſtitutionally ſubject. In order to ſupport the deception, he cauſed his legs to be wrapped in flannels. This meſſage, at once embarraſſing and unexpected, threw the perſons to whom it was addreſſed, into the utmoſt conſternation. But, the ſpirit and deciſion of Koller Banner ſoon ſurmounted Rantzau's pretended indiſpoſition. Having entreated the Queen Juliana Maria not to be alarmed, and conſcious of the motives from which Rantzau acted, Koller Banner ſent his own ſedan chair to the Count's houſe. It was accompanied by two grenadiers with their bayonets fixed, who had poſitive orders to put him into the chair at all events, and to conduct him to the Palace without an inſtant's delay. They were authorized to uſe force, if neceſſary; but Rantzau, aware that reſiſtance was vain, ſubmitted, was carried to Court,

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and performed the ſervice expected from him. Koller Banner was the animating ſoul of the enterprize, to whoſe coolneſs, preſence of mind, and intrepidity, its ſucceſs muſt be principally attributed. During the whole night, while at the ball, he maintained the utmoſt ſerenity of deportment, and played at the ſame game of cards with Monſieur Berger, whom he immediately afterwards arreſted.

Two circumſtances which took place in the courſe of the evening, excited remark, and ought to have awakened ſuſpicion. The King, Queen, and their attendants, entered the ball room before ten o'clock; but Prince Frederic, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, and in ſome meaſure contrary to the reſpect due from him towards their Majeſties, did not arrive till more than an hour later. His countenance was fluſhed, and his diſordered looks betrayed the agitation of his mind. As ſoon as he came, the Queen advancing towards him ſaid, "Vous venez "d'arriver bien tard, mon frere: Qu'avez "vous?"

"vous?"—"C'eſt que j'ai eu des affaires, "Madame," replied he. "Il me ſemble," anſwered ſhe gaily, "que vous auriez "mieux fait de penſer à vos plaiſirs qu'à "vos affaires, pendant une ſoirée de bal." The Prince made little or no reply, and the converſation ended. The other incident was ſtill more calculated to have alarmed Struenſee, if he had not overlooked it, or had not omitted the neceſſary precautions for his ſafety. As he was conſcious of his own unpopularity, and dreaded ſome commotion among the people, he had ſurrounded the ball-room with guards, on whoſe fidelity he knew or believed he could rely. But, the officer who commanded them, having been gained by the oppoſite party, changed the ſoldiers. The alteration was even noticed by ſome of Struenſee's friends, though it did not impreſs them with ſufficient apprehenſion, to produce any inquiry in conſequence.

Between twelve and one o'clock the King quitted the room, and retired. The Queen,

Queen, who continued there to a later hour, ſupped with a large party in her own box, to which Prince Frederic was not admitted nor invited. After dancing the greater part of the night with Struenſee, her Majeſty and he both withdrew nearly at the ſame time, about three o'clock. The company ſoon followed, and the two laſt perſons who remained in the ball-room, were Brandt and the Counteſs d'Oſtein, between whom there ſubſiſted an attachment. They were engaged in converſation, when the maſter of the revels went up to Brandt, and ſaid, "Every one is gone; I muſt order the lights to be extinguiſhed."—"I will give directions for that purpoſe," replied he; "leave it to me." A ſingular fatality ſeems to have attended the Queen and her friends. In order to ſeize upon ſo numerous a body of men, many of whom, it was unqueſtionable, would reſiſt, if they were not taken by ſurprize, and ſeparately, it was requiſite to attack them when unprepared and alone.

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The Counteſs d'Oſtein had invited a ſelect company of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were Struenſee and Brandt, to drink tea in her apartments, after the concluſion of the ball. If this party had taken place, it would have fruſtrated the plans of the Queen Dowager and her ſon. They would probably have eſteemed it too dangerous, to attack ſeveral of the firſt men in Denmark, collected together in one room, who were capable of reſiſtance, and might have either eſcaped, or have defended themſelves ſucceſsfully. In ſuch an attempt the Royal Palace, where the principal among them were lodged, muſt have been rendered a ſcene of blood and horror. But, one of the ladies who was invited, Madame de Schimmelman, having a violent head-ach, excuſed herſelf: Madame de Bulow, unwilling to go without her friend, made her excuſes likewiſe; and the Counteſs d'Oſtein being then the only remaining female of the party, it was abandoned. Every one retired to their re-

ſpective apartments, and left the chiefs of the enterprize free to commence their operations.

The moment for action was now arrived. Rantzau, without loſs of time, entering the bedchamber of the King, aweke him, and acquainted him that there exiſted a conſpiracy againſt his perſon and dignity, at the head of which were his wife, Struenſee, and various of their aſſociates. He then beſought his Majeſty to conſult his own ſecurity, by inſtantly ſigning an order for their arreſt, which Rantzau tendered him; uſing every argument to enforce his ſolicitations. But, Chriſtian, though feeble in mind, and taken by ſurprize, not only heſitated, but refuſed to affix his name to the paper. The Queen Dowager and Prince Frederic were therefore called in to his bedſide; and by means of expoſtulations, ſupported by exaggerated or falſe repreſentations of the danger which he incurred from delay, they at length procured his reluctant conſent. He ſigned the order,

der, which was immediately carried into execution.

Koller Banner repairing to Struenſee's chamber, forced open the door, and ſeized him in his bed. He was aſleep when this event took place, for which he was ſo totally unprepared, that having no cloaths near the bedſide, except his maſquerade dreſs, he was neceſſitated to put on the Domino breeches which he had worn at the ball, for want of any others. The weather being extremely cold, he was permitted to wrap himſelf in his fur cloak, and they then conveyed him in a coach to the citadel. While Koller Banner arreſted Struenſee, Beringſhold, a man of a deſperate but intrepid character, accompanied by ſome ſoldiers, entered the room in which Brandt was lodged. Unlike Struenſee, he ſtarted up, ſeized his ſword, and prepared for reſiſtance; but on the ſoldiers, by Beringſhold's orders, levelling their pieces, and threatening to fire on him, he gave up his ſword, and ſurrendered him-

ſelf priſoner. In the ſame manner as his companion in misfortune, he was inſtantly conducted under a guard, in a coach, to the citadel. Various other noblemen and gentlemen, their adherents, were at the ſame time put into a ſtate of arreſt, or had centinels placed at the door of their apartments.

But the moſt dangerous and important act of the enterpriſe ſtill remained to perform; that of arreſting the Queen Matilda. After retiring from the ball, ſhe continued ſome time in her own room, before ſhe went to bed, occupied in ſuckling her little daughter, who was ſtill at the breaſt. Struenſee's chamber being ſituated directly under the Queen's, the noiſe made by Koller Banner in ſeizing his perſon, was indiſtinctly heard by her Majeſty. She by no means however attributed it to the real cauſe. On the contrary, imagining that the diſturbance was occaſioned by the company, which, as ſhe knew, was to meet in the apartment of Madame d'Oſtein,

and which party, ſhe concluded, had been transferred to Struenſee's; ſhe ordered one of her women to go down, and to requeſt them to be leſs intemperate in their mirth, as they would otherwiſe prevent her from taking any repoſe. The woman did not return: the noiſe ceaſed; and the Queen having ſoon retired to reſt, fell into a profound ſleep.

It was about five o'clock in the morning, when ſhe was awakened by a Daniſh female attendant, who always lay in the adjoining room. Holding a candle in one hand, ſhe held out a paper to the Queen in the other, which, with marks of agitation, ſhe requeſted of her Majeſty to peruſe. It contained a requeſt, rather than an order, couched in very conciſe, but very reſpectful terms, ſtating that "the King of Denmark, for reaſons of a private nature, wiſhed her to remove to one of the Royal Palaces in the country, for a few days." The Queen, in her firſt ſurprize, had imagined that the note which ſhe ſaw in her wo-

man's hand, came from the Baron de Bulow, her maſter of the horſe; and that its purport was to enquire, whether it was her pleaſure to hunt on that day. But, no ſooner had ſhe caſt her eye over the paper, and read its contents, with the Royal ſignature annexed, than ſhe inſtantly comprehended the nature and extent of her misfortune. Conſcious that if ſhe could only gain acceſs to the King, ſhe could in a moment overturn the plans of her enemies, ſhe ſprung out of bed; and without waiting to put on any thing except a petticoat and ſhoes, ſhe ruſhed into the antichamber. There, the firſt object which ſhe met was Count Rantzau, ſeated quietly in a chair. Recollecting then her diſhevelled ſtate, ſhe cried out, "Eloignez vous, Monſieur le Comte, pour l'amour de Dieu, car je ne ſuis pas preſentable." She immediately ran back into her chamber, and haſtily threw on ſome cloaths, aſſiſted by her women.

On

On attempting a ſecond time to leave her room, ſhe found that Rantzau had withdrawn himſelf, but had ſtationed an officer in the door-way, who oppoſed her further paſſage. Rendered almoſt frantic by this inſult, added to her diſtreſs, ſhe ſeized him by the hair, demanding to ſee Count Struenſee, or the King. "Madam," ſaid he, "I only do my duty, and obey my orders. There is no Count Struenſee now, nor can your Majeſty ſee the King." Having puſhed him aſide, ſhe advanced to the door of the anti-chamber, where two ſoldiers had croſſed their firelocks, in order to ſtop her progreſs. The Queen commanded them to let her paſs, and added promiſes of reward if they obeyed. Both the ſoldiers fell on their knees, and one of them ſaid in Daniſh, "It is a ſad duty, but we muſt perform it. Our heads are anſwerable, if we allow your Majeſty to paſs." As no one, however, dared to lay hands upon

the Queen, ſhe ſtepped over the muſkets which were croſſed, and ran half wild, along the corridore, to the King's apartment. She even forced her way into it by violence; but her enemies, aware that ſhe might try to gain admittance, and juſtly apprehenſive of her influence over him, had taken the precaution of removing him betimes, to another part of the Palace.

Exhauſted by the agitation of her mind, and by ſuch exertions of body, the Queen attempted no further reſiſtance. She returned to her own chamber, where ſhe was aided to dreſs herſelf, and informed that ſhe muſt inſtantly quit Copenhagen. M. Rantzau had the inſolence to ſay to her, alluding to his gouty feet, "Vous voyez, Madame, que mes pièds me manquent; mais, mes bras ſont libres, et j'en offrirai un à votre Majeſté, pour l'aider à monter en voiture." She was then put into a coach, which waited for her at the door near the chapel of the Palace. Two ladies, a maid ſervant, the little Princeſs her daughter, whom

whom ſhe ſuckled, and a Major in the Daniſh ſervice, got into the carriage with her. They took the road to Cronſbourg, a diſtance of about twenty-four miles, which, as they drove at a great rate, they ſoon reached, and in which fortreſs the Queen was confined.

Having thus minutely related the particulars of that extraordinary night, it is not my intention to enter on any of the events which followed. They were in general matters of notoriety. All Europe knows the tragical cataſtrophe of Brandt and Struenſee; the former of whom ſuffered for his political and private connection with the Miniſter and favourite of the Queen Matilda. It was not the blow given by him to Chriſtian the ſeventh, that brought him to the block. That imprudent act ſerved, indeed, for a pretext on which to found the accuſation; but was not his real crime. While in priſon he was always gay, and never appeared to apprehend that he ſhould be put to death. His flute conſtituted his principal reſource, and he was accuſtomed

accuſtomed frequently to play the air in the "Deſerteur," beginning, "Mourir, c'eſt notre dernier reſſort."

Struenſee was as much his ſuperior in talents, as he fell beneath Brandt in perſonal courage. While confined in the citadel, Struenſee drew up his famous confeſſion: a compoſition which did more honour to his ability as a writer, than to his conſtancy or fortitude as a man. In it he avowed, or divulged, more than his enemies probably expected; perhaps, more than was even true. At the ſcaffold he manifeſted contrition, as well as puſillanimity, while Brandt met his puniſhment with a ſort of careleſs and unprincipled intrepidity. The fate of the impriſoned Queen was long doubtful, and ſhe probably owed to her near alliance with the King of Great Britain, that meaſures of extreme ſeverity were not adopted againſt her, by the new miniſtry of Denmark. It was propoſed to immure her for life, in ſome of the priſons of ſtate; and the Caſtle of Aabourg in the peninſula of Jutland, a ſolitary and ſequeſtered

tered province of the Daniſh dominions, was once deſtined for the purpoſe. But, the powerful and ſpirited interpoſition of the Britiſh Crown procured her releaſe, after paſſing more than four months in the fortreſs of Cronſbourg. She embarked from Elſineur, in the end of May 1772, and landed at Stade in the Hanoverian dominions, where ſhe was received with diſtinguiſhed honours.

It was nevertheleſs matter of embarraſſment and difficulty, to fix the preciſe place for her future reſidence; as neither the ſtate of her finances, nor the peculiar circumſtances attending her ſituation, ſeemed to dictate Hanover. The Caſtle of Zell, more retired from public notice, ſeemed better adapted in many reſpects. But, it had not been inhabited, except at ſhort intervals, for near ſeventy years, and required conſiderable repairs in order to render it commodious. The Queen therefore was carried during the ſummer, to a little hunting ſeat, in a remote part of the Electorate, not far from the banks of the Elbe,

Elbe, named Gœurde, belonging to her brother, His Britannic Majeſty. She remained there in profound retirement, with only a few attendants, till the autumn, when ſhe repaired to the Caſtle of Zell, which had been intermediately rendered fit for her reception. The liberality of the King of Great Britain provided her a becoming houſehold, compoſed principally of Hanoverian nobility of both ſexes. The Queen, who was under no ſort of reſtraint or confinement, except that which her rank and dignity neceſſarily impoſed, had frequent drawing-rooms, at which perſons of condition were preſented; and a theatre was fitted up for her amuſement in the Caſtle, where dramatic pieces were frequently performed.

Her table, if not ſplendid, was elegant; and the Queen's affability, added to her natural cheerfulneſs of temper, rendered her little Court more than commonly agreeable. Her pleaſures, indeed, were extremely limited, from the nature of her pecuniary reſources: for ſuch

was

was the generoſity of her diſpoſition, that it exhauſted her means, and frequently left her almoſt deſtitute of money. But ſhe was well repaid by the general attachment which ſhe inſpired. Never was any Princeſs more univerſally beloved; and never were the advantages of adverſity, on a mind naturally ſtrong, well diſpoſed, and good, more ſtrikingly exemplified than in her. She poſſeſſed excellent talents, numerous reſources, and great accompliſhments. Had her life been prolonged, ſhe would no doubt have made ample atonement for the errors, into which youth, inexperience, and flattery, had precipitated her while on the throne of Denmark. She was unfortunately ſnatched away in the prime of life, at twenty-four years of age, and after a reſidence of ſcarcely more than two years and a half at Zell. I drew from Mantel, her valet-de-chambre, whom I have already mentioned, and who attended her to the laſt moment, the minute detail of all the circumſtances attending her illneſs

and death. They are too intereſting, as well as authentic, not to preſerve them, as nearly as poſſible, in Mantel's exact words. The ſimplicity of the narration is more affecting, than any ſtudied recital.

"The Queen," ſaid he, "who was of "a plethoric habit of body, had been "always conſtitutionally ſubject to inflam- "mations in her throat; and the weather at "the time when ſhe died, was uncommonly "warm. On Thurſday the 4th of May "1775, ſhe roſe, as was her cuſtom, rather "early, and walked out. The ladies who "accompanied her Majeſty, though they "uſed many entreaties, could not prevail "on her to wear a capuchin, and ſhe re- "turned after a long walk of about two "hours. When ſhe entered the Caſtle, I "met her. Letting her arms fall, as if "fatigued, ſhe ſaid, "Mantel, I am not "well; I am exceedingly tired, and have "paſſed a reſtleſs night." I brought in "breakfaſt, and ſhe continued very lan-

" guid; but nevertheleſs, made her ap-
" pearance at dinner, though ſhe eat little
" or nothing. In the afternoon, ſhe com-
" plained for the firſt time, that her throat
" gave her pain, and felt inflamed. When
" the card tables were placed in the even-
" ing as uſual, ſhe was too much indiſ-
" poſed, to be able to take any part in the
" diverſion. The ladies about her, pro-
" poſed therefore, to have a ſofa brought,
" in order that ſhe might lie down, and
" look on while they played. Perceiving
" that the Queen was very ill, I preſumed
" to offer my advice, that ſhe ſhould
" go immediately to bed, to which ſhe
" conſented, and ordered her women to
" undreſs her. I then implored her to
" ſend for Leyſer her phyſician, which ſhe
" at firſt refuſed; but on my repeated im-
" portunity, permitted me to call him in to
" her aſſiſtance. As ſoon as he had felt her
" pulſe, he was greatly alarmed. "Mantel,"
" ſaid the Queen to me, when he was
" gone, "I am very ill, and I fully be-

" lieve

" lieve I ſhall die." Though I affected to " treat her opinion as unfounded, I was " not the leſs deeply impreſſed with a " conviction, that ſhe was in imminent " danger.

" On the enſuing day the ſymptoms " became worſe, and upon Saturday, erup- " tions appeared all over her body. Zim- " merman, the celebrated phyſician, being " ſent for from Hanover, arrived on the " Sunday; but, her diſorder, which was a " putrid fever of a very malignant nature, " already aſſumed the moſt alarming aſpect, " and left ſcarcely any hopes of her re- " covery. On Monday, the Queen's voice " began to grow inarticulate, but ſhe pre- " ſerved her ſenſes perfectly. I ſat by her " Majeſty continually, night and day, " though ſhe many times commanded me " to leave her, and go to reſt, as I muſt " have need of ſleep. I was however ab- " ſent only a few minutes at intervals, " in order to take ſome refreſhment. At " length, on the Tueſday, which was the

" day

" day preceding her death, as all her " female attendants were exhauſted with " watching, and I was become myſelf al- " moſt incapable of further exertion or " ſervice, a common "Fille de Garderobe" " was permitted to attend her Majeſty. " This girl was the only perſon who caught " the Queen's diſtemper, though it was " certainly malignant and infectious in " a high degree. She was ſeized with " a violent fever, the ſymptoms of " which exactly reſembled thoſe of the " Queen's malady; but, after ſtruggling " with it for three weeks, the girl re- " covered.

" During the two laſt days, the phyſi- " cians pronounced her Majeſty's caſe " deſperate and hopeleſs. Her ſtrength " gradually failed, her voice was quite " extinct, and her ſenſes alone remained " perfect. On Wedneſday, the 10th of " May, I plainly perceived her diſſolution " approaching; and that night, about ten " minutes after eleven o'clock, ſhe ex-

" pired. Her women would not, how-
" ever, be perſuaded that ſhe was dead;
" they laid her head on the pillow, and
" dreſſed her, ſtill flattering themſelves
" that ſhe had life remaining. But ſhe
" was ſcarcely cold, before the body began
" to change. At five o'clock on Thurſday
" morning, the alteration was very per-
" ceptible; and all the ſpots on her face
" and neck, which while ſhe was alive,
" were red or purple, aſſumed a black
" colour. So rapid and univerſal a morti-
" fication ſucceeded, that it became im-
" practicable to preſerve, or to embalm the
" body. She was, therefore, put into lead
" without delay, and her funeral was per-
" formed on Friday the 12th, at midnight.
" It was an awful and affecting ſolemnity,
" the corpſe being followed by an immenſe
" multitude of weeping attendants. All
" Royal honours were paid her, and ſhe
" was depoſited in the vault of the Dukes
" of Zell, near the coffin of Sophia,
" Princeſs of Hanover."

Theſe were the exact particulars of the Queen Matilda's death, as Mantel related them to me. When he had concluded, I aſked if there was any foundation for a ſtory, which had been circulated in London, and to which ſome credit was attached; that ſhe had caught her illneſs from one of her pages whom ſhe had viſited, and who was carried off by a ſimilar malignant diſtemper? "There certainly was," anſwered he, "in her houſehold, a page, who "died eight days before the Queen's ſei- "zure. The diſorder which occaſioned "his death, was a very ſcorbutic habit of "body, attended with ulcers and ſwelling "in the legs. As he expired in the Caſtle "of Zell, the corpſe, when about to be in- "terred, was laid out in a coffin not cloſed "down, and placed in a ſmall room of one "of the towers, over which was another, "where her Majeſty frequently remained. "The two apartments communicated by a "little winding ſtaircaſe. Before the fune- "ral commenced, the Queen expreſſed a

" great deſire to look at the body; but, her
" ladies oppoſed it, and repreſented to her
" how injudicious, as well as hazardous,
" ſuch a curioſity might prove. In defiance
" of their remonſtrances, ſhe perſiſted ne-
" vertheleſs in her wiſh, and went down
" with that intent, to the chamber in which
" the body lay; but, aware of her deſign,
" I had locked the door, and removed the
" key. When ſhe demanded it, I aſſured her
" it could not be found; and after ſeveral
" vain endeavours, ſhe therefore returned
" to her own room. It happening in the
" afternoon, I brought tea to her Majeſty.
" We thought that ſhe had given up any
" further intention of looking at the page;
" when, in a few minutes ſhe ſuddenly
" ſtarted up, and before any of the ladies
" preſent could interpoſe to prevent or
" ſtop her, ſhe ran down to the chamber
" where lay the corpſe. Unfortunately,
" the door was then open: ſhe ſtept in,
" and ſtaid about a minute, not longer, re-
" garding it attentively; but, ſhe expreſſed

" no

"no particular horror or emotion at the "ſight, more than was natural on con-"templating ſuch an object. I neither "believe that the body could communi-"cate any infection, nor is it my opinion "that ſhe ſtaid long enough, had there "been any, for her to receive it. Whether "the incident might have made a deep, or "injurious impreſſion on her imagination, "is certainly difficult to ſay. I cannot "however in any degree impute the "Queen's conſequent illneſs and death, to "this circumſtance."

I deſired him to inform me, if there was any ſhadow of reaſon for ſuſpecting that poiſon, or other unnatural means had been uſed, to produce her death. "God "only knows," ſaid he: "I think, not. "The inhabitants of Zell are all as firmly "perſuaded of her having been poiſoned, "as if they had ſeen her ſwallow it. They "accuſe an Italian of having adminiſtered "it to her, though the man had not ap-"proached her perſon, for near or quite a

" year before her deceaſe. He had been in
" the ſervice of the Great Duke of Tuſ-
" cany*, and being recommended to her
" Majeſty for a ſteward, was ſent her from
" Vienna. He proved to be a moſt profli-
" gate, unprincipled man. When he ar-
" rived at Zell, he brought with him a
" very pretty young woman, whom he
" called his daughter, though ſhe was in
" reality his miſtreſs. While he ſtayed
" here, he contracted a number of debts,
" and being unable to diſcharge them, he
" went off with his miſtreſs, to Brunſwic
" and Berlin. He has not been heard of
" ſince. The credulous and prejudiced
" people accuſe him of having been gained
" by the Daniſh Court; and believe, that
" he adminiſtered a ſlow poiſon to the
" Queen, before his departure; but, I am
" not at all inclined to join in ſuch a
" ſuſpicion."

* The ſame who has ſince been Emperor, by the name of Leopold the Second.

If

If Mantel's evidence and opinion were not ſufficient to do away ſo unjuſt and abſurd an imputation, the circumſtances of the Queen of Denmark's diſorder, as well as a knowledge of the general ſtate of her health and conſtitution, would ſuffice, in my judgment, to diſprove the idea of poiſon. I have already remarked, that ſhe was of a very full habit, and at all times inclined to inflammatory complaints. She had been twice attacked with a fever, ſimilar to that which carried her off, in the courſe of the year preceding her deceaſe. The month of May 1775 began with very warm weather; and the Queen who was accuſtomed to uſe violent exerciſe, had probably over-heated her blood by walking. When theſe particulars are impartially conſidered, they ſufficiently explain the cauſes of her death, without having recourſe to poiſon, or to infection.

In her perſon ſhe was more than agreeable, and might be pronounced handſome, had ſhe not been too large. It is probable,

if ſhe had lived many years, ſhe would have become corpulent, though ſhe endeavoured by temperance and ſevere exerciſe, to repreſs that tendency. Her complexion, like all the Princes of her Houſe, was very fair, her noſe well formed, her eyes eloquent and expreſſive, her under-lip too large; and in ſpeaking, ſhe had a degree of quickneſs, which nevertheleſs became her. She had fine teeth, ſmall and regular. Of her manners, as well as of her talents, accompliſhments and qualities of mind, I have already made mention. When her hiſtory is better known, and more impartially appreciated, poſterity will do juſtice to her memory. They will place her, if not among the number of great, yet certainly in the liſt of amiable and unfortunate Princeſſes. They will conſider her errors as the reſult more of ſituation, example, and court-ſeduction, than of character or intention. That they were overbalanced and obliterated by her misfortunes, cannot be denied. Her early death

death renders her peculiarly an object, at once of commiseration and of regret. It took place at a very critical moment, and is not the least singular circumstance attending her destiny. I shall probably renew my correspondence from Berlin.

LETTER III.

Brunſwic.—Reigning Ducheſs of Brunſwic Wolfenbuttle.—Berlin.—Deſcription of that Capital.

BERLIN, *October* 19th, 1777.

IN my journey from Zell to this city, I paſſed three or four days at Brunſwic, on all of which I dined or ſupped at Court. The Hereditary Prince, to my great regret, was abſent; his military duty and rank in the Pruſſian forces obliging him to be at Potzdam, where the reviews and manœuvres are about to commence, which are performed there every autumn. The Hereditary Princeſs, to whom I had the honour of being known, during the life of the late Queen of Denmark, at Zell, received me very graciouſly: but I ſhould be ungrateful, if I did not mention in a diſtinguiſhed manner, the marks of attention which I received during my ſtay, from the reigning Ducheſs of Brunſwic. She

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is a ſiſter of the preſent King of Pruſſia, and poſſeſſes no inconſiderable portion of the genius, as well as ſuperiority of mind, which in this age peculiarly characterize the Family of Brandenburg, as they did in the laſt, the Houſe of Orange.

Time has by no means enfeebled her mental powers, or diminiſhed the animation which pervades her diſcourſe, though ſhe has already paſſed her ſixtieth year. She did me the honour to converſe with me repeatedly and unreſervedly, upon many topics. Hiſtory, polite letters, poetry, philoſophy, travels, were all familiar to her. I have ſcarcely ever met with a woman in any walk of life, who poſſeſſed an underſtanding more enlarged and cultivated. She remembers George the Firſt, whom ſhe had ſeen in her early youth at Berlin; and ſhe recounted to me ſome intereſting anecdotes relative to him, as well as to the old Electreſs Sophia, her great grand-mother. More than once, in the courſe of our converſation, ſhe lamented

the fetters that her rank impoſed on her, and the inability which it inflicted of viſiting the various countries of Europe. "How "much," ſaid ſhe to me, "do I envy "you that gratification, the renunciation "of which is dearly purchaſed by all that "birth, or fortune, or elevation can be-"ſtow!" I was as much penetrated with her condeſcenſion and unreſerve, as I was charmed by her capacity and love of knowledge. If ſhe had been placed on a more conſpicuous theatre, ſhe would, I am perſuaded, have acquired great celebrity: but ſhe is loſt in a German Court of the ſecond order, ſuch as Brunſwic. Who would ever have heard of Catherine the Second, had ſhe remained at Stettin, or at Zerbſt, in her original obſcurity? It is fortune alone which can call out extraordinary abilities, and place them in their proper ſphere. Neither Richlieu, nor Colbert, nor Alberoni, however eminent their talents, would have denied their obligations to her.

I have

I have ſaid nothing to you of the Reigning Duke of Brunſwic, who is now about ſixty-four, and little more than a ruin. I was preſented to him; but he no longer eats in public, ſince he has been viſited by a paralytic ſtroke, fifteen months ago. It is nevertheleſs eaſy to perceive, in ſpite of his perſonal infirmities, that he has formerly been handſome and well-made. His articulation is become very indiſtinct, and his conſtitution totally enfeebled. I could not look at him, without reflecting on the different deſtiny of his two brothers. One, the unfortunate Anthony Ulrick, (father of the more wretched Ivan the Third, Emperor of Ruſſia,) ſtill, I believe, exiſts at Kolmogory, near Archangel, among the perpetual ſnows, in the vicinity of the Arctic Circle. The other, Prince Ferdinand, commanded, as you will recollect, with diſtinguiſhed reputation, the allied armies, during the laſt war in Germany, and is now altogether retired from public life.

On quitting Brunſwic, which I could not do without regret, the Hereditary Princeſs,

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as a proof of her protection, gave me letters of introduction for the Hereditary Prince, her husband; as did the Princess Dorothea, for Prince Frederic of Brunswic, her brother. To the politeness and attention of the latter, I have great obligations, for rendering my stay in Berlin agreeable, as well as useful. He is, like all the Princes of his family, in the service of Prussia; and during the greater part of the year, he resides in this capital. But, he has apartments likewise at the Palace of "Sans Souci," and is one of the few whom the King distinguishes by marks of his peculiar regard and affection. It is from Prince Frederic of Brunswic, that I have received the only minute detail of his uncle's private life, occupations, pleasures, and manner of appropriating his time: particulars, on the accuracy and exactitude of which the most perfect reliance may be placed, and which are objects of the most liberal curiosity!

I must here premise, that I have not been presented to his Prussian Majesty; a misfortune, as well as a distinction, for

for which I am indebted to the "Tour "round the Baltic." The freedom with which I ventured to animadvert in that work, on the partition of Poland, and particularly on the treatment of the city of Dantzic by Frederic, have excited his reſentment. It was ſignified, through the medium of his miniſter, to the Britiſh Envoy Mr. Elliot, that my being preſented at Court would not be agreeable. I am at a loſs to determine, whether I ought to conſider ſuch an excluſion as ſubject of pride, or of mortification; ſince I certainly cannot either repent, or retract the ſentiments which have occaſioned it. But, the friendſhip of Prince Frederic has procured me an occaſion of ſeeing him more agreeably than at his levee, by ſending an officer who conducted me, a few mornings ago, to the Princeſs Amelia's Palace, in the "Rue Guil-"laume," where his Majeſty breakfaſted.

I had there the gratification of conſidering him for a few minutes, diveſted of the reſtraint impoſed by the forms

of

of a Court. The King of Pruſſia, unlike moſt of the other Sovereigns of Europe, is neither to be ſeen, except on very particular occaſions, by viſiting the capital of his dominions; nor is it at Berlin that his character can be ſtudied, nor his actions inveſtigated. So limited and reſtrained is the communication between this metropolis and Potzdam, that ſcarcely any thing tranſpires here which is tranſacted there, till ſeveral days afterwards. The King may be dangerouſly indiſpoſed, without its being generally known, or without the nature of his illneſs being well underſtood. At Vienna, and at Dreſden, they are often better acquainted with the private tranſactions of Frederic, than in his own capital, only twenty miles from the place of his reſidence. Such is the policy, and ſuch are the precautions of that able and extraordinary Prince!

Before, however, I enter on the examination of his character, and the leading events of his Reign, I muſt ſay a few words relative

relative to Berlin. They ſhall be few, in compliance with the principle which I have laid down, of deſcribing men, not cities. Unlike Paris, London, or Madrid, this place recalls to the beholder at every ſtep, the image, the genius, and the actions of the reigning Sovereign. It is a mirror, in which Frederic is perpetually ſeen, either as the General, the Architect, or the Maſter. Peter the Great is not more conſtantly preſent to the imagination at Peterſburgh, than the preſent King of Pruſſia at Berlin. He is beſides, the Palladio of his own Capital. I have ſeen him riding ſlowly through the principal ſtreets, accompanied only by his nephew Prince Frederic of Brunſwic, a General Officer, and three or four attendants; giving exact directions relative to every ſtructure, and examining with his glaſs at his eye, the progreſs of the works undertaken for its embelliſhment.

Like Peterſburgh, this city is magnificent, regular, and has ſprung up ſince the

beginning of the preſent century. It exiſted indeed previouſly; but, only eighty years ago, it contained no more than twenty-five thouſand inhabitants. They now eſtimate the population at above a hundred and twenty thouſand. In the centre of Berlin, a ſtranger finds himſelf completely ſurrounded by a groupe of palaces or public buildings, of the moſt ſtriking kind. Several owe their conſtruction to the preſent King; and on the front of the Opera Houſe, which he built at the beginning of his reign, we read the ſhort and claſſic inſcription affixed by himſelf, "Fre-" dericus Rex, Apollini, et Muſis." His univerſal and creative genius has however been conſtantly intent on maintaining the ſpirit of military enthuſiaſm, in the midſt of peace, and among all the diſplay of architecture, taſte, or magnificence. We never ceaſe to recollect that we are in a country, where from the ſovereign to the peaſant, every man is born a ſoldier. But, it is in the Garriſon Church, that thoſe feelings

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are peculiarly awakened, animated, and called into action.

I was preſent at the ſervice performed there, ſome days ago. Nothing in ancient Rome, or Sparta, could have been more ably and artfully calculated to mix the love of glory with the rites of religious worſhip. Nothing can be more calculated to raiſe the Pruſſian ſoldier in his own eſtimation, above thoſe of other European States. No relics, ſaints, or ſhrines are there to be found: the muſic, ornaments, and decorations are all military, and all appropriate. Trophies and enſigns, gained in battle, float from the roof in every part of the edifice. They remind the veteran of his paſt exploits, and carry him, in the midſt of devotion, to the ſcene of his valour at Roſbach, at Liſſa, or at Torgau. They ſoften the anguiſh of his wounds, awaken the moſt grateful recollections in his boſom, and render him a participator in the fame of his Sovereign. The four heroes of the Pruſſian monarchy who fell in battle, Schwerin, Keith,

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Winterfeldt, and Kleiſt, are elevated on four pedeſtals, ſurmounted with emblems of war and victory. He who can reſiſt the combined effect of ſo many objects, acting at once upon the ſenſes, the affections, and the underſtanding, muſt be endowed with more than common apathy.

If, however, Berlin ſtrikes by its regularity and the magnificence of its public buildings, it impreſſes not leſs forcibly with a ſentiment of melancholy. It is neither enriched by commerce, enlivened by the general reſidence of the Sovereign, nor animated by induſtry, buſineſs, and freedom. An air of ſilence and dejection reigns in the ſtreets, where at noon-day ſcarcely any paſſengers are ſeen except ſoldiers. The population, much as it has augmented during the preſent reign, is ſtill very unequal to the extent and magnitude of the city. Oſtentation and vanity, more than utility or neceſſity, ſeem to have impelled Frederic to enlarge and embelliſh his capital. The ſplendid fronts of the

the fineſt houſes, frequently conceal poverty and wretchedneſs. A colonnade, hardly inferior to the Louvre, proves when inſpected, to be only a caſern, or a barrack. We are firſt diſappointed, and in the end diſguſted with this deception. Peterſburgh, though ſituate in a much more inclement latitude, has a thouſand natural and political advantages, which are ſought in vain at Berlin. The Neva itſelf, at the former city, flowing majeſtically from the lake Ladoga into the gulf of Finland, is at once a ſublime and pleaſing object, covered with ſhips, and exhibiting a ſcene perpetually varying, as well as gay. Here, the little river Spree creeps along, unnoticed and forgotten. Like London, Berlin is compoſed entirely of brick; for there are, unfortunately, no quarries of ſtone in its vicinity. They maſk indeed the exterior of the houſes with plaſter or ſtucco; but it ſoon falls off, and betrays the original meanneſs of the materials. The King too appears to be more fond of conſtructing than

of repairing, though he compels ſuch of his ſubjects as build, to conform to the rules of architecture, and to the elevation or plan of the adjoining houſes.

Nothing can be more deſtitute of beauty or fertility, than the environs of Berlin. On every ſide ſtretches an expanſe of ſand, and as ſoon as a carriage paſſes the gates, it is buried up to the axle-trees. Scarcely any trees, except firs, are to be ſeen; and even from hence to Potzdam, the intermediate country is in many parts almoſt a wilderneſs. The moraſs which ſurrounds Peterſburgh, is not ſo dreary; and the ſavage rocks, deſtitute of vegetation, amidſt which Stockholm is built, are at leaſt undulated, romantic, and pictureſque. Even Hanover, though certainly not placed in a favoured poſition, or in a fertile ſoil, yet is preferable in theſe reſpects to the Pruſſian capital. I ſhall ſay no more however upon it; nor ſhould I have gone into ſo large a detail, if I did not conſider it as intimately connected with the character and genius of

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the King. Other cities are conſtructed or embelliſhed, at leaſt in ſome degree, by the people, in proportion to the commerce, opulence, or grandeur of the State. But, the moſt beautiful part of Berlin, the "Fredericſtadt," is almoſt excluſively the work of Frederic. The "Memoires de la Maiſon de Brandebourg" are ſcarcely more his own production. Indeed, by no means as much ſo, if we may believe thoſe who wiſh to detract from his literary merit. I am however of a different opinion; nor can I ſee any thing in that performance, to which, without the aid of Voltaire or D'Alembert, the talents of the King are unequal. It is only when he condeſcends to affect their manner, that we feel inclined to diſpute his originality.

LETTER IV.

Examination of the Character and Actions of Frederic the Second, King of Pruſſia.

BERLIN, *October* 23, 1777.

IT is difficult to contemplate, and ſtill more difficult to delineate a character ſo intereſting as that of the preſent King of Pruſſia, without a degree of enthuſiaſm allied to partiality. Perhaps, if we except Cæſar in antiquity, no Prince of any age has exhibited ſuch a combination of talents, equally adapted to the field and to the cabinet, to active as well as ſpeculative life. But, like Cæſar, he is not exempt from infirmities, faults, and defects of many kinds; in ſome of which he bears too cloſe a reſemblance to the Roman Dictator. A reign of ſeven-and-thirty years, paſſed in perpetual viciſſitudes of war and peace, has given him ſcope for the

the diſplay of all his abilities. His military ſkill and reſources have deſervedly placed him among the firſt Commanders of the preſent century: while his bold, deciſive, and vigorous policy has added extenſive provinces to his dominions; and raiſed him from a Sovereign of the ſecond order, almoſt to an equality with the firſt crowned heads in Europe. His legiſlative labors, and his beneficial exertions for enriching, peopling, and fertilizing his country, lay claim to our approbation, and are wiſe, as well as highly meritorious. Even his leiſure has not been without utility to the world, while it has been rendered eminently ſubſervient to his own fame. His compoſitions, hiſtorical, political, and poetic, will be read in future times, if not with admiration, at leaſt with pleaſure. When we reflect on theſe circumſtances, can we wonder that he has attracted the univerſal attention of mankind, and that every other Prince ſinks into comparative obſcurity near him?

But,

But, while I admit his claim to immortality, I am not diſpoſed to be his panegyriſt. Much as we admire, we are little tempted to love him. Ambition, from the hour of his acceſſion to the preſent moment, has been his only real paſſion. Neither the faith of treaties, nor the laws of nations, nor the principles of juſtice and equity, have ever ſufficiently reſtrained him from purſuing the aggrandizement of the Pruſſian monarchy. The conqueſt of Sileſia, under all the circumſtances, can ſcarcely be juſtified; the partition of Poland, however its injuſtice may ſeem to be diminiſhed by the concurrence of Auſtria and Ruſſia, was an act that revolted every mind not inſenſible to the diſtinctions of right and wrong. His own glory, more than the felicity of his people, has conſtituted, at every period of his reign, the rule of his political conduct. Though not cruel, he is nevertheleſs in ſome reſpects oppreſſive: though he rarely permits capital puniſhments, he exacts pecuniary

cuniary contributions from his ſubjects, ſcarcely leſs ſubverſive of their domeſtic happineſs, than would be the utmoſt ſeverity of penal laws. His vigilance, it is true, never ſleeps; and he is felt on the diſtant frontier of Courland, or of Cleves, at the extremities of his dominions, almoſt as much as here at Berlin. But, ſo was Philip the Second, the moſt odious tyrant of modern times. It is for the preſervation of his own greatneſs alone, that Frederic wakes. Even his pleaſures are gloomy, philoſophic, and ſolitary. Love never invaded the privacy of "Sans Souci," nor ſoftened the auſtere and cheerleſs hours of Frederic's private life. He is great, but not amiable; we render homage to his talents, his reputation, and his victories: but we deſire to live under a more benign and unambitious Prince. We are pleaſed to viſit Berlin, as an object of liberal curioſity; but we prefer the reſidence of London, of Vienna, or of Naples.

Frederic

Frederic the Second is the oldeſt reigning Sovereign in Europe, and has nearly completed his ſixty-ſixth year. His conſtitution, naturally ſound, if not vigorous, retains its force; and his body is accuſtomed to, as well as ſtill capable of great fatigue. The gout, and the infirmities almoſt inſeparably attendant on his period of life, have indeed enfeebled his legs; but, once on horſeback, and ſeated in the ſaddle, he is equal to prodigious efforts, ſuſtained for a very conſiderable length of time. He is of a middle ſize, inclined to thin, and he ſtoops in walking or in riding. His face, though now become wrinkled, more perhaps by fatigues and agitations, than from the progreſs of age, or the effects of diſeaſe, is one of the moſt animated and intereſting ever beheld. There is in it a fire and an intelligence, which widely diſtinguiſhes him from common men. Every line and every feature may be ſtudied, and have their meaning. His eye

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is uncommonly clear and brilliant, though he is ſo ſhort-ſighted, as uſually to have recourſe to a glaſs, even when on horſe-back. He has a bold and finely-formed, but not an aquiline noſe. Of his hair, time has only ſpared ſome few thin and ſcattered locks, about the crown of his head. In order to ſupply the want, he wears falſe curls and a long queue.

Nothing can be ſo ſimple as his dreſs, which never varies. It is indeed ſcarcely exempt from the imputation of meanneſs, and by no means always intitled to the praiſe of cleanlineſs. His coat is a plain uniform of common blue cloth, without ornament or embroidery of any kind. On his breaſt appears the ſtar of the Pruſſian Order of the "Black Eagle;" but he very rarely wears the riband, or other inſignia. He is always booted, as becomes a ſoldier; and thoſe who ſee him conſtantly, have ſcarcely ever beheld his legs. Round his middle is tied his ſaſh. Charles the Twelfth of Sweden might have worn Frederic's ſword, without departing from the charac-

teriſtic ſimplicity of his dreſs. It is a military one, perfectly unornamented, with a plain ſilver hilt, to which hangs a ſword-knot. His hat is of a monſtrous ſize, ſurmounted with a white Panache or plume. Either economy, or careleſſneſs, or both, induce him to wear his cloaths as long as decency will permit; indeed, ſometimes, rather longer. He is accuſtomed to order his breeches to be mended, and his coat to be pieced under the arms. It was an unuſual mark of attention to the Great Duke of Ruſſia, when he was here laſt year, that the King made up a new uniform ſuit and hat, in honour of ſo illuſtrious a gueſt. To complete the negligence of his appearance, he takes a great deal of ſnuff, and lets no ſmall portion of it ſlip through his thumb and fingers, upon his cloaths. It muſt be owned that this cuſtom gives him ſometimes almoſt a diſguſting air. Yet, acroſs ſo much neglect and contempt of external forms, I think one may eaſily, without any aid of imagination, perceive the hero, the philoſopher, and the King.

Through

Through every part of the royal houſe-hold, there reigns a ſimilar ſimplicity, which ſtrongly contraſts with the exterior of Royalty in other Courts. Much of it doubtleſs originates in his diſlike of ſhew, and ſomething muſt be attributed to pecuniary motives. In diveſting himſelf of the pomp attendant on ſovereign power, the King, beſides the emancipation, avoids the expence connected with it; and in this part of his character, as in many others, he reſembles his father, much more than his grandfather. Frederic the Firſt, the moſt oſtentatious, expenſive, and magnificent of Princes, delighted in the pageantry and ceremonial of a Court. Frederic William, the late King, economical almoſt to parſimony, deteſted ſuch vain exhibitions; and was ſupremely happy to ſmoke and drink among his officers, in an obſcure guard-room, or a ſummer-houſe. Never was any contraſt greater, nor diſſimilarity more complete, than between the two laſt Kings of Pruſſia.

When

When his preſent Majeſty is at "Sans Souci," he is unattended by any regular guard. A corporal and four ſoldiers are ſent there from Potzdam towards evening, and they withdraw at daybreak. Indeed, their preſence is not meant for the protection of the King's perſon; but, merely to ſecure his peaches and apricots from devaſtation, to which they might otherwiſe be liable. He repoſes in perfect ſecurity, if not on the affections, on the obedience, ſubjection, and admiration of his ſubjects. His table, as well as his dreſs, are ſubjected to certain rules, which mark his character, and which become intereſting on that account. No Prince is better ſerved, though without any ſplendour or magnificence. He is, indeed, by no means inſenſible to the phyſical pleaſure of eating, conſidered as diſtinct from the conviviality of the table; but, as he does not like to eat alone, a ſmall number of perſons, uſually officers of rank, are every day invited to his dinner. The Emperor Gallienus was not a more

more accurate proficient in the ſcience of cookery, than is Frederic. He has, it is true, only eight diſhes generally ſerved; but each is dreſſed by a ſeparate cook, and each is excellent in its kind. Four are French, two Italian, and the remaining two are accommodated to his Majeſty's particular taſte. It muſt be admitted, that ſo much attention to the gratification of appetite, ſavours more of the ſchool of Epicurus, than of Zeno. Philoſopher as he is, the Father of the Portico is not his model.

In his deſſert the King is expenſive and ſplendid, ſparing neither endeavours nor money in order to procure the moſt delicate fruits in abundance. The productions of the tropical, as well as temperate climates, are heaped before him. He eats plentifully, and drinks gaily as well as freely, of his favourite wines, which are Burgundy and Champagne. I am aſſured that he commonly ſwallows near a bottle of the former, and of the latter ſome

glaſſes every day. In "liqueurs" he rarely indulges, and he touches no ſupper. He ſleeps without either a night-cap, or any covering about his head. When he riſes, his firſt operation is to pull on his ſtockings, before he quits the bed, and then his boots over them. His hair and beard are diſpatched in a few minutes, by the firſt valet or footman who preſents himſelf. The Princeſs Amelia his ſiſter, uſed formerly to make his ſhirts; but, as ſhe has of late years become incapable, from diſeaſe and infirmity, of continuing the practice, he is obliged to receive them from other hands.

The appropriation of his time, his occupations, and amuſements, is regulated with ſcrupulous accuracy, and never varies except when he is abſent from "Sans Souci." "My uncle," ſaid Prince Frederic of Brunſwic to me, "riſes in ſummer at "four in the morning, and even in winter "at five, or ſoon afterwards. He breakfaſts "quite alone, on chocolate; and till ten

"o'clock he is entirely occupied in tranſ-
"acting affairs of ſtate, which he diſpatches
"in perſon, with rigorous exactitude. From
"that hour till near noon, he goes firſt to
"the parade, then walks, or as is more
"commonly his cuſtom, rides, if his health
"permit. He returns to the Palace of
"Potzdam, or to "Sans Souci," before
"twelve, and ſits down to dinner pre-
"ciſely at noon. After the repaſt, he
"uſually remains ſome time at table,
"where he unbends himſelf in converſation
"with thoſe about him. His afternoon is
"divided between books and muſic, in the
"latter of which he is a connoiſſeur and a
"performer. At ſix, one of his ſecretaries
"enters, and reads to him ſuch letters as
"are addreſſed to him upon literary ſub-
"jects, or any intelligence relative to that
"line of correſpondence. He dictates his
"replies immediately. The King eats no
"ſupper, but retires to his chamber at
"nine, and goes directly to bed. Such is
"his conſtant mode of life."

The empire of the mind over the body was, perhaps, never more forcibly exemplified than in Frederic. Neither fatigue, nor perſonal infirmity, nor indiſpoſition, unleſs of the ſevereſt kind, ſeem to have power over him. He can force himſelf to almoſt any exertions, and of this faculty he has given a thouſand proofs. A ſingular inſtance happened only three weeks ſince. The annual reviews and manœuvres, performed at Potzdam in the autumn, had been poſtponed more than once, on account of his inability to aſſiſt at them in perſon. His complaints were of a nature which rendered it difficult as well as dangerous for him to appear in public, being troubled with boils, that incapacitated him for ſitting his horſe. After ſeveral delays, the reviews were however at length fixed for a certain day. Contrary to all expectation, the King came on the ground when the troops were drawn up, placed himſelf at their head, and led them to the charge in perſon. He ſupported the firſt day's fatigue

fatigue tolerably well; but on the ſecond, when he attempted to diſmount from his horſe, ſuch was his ſtate of weakneſs, and ſo exhauſted was he, that he immediately fainted. This effect of his exertions did not prevent him from commanding on the third and laſt day, nor from going through every evolution with his ſoldiery.

The annual reviews in the vicinity of Berlin, which uſually take place in May, are open to the inſpection of ſtrangers from every European nation; but in thoſe of Potzdam, the utmoſt ſecrecy is preſerved. A veil is drawn over them; and neither rank, nor intereſt, nor favour, can procure admiſſion to be preſent at their performance. Any perſon who, incited by curioſity, ſhould venture under a borrowed name, or diſguiſed, to intrude as a ſpectator, would probably experience a ſevere and humiliating puniſhment. Such examples have occurred. The King reſerves to himſelf and to his general officers excluſively, the manœuvres at Potzdam, as a ſchool where

experiments in the ſcience of tactics may be made, which other Princes and troops are only permitted ſubſequently to learn by their experience or misfortune in war. Even if the Pruſſian diſcipline were not ſuperior to that of Auſtria, France, or Ruſſia; yet the myſtery, and the precautions that are uſed to conceal it from public view, cannot fail to produce a great effect. Obſcurity is one of the fineſt ſources of the ſublime, and always impreſſes with mingled reſpect and terror. Frederic has wiſely availed himſelf of every circumſtance which may augment the confidence of his own ſoldiers, and intimidate the enemy.

It is in the vaſt detail which he embraces, that we find matter of peculiar wonder, as well as admiration. No Sovereign ever knew better the value of time, or apportioned it more ſyſtematically. His active and comprehenſive genius, inured to the labour of the cloſet, carries its reſearches through every department of ſtate. His flexible talents comprehend objects the moſt

moſt diſſimilar. He ſees, hears, and replies to all diſpatches in perſon, as much as it is poſſible to be done. The meaneſt of his ſubjects can addreſs to the throne their petitions or complaints, without paſſing through any official medium; and they are ſecure of receiving an anſwer, if not of redreſs. Numberleſs inſtances might be cited, to prove the punctuality with which he replies to letters of every kind. Count Dhona, when governor of Konigſberg ſome years ago, was indebted a ſmall ſum to his taylor; but which, though frequently ſolicited, he always declined to diſcharge. The taylor, deſpairing of his own ability to enforce payment, addreſſed a letter to the King, ſtating his caſe, and imploring his Majeſty's gracious interference in his behalf. By return of poſt he received an anſwer from Frederic, ordering him to wait on Count Dhona immediately, who would have been previouſly made acquainted with his pleaſure, and who would infallibly diſcharge the debt. The taylor

did as he was commanded, and procured from Dhona his money. That nobleman had met with a ſevere reprimand, accompanied with a peremptory injunction not to delay the payment of his arrear. I have ſeen many of Frederic's letters, written with his own hand: they are admirably penned, and frequently contain the moſt delicately-turned compliments. Mr. Collins, an Engliſh merchant, eſtabliſhed at Konigſberg, who ſends him annually the firſt ſturgeon taken at Pilaw, never fails to receive an anſwer to his letter that accompanies the preſent, couched in terms of the higheſt good breeding. Such attentions from a Sovereign are very flattering. Frederic, who is acquainted with the human heart and its ſecret ſprings, knows the value of that coin, and frequently pays in it.

All the ſcattered rays and functions of royalty are concentered in his perſon; and he can ſcarcely with propriety, be ſaid to have any great officer of ſtate, or even any firſt miniſter. Nothing of importance is tranſacted,

tranſacted, except by his expreſs orders, of which Finckenſtein and Hertzberg, who oſtenſibly occupy the firſt employments in the adminiſtration, are merely the executors. There is, indeed, a nominal Lord Treaſurer: but, a huſſar, who can hardly write, or read, fills that office in effect. How the King finds leiſure for the various buſineſs to which he muſt neceſſarily attend, may naturally excite ſurprize: but the application, order, and method which characterize him, explain the enigma.

The Pruſſian finances are regulated with the moſt ſevere economy; and it is indeed neceſſary that they ſhould be thus managed, in order to enable the Sovereign to maintain a military force ſo diſproportionate to the pecuniary reſources of his country. It is ſaid that Frederic alone is preciſely acquainted with the annual amount of his revenues, as well as with the various and intricate nature of the taxes and contributions. So complicated is the ſyſtem of the finances, that I am aſſured, it will be

no eaſy undertaking for his ſucceſſor to alter any part of it, without danger of deſtroying and overturning the whole fabric: ſuch is the intimate connection between its various parts. The King himſelf is arrived at a period of life, which in a great meaſure precludes the gratification of active or expenſive pleaſures. He has, in fact, very few; and even thoſe few are indulged within moderate limits. Elizabeth was not more frugal of the public purſe. The maintenance of his ſoldiery, the ſecurity of his dominions, the introduction of manufactures, and the fertilization of the barren or depopulated parts of his territories; ſuch are the objects to which the ſuperfluity of his revenues is generally deſtined.

Frederic may be conſidered as the only European Prince, who is at this time poſſeſſed of a conſiderable treaſure in ready money. Magdeburg is the fortreſs in which it is depoſited. Its amount is uncertain, and variouſly reported; but that it is large, and annually accumulating, there

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can be no doubt. Certainly, none of the Northern Potentates can conteſt with him in pecuniary ſtrength. Catherine the Second, who has not yet by any means recovered her immenſe expenditure in the late war againſt the Turks, is compelled to apply to Holland, for aſſiſtance in raiſing even a common loan. Sweden as well as Denmark are poor, and both crowns are in debt. Poland, ſince the partition in 1772, is little more than a nominal ſovereignty, inadequate to its own defence. Even Maria Thereſa poſſeſſes ſcarcely any treaſure, though her reſources, dominions, and political power are very extenſive. It is difficult to calculate the prodigious ſuperiority, which ſuch a command of money muſt neceſſarily confer in the firſt moments of a rupture, particularly under the direction of a Prince like Frederic. To his father's rigid parſimony, he in fact may be ſaid to owe the acquiſition of Sileſia, not leſs than to his own talents and deciſion. The Emperor Charles the Sixth at his deceaſe, left

left his daughter without a florin in the public treasury. But, the late King of Prussia, more provident, had accumulated the means of facilitating in active hands, the aggrandizement of his family, and the extension of the monarchy.

Music forms the only exception to Frederic's general economy. He indulges himself in the gratification of this elegant and favourite amusement, at a very considerable expence. His opera at Potzdam and at Berlin, costs him annually near four hundred thousand dollars, or about seventy thousand pounds sterling. To the influence of love he has never, at any period of his life, been long, if at all subjected. Various reasons are assigned, and various anecdotes related, in order to explain so singular a defect in his character or constitution. I do not choose to say all that I may have heard upon the subject. There was however a Signora Barberini, an Italian performer in the opera at Berlin, for whom he shewed marks of particular attention and preference.

ence. She was afterwards married to the Preſident Cocceii, and now lives with her huſband at Gros-Glogau in Sileſia. Voltaire in his "Pucelle," has ſketched the King in a ſituation noway favourable to his reputation as a man of gallantry; but, let it be remembered that Voltaire is a poet, and an incenſed one, to whoſe hiſtorical portraits little credit is due. Whether his coldneſs be the reſult of moral, or of phyſical cauſes, in gallantry of mind he is certainly not at all deficient. On the contrary, it is well known that he is much more eaſily induced to grant a requeſt made by a woman, than by a man; and he frequently accords to female ſolicitation the ſame boon, which he had poſitively refuſed to a general or a courtier. It would be eaſy to cite inſtances of the aſſertion.

His clemency, like that of Cæſar, has been ſubject of great encomium; and whether we attribute it to a ſort of philoſophic indifference, to magnanimity of mind, or to refined policy, it ſtill excites our reſpect.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, it reſults from a combination of all theſe ſentiments. He is too much elevated above common men by ſituation and by character, to feel the little emotions of vulgar reſentment. The very facility with which he could puniſh, probably tends to deprive him of the inclination. By a ſingular paradox, the greateſt freedom, or rather licentiouſneſs of complaint and of animadverſion, is permitted under the moſt deſpotic Prince in Europe, even in his capital, and in his very reſidence. He reads with perfect good humour, the anonymous Paſquinades which are often fixed up on the garden gates at "Sans Souci;" applauds or criticiſes the compoſition, and frequently orders them to remain untouched. Few reigns have been leſs ſanguinary; and public executions are almoſt unknown throughout the Pruſſian dominions. His treatment of Trenck was undoubtedly very ſevere; perhaps, inhuman. But, Trenck was an intractable, deſperate, and dangerous madman, whom no common modes of puniſhment

niſhment could terrify or reſtrain. Injuries, and attempts of the moſt atrocious nature againſt his own perſon, he rarely puniſhes with the ſeverity practiſed in other countries. Such lenity may even be juſtly cenſurable, ſince it tends to encourage crimes, by holding out a proſpect of impunity. A reprimand, baniſhment from his preſence, or a ſhort confinement in the Caſtle of Spandau, the Baſtile of Pruſſia; theſe are the uſual marks of his indignation, which ſeldom proceeds to extremities againſt the moſt profligate offenders.

It is nevertheleſs only juſtice to make a diſtinction, due equally to Frederic and to truth. While he overlooks, or ſuffers to paſs unnoticed, the moſt virulent and indecent attacks on his own conduct or character, he rigorouſly chaſtizes crimes againſt the ſtate. His ſubjects, though they venture to load him with invectives, dare not tranſgreſs the laws. Perhaps, the deſire of being handed down to poſterity, as not only the greateſt, but the moſt placable of Princes, has conduced more than either

benignity

benignity or policy, to produce the oblivion of injuries which we ſo much admire in him. It is inconteſtable that he has allowed men, convicted of intending to poiſon, or to deliver him up to the enemy, to elude enquiry; or at moſt to expiate their crime by exile and impriſonment. All Europe has read and heard of theſe inſtances, which are too well known to render it neceſſary for me to commemorate them.

Few Princes ever poſſeſſed in a more conſummate degree, the art of winning mankind, and of making them ſubſervient to his purpoſes. His converſation, whenever he wiſhes to pleaſe, is full of ſoftneſs; and even the tone of his voice inſpires with partial ſentiments. Verſatile, where his intereſts dictate condeſcenſion and affability, he can at pleaſure aſſume the moſt gracious manners: and he has ſucceeded in animating all whom he employs, with an enthuſiaſm to be found nowhere elſe. His officers, as well as his ſoldiers, conceive themſelves ſuperior to all other troops.

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He is certainly better ſerved, and more implicitly obeyed, than any Sovereign in Europe; though his appointments, particularly in ſubaltern military employments below the rank of captain, are extremely narrow. Frederic knows how to pay, with equal eaſe and dignity, the moſt flattering compliments, where diſtinguiſhed merit or great actions ſeem to claim it from him.

When the preſent Emperor Joſeph the Second viſited him at Neiſs in Sileſia, juſt eight years ago, his Imperial Majeſty was accompanied by ſeveral Auſtrian officers of diſtinction. Among others was General Laudohn, ſo juſtly celebrated for the advantages which he gained over the Pruſſians in the late war, on various occaſions. The King affected always to call him *Monſieur le Marechal*, though he well knew that Laudohn had not attained that rank; and omitted no opportunity of expreſſing the higheſt admiration for his talents, even at his own expence. When dinner was ſerved, Laudohn, with his uſual modeſty, would have placed himſelf on the other ſide of the

table, at a respectful distance: but, Frederic ordered him to take a place near himself. "Placez vous *à cotè* de moi, Monsieur le "Marechal," said he; "je n'aime pas à "vous voir *viz-à-viz* de moi." It is impossible not to perceive, and not to admire, the delicacy of this compliment. The conversation having turned on the principal events of the late war, he seized the occasion of doing justice to Laudohn's merit; particularly in the battle of Cunersdorf, or as it is more commonly called here, of Francfort on the Oder; where he was totally defeated by Soltikoff and Laudohn, in August 1759. "Vous avez bien gaté "ma soupe à Francfort," said the King to him. "Je vous ai toujours trouvé au "bout de ma Lorgnette," added he at another time. Such recognitions of superior ability, mingled with encomium, do scarcely less honour to the magnanimity of the King, than to the talents and services of the General.

As a writer, Frederic is before the tribunal of the public, who have thought his pretensions

tions to literary fame by no means without foundation; though in his capacity of an author, he is not exempt from numerous prejudices and predilections. Thoſe to whom the intereſts of revealed religion are dear, will however neither overlook, nor ought to pardon, the evident tendency of his writings; that of avowedly overturning and ridiculing Chriſtianity. Even his wit is too frequently levelled at the ſame object. It is difficult to compoſe the hiſtory of our own times, and ſtill more ſo the hiſtory of our own family, without great partialities and imperfections; a remark fully exemplified in the "Memoires de la Maiſon de Brandebourg." He has ſpoken too contemptuouſly of his grandfather Frederic the Firſt, to whoſe vanity or ambition, it matters not which, is ſolely due the crown now worn by his ſucceſſors. However little or puerile, when ſtrictly appreciated, might be the motives which impelled Frederic to aſpire to the Royal, inſtead of contenting himſelf with the Electoral dignity, his deſcendants owe him great obligations;

Prince Eugene, when he was informed of the Emperor Leopold's having raiſed the Elector of Brandenburgh to the rank of a crowned head; exclaimed with reaſon, that "the Miniſters who had given their Sove-"reign ſuch pernicious counſel, merited "death." He foreſaw, near eighty years ago, the probable aggrandizement of the new monarchy to which Leopold had imprudently given birth, and time has confirmed his prediction.

The King is ſtill continually occupied at this time, in literary purſuits and avocations. Like Cæſar, he means to write his own "Commentaries;" and to tranſmit himſelf the hiſtory of his reign to poſterity. Prince Frederic of Brunſwic aſſures me, that he has himſelf frequently ſeen the continuation of the "Memoirs of the Houſe of Brandenburgh," in the hand-writing of its author. It commences with his own acceſſion to the crown; and he proſecutes it not only every year, but almoſt every day. The Prince adds, that he has nevertheleſs his doubts, whether it will

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be made public, even after the King's deceaſe. But, may we not ſafely truſt to the vanity of the writer, for its being given to the world? He will probably take effectual precautions to ſecure the fame, which he has ſo dearly earned in the cloſet, as well as in the field.

The retirement in which he lives, and the ſmall portion of time that he paſſes here at Berlin, render the particulars of his conduct and private life much more concealed, than thoſe of other European Princes. Sovereigns, if not perſonally reſident in their capitals, are however always acceſſible to curioſity and enquiry. They are uſually ſurrounded with foreign Miniſters, courtiers, women, and ſtrangers, who tranſmit intelligence of their health, their actions, and their occupations, by every poſt. But Potzdam and "Sans Souci" offer no facilities of the kind. It is not permitted to the Envoy of any foreign State, to preſent himſelf before the King, unleſs upon ſpecial buſineſs, and

after having obtained a formal permiſſion for the purpoſe. Neither the Princeſs, nor Princeſſes of the blood, preſume to intrude on his privacy, except by expreſs invitation. No military officer, on the other hand, dares to be abſent from Potzdam without his Majeſty's leave; and ſhould any one venture to ſhew himſelf there, who did not compoſe part of the regular garriſon, he would inſtantly be put under arreſt, and ſeverely puniſhed. The Prince of Pruſſia, preſumptive heir of the crown, is not leſs ſubjected to theſe rules, than the loweſt ſubject. Frederic paſſes only a few weeks of every year at Berlin, during the carnival in January and February. He leaves his capital to the Queen, Court, and foreign Miniſters; but he will ſuffer no privileged ſpies about his own perſon, to ſend weekly information of his minuteſt actions to their reſpective cabinets. This obſcurity, while it ſharpens curioſity, wakens apprehenſion, and naturally operates to render him more formidable at a diſtance.

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His military talents and reputation reſt on too firm a baſis, to be eaſily ſhaken or conteſted. The defeats of Colin, of Hohkirchen, and of Cünerſdorf, though principally to be attributed to the King himſelf, yet are loſt or obliterated in the long train of his victories; from that of Mollwitz, at the opening of his reign, to the one with which the laſt war concluded at Freyberg, in 1762. In moſt of theſe actions he was preſent; in many he expoſed his perſon with as much intrepidity, as Henry the Fourth manifeſted at Coutras, or at Ivry. It was undoubtedly requiſite that Frederic ſhould do ſo, in order to encourage his troops, who, led on by him, never calculated any diſparity of numbers. In every action with the Auſtrians or Ruſſians, he was always inferior in force. At Liſſa he was proportionably almoſt as much ſo, as Alexander was to Darius at Iſſus, or at Arbela. He may indeed, perhaps, be juſtly cenſured for having on a variety of occaſions truſted too much to fortune. A muſket-ball might in an inſtant have de-

cided the fate, not merely of a battle, but in all probability of the family of Brandenburgh, and of the Pruſſian monarchy. His brother William Auguſtus, though a very amiable and accompliſhed Prince, did not poſſeſs energy and talents adequate to ſo vaſt a national emergency as the "war of ſeven years." His ſon, the preſent heir apparent, then a minor and unexperienced, muſt have delegated every thing to his uncle Prince Henry. Had Frederic fallen at Colin, at Lignitz, or at Torgau, the conſequences would have been incalculable. I am aware however, that the ſame obſervation will apply to every commander; but, not with equal force. More than twenty muſket-balls paſſed through his hat or his cloaths, in the courſe of the war; and he received one on his breaſt at Torgau. Three horſes were ſhot under him in different actions. He ſeemed to forget that he was mortal and vulnerable.

It is well known that the French grenadiers, who admired the heroic intrepidity of the preſent hereditary Prince of Brunſwic,

wic, though exerted againſt themſelves; uſed to cry out before they fired, whenever they ſaw him, "Monſeigneur, evitez le "feu!" But, the Croats and Coſſacks, with whom Frederic was frequently engaged, were enemies much more ferocious. They would not only have ſelected him as a mark, and taken aim at him: his remains would have been treated by them with no more reſpect or ceremony, than the body of Richard the Third obtained from the Lancaſtrians, after the battle of Boſworth. Even the Auſtrians and Saxons were animated by perſonal antipathy towards him; particularly the latter, whoſe Sovereign and country, it muſt be owned, had cruelly ſuffered under the Pruſſian rapacity or depredations.

It mocks all calculation, when we reflect that in the courſe of ſeven campaigns, ſuch as thoſe between 1756 and 1762, he never received a wound of any conſequence; nor was ever incapacitated by illneſs from commanding in perſon. Alexander and Charles the Twelfth were infinitely leſs favoured

favoured by fortune in both theſe reſpects. Yet Frederic's courage was equally ardent and ſublime, with that of the Macedonian, or the Swediſh Prince; while in cool, deliberate, philoſophic valor, he probably exceeded either. He well knew that his fall and that of the ſtate were nearly ſynonimous; but ſituated as he was, he likewiſe felt that only the moſt deſperate efforts, aided by fortune, could extricate him from a ſituation which has not a parallel in the annals of the world. In the laſt reſort he always carried about him the ſame remedy, to which Hannibal had recourſe in the Court of Bithynia. He would no more have been carried priſoner to Vienna, than the Carthaginian General to Rome.

Hiſtory preſents no object ſo truly intereſting as Frederic during the late war, oppoſed to two Empreſſes, and three Kings, making head at the ſame time, againſt Auſtria, Ruſſia, Sweden, France, and Saxony, added to the German Empire. The immenſe diſproportion of force be-

tween the parties; the length of time which the conteſt laſted; the wonderful activity, energy, and reſources diſplayed by Frederic; finally, his triumphant termination of a war which threatened the total deſtruction of the family of Brandenburgh; all theſe circumſtances tend to aſtoniſh and to faſcinate the mind. It is probable that poſterity will contemplate them with encreaſed admiration, through the medium of time.

Great, however, as are his military talents, and juſtly-merited as the encomiums on them may be; we ſhould recollect that as a commander, he ſtood upon higher ground than other men. Amenable in caſe of failure to no tribunal, he could act without control, and could riſk his crown at pleaſure, on the event of a battle. He did ſo more than once. But, no General Officer would have dared to take upon him ſo awful a reſponſibility, or to commit to hazard ſo vaſt a ſtake. The ſuperiority which his preſence, activity, and deciſion of character gave him, over commanders acting by dele-

delegated power, was incalculable. Nor ought we to forget the diſcordant principles of the great league which he oppoſed during the late war. Elizabeth, Empreſs of Ruſſia, his inveterate enemy, was counteracted at every ſtep, by her nephew, the unfortunate Peter, heir to the Empire, whoſe attachment to Frederic equalled his aunt's antipathy. Daun and Soltikoff, the Ruſſian and Auſtrian Generals, never acted in real union, or the Pruſſian monarchy muſt have fallen under the preſſure. "The war of ſeven years" exemplifies in the moſt ſtriking manner, how difficult it is for any combination of States to overturn a ſingle Power, defended with ſpirit, and rouſed to great exertions.

His enemies aſſert beſides, not without color of reaſon, that the King was guilty of many faults in the courſe of thoſe campaigns, which detract not a little from his reputation as a General, and even as a man. His temerity, his inflexibility, or his imprudence, produced the greateſt defeats which he experienced. Towards

Marſhal

Marſhal Schwerin he is accuſed of having behaved with injuſtice, if not with ingratitude. His treatment of Finck, in diſmiſſing him after the ſurrender of his army at Maxen, was very ſevere. He more than once caſhiered and impriſoned officers of diſtinguiſhed merit, become grey in his ſervice, upon capricious, falſe, and imaginary grounds. It is pretended with ſome truth, that he cannot bear a rival, even though that rival ſhould be a brother: a ſubject on which I may have occaſion to ſay more, when I ſpeak of Prince Henry of Pruſſia. All theſe accuſations only tend however to prove, that with ſome of the greateſt qualities, he is not exempt from many of the errors and defects attached to human nature.

It is a very diſputable point, whether Frederic is naturally generous or penurious. Perhaps, from character he inclines to frugality; but from policy at leaſt, he knows how to give with munificence on proper occaſions. If we appreciate the genetoſity of Princes; if we reflect from what

what ſource its means are principally derived; and if we conſider the objects on which it is frequently laviſhed, we ſhall incline to approve, rather than cenſure, the King's parſimony of the public treaſure. He has beſides, peculiar juſtifications of the moſt cogent kind. His barren provinces, for ſuch the greater portion of them may with truth be denominated, cannot maintain an immenſe army, and an expenſive Court. He ſacrifices therefore ſplendor, parade, and oſtentation, to real greatneſs. Manufactures, arts, agriculture, population, are the objects on which he expends his revenues. He is not only free from debt, and poſſeſſed of vaſt funds ready for emergency; but his dominions have in a great meaſure recovered the ravages and calamities of the late war. A wiſe adminiſtration, in the ſhort ſpace of only fifteen years, has rendered him capable of bringing into the field a more numerous, and better appointed army, than he had at the commencement of hoſtilities in 1756. Such

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are the effects of rigid and ſyſtematical economy!

If however, it were neceſſary to cite examples of his generoſity, many well-atteſted inſtances are to be found. Towards the wife of his friend Guichart, (whom he named in ridicule Quintus Icilius, and who is better known by that denomination,) he behaved with great liberality. Guichart enjoyed during many years, a diſtinguiſhed place in Frederic's intimacy, was conſtantly at his table, and uſually remained the laſt of any perſon in his chamber, after he was in bed. They had frequent quarrels, followed by as frequent reconciliations. After Guichart's death, the King bought his library, for which he paid near fifteen hundred pounds ſterling to his widow. He added beſides, a preſent to her of ſix thouſand dollars, and a penſion of four thouſand more. General Leſchwitz, an officer of high merit, who had rendered many ſervices in the courſe of the late war, received from him no remuneration during

ſeveral

ſeveral years: but when he leaſt expected it, he was agreeably ſurprized by a donation of lands from his maſter, worth more than twenty thouſand pounds ſterling. It was accompanied by a letter that enhanced its value, couched in the moſt gracious and affectionate terms. Officers, whoſe conduct and circumſtances render them proper objects of his attention, frequently receive pecuniary proofs of his bounty. It muſt however, on the other hand, be admitted, that he is capable of imbibing very inſurmountable prejudices. Like his father, he is iraſcible, capricious, inflexible, violent in his averſions; and conſequently he is on many occaſions oppreſſive, unfeeling, and unjuſt: infirmities of character which augment, as is too natural, with his years and bodily complaints.

In no reſpect, perhaps, is his adminiſtration more unwiſe, as well as more odious, than in his commercial regulations. He injures trade, and impoveriſhes every claſs of his ſubjects, by the impoſition of

exorbitant duties. Even the mode of their collection is unpopular and impolitic, as he employs French cuſtom-houſe officers, who are naturally objects of general deteſtation. This ſyſtem, equally erroneous and pernicious, to which nevertheleſs Frederic pertinaciouſly adheres; forms a problem hard to ſolve, in the conduct of a Prince ſo enlightened, and ſo capable of juſtly appreciating his true intereſts. The fact is certain, that commerce declines, not only at Konigſberg, Stettin, and Memel; but, univerſally throughout his dominions. The King has, it is true, principles relative to trade, which if they were only carried into practice, are excellent. He profeſſes to conſider all monopolies as deſtructive and injurious; yet, by an unaccountable inconſiſtency, no country abounds in them ſo much as Pruſſia. The immoderate duties, laid upon almoſt every article of import or export, ruin the merchant.

The partition of Poland five years ago, by which ſo fertile, populous, and extenſive

a tract of country was added to the Pruſſian Crown; it was naturally ſuppoſed, would enrich the city of Konigſberg. That capital, from its poſition, vicinity, and local advantages, ſeemed to be ſo placed, as neceſſarily to attract the trade of the newly acquired provinces. I am aſſured nevertheleſs, by perſons whoſe teſtimony is unexceptionable, that ſo far from having derived any benefit by the ſeizure of Poliſh Pruſſia; on the contrary, their commercial advantages are diminiſhed ſince that event. The cauſes are ſimple, obvious, and evident. The part of Poland which previouſly furniſhed Konigſberg with the moſt valuable articles of exportation, is, in conſequence of the late diſmemberment, become ſubject to the empire of Ruſſia. Of courſe, its productions are carried down the Duna to Riga, inſtead of being tranſported as heretofore, by the rivers Ruſſe and Pregel, to Konigſberg. I am far from aſſerting that the Royal revenues have received no increaſe by the acquiſition of Poliſh Pruſſia; on the contrary,

trary, they are much enlarged. But, the Sovereign may be rich, while the majority of the people are poor, oppreſſed, and wretched: a truth which is exemplified in many parts of the Pruſſian dominions.

On a review of the King's character, we cannot miſtake the maſter-ſpring of all his actions. Every paſſion and every purſuit are evidently ſubordinate to the aggrandizement of his Houſe; to the ſecurity and augmentation of his political power. Ruſſia, Saxony, Sweden, England, and France, have been by turns his allies or his enemies, as circumſtances have varied. The Cabinet of Vienna alone he conſiders as ſyſtematically inimical. Never was a Prince more calculated to elevate the family of Brandenburgh, at the expence of that of Auſtria. Sileſia, the firſt conqueſt of his arms, has been retained againſt the utmoſt exertions of Maria Thereſa, by eleven campaigns, by torrents of human blood, and by the greateſt efforts of military ſkill. He has ſince acquired another province

ſtill more fertile, and hardly leſs extenſive, Poliſh Pruſſia. It comprehends the courſe of the river Viſtula, from the gates of Thorn to thoſe of Dantzic: and renders him maſter of the moſt valuable exports of Poland. He has, in a word, materially altered the balance of power in Europe; and nearly doubled in extent, as well as in revenues, the territories which devolved to him at the death of his father, about thirty-ſeven years ago.

Upon no European Sovereign are the regards of mankind directed with ſo much apprehenſion and ſolicitude, as on Frederic. From his retreat at "Sans Souci," though infirm and declined in years, he ſtill awes the Cabinets of the North, who know by experience his promptitude and reſources. At this moment he has ſomewhat above two hundred thouſand effective ſoldiers under arms, immenſe magazines, experienced commanders, well-regulated revenues, and an ample treaſure. If to ſo many points of ſuperiority, we add his perſonal repu-

reputation, and the diſcipline of his troops, we ſhall not wonder that he is formidable to his neighbours. To his ſubjects he is rather an object of admiration, not wholly unmixed with terror, than of affection. They derive a national vanity from the fame, the conqueſts, and the talents of ſo great a Prince; but they pay dearly for his celebrity and atchievements. It is at the price of their tranquillity that he has gained his laurels; it is by the ſame ſacrifice that he muſt maintain them.

The augmentation of the Pruſſian monarchy brings with it no relaxation of taxes, no alleviation of burdens. On the contrary, new levies and greater armies are requiſite, in order to ſupport his acquiſitions. He is compelled to ſtretch the nerves of the ſtate, and to exert efforts above its natural ſtrength. The vicinity and jealouſy of Auſtria, added to the prodigious extent of territory poſſeſſed by Maria Thereſa, render his tenure of Sileſia in no ſmall degree inſecure. While Frederic

himſelf ſurvives, to regulate the machine which with ſo much labour and ability he has conſtructed, all things may continue proſperous. But, it is difficult to calculate how far his death will convulſe or disjoint a complicated ſyſtem, demanding ſuch a variety of talents. There are not wanting perſons here, as well as all over Germany, who conſider the termination of his life, as the æra from which will be dated the decline and fall of the Pruſſian monarchy. Time alone can ſhew whether theſe predictions are founded in truth.

The portrait of Frederic which I have endeavoured to trace, is, I am conſcious, very imperfect. There are many features of his mind and character, on which I have not touched, or over which I have paſſed lightly. In order to do complete juſtice to the merits and demerits of ſuch a Prince, we muſt ſtand at a greater diſtance from him. It does not belong to the preſent age to decide finally, whether he is, or is not entitled to the epithet of *Great*. Louis

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the Fourteenth has been already deſpoiled of that title, conferred on him by the adulation of his cotemporaries. Peter the Firſt has retained it by univerſal conſent. Poſterity will paſs ſentence on Frederic, and will judge of him impartially. Perhaps I have not been able to do ſo altogether myſelf. If I were called upon however, to declare whether the picture which I have here drawn, is on the whole, a flattering, or an unfavourable likeneſs, I ſhould not heſitate to ſay that it leans towards the former. Or at leaſt, that I could without violating truth, have ſomewhat darkened the ſhades, and diminiſhed the lights: but it is an ungrateful taſk to ſeek for and diſcloſe the vices, while we dwell with ſatisfaction on the great endowments of the ſovereign and the man.

LETTER V.

Review of the principal campaigns of Frederic the Second.—Mollwitz.—Anecdote of Marſhal Neuperg.—Lowoſitz.—Battle of Prague.—Anecdotes reſpecting it.—Character of Marſhal Daun.—Particulars of the battle of Colin.—Roſbach.—Liſſa.—Siege of Olmutz.—Zorndorf.—Battle of Hohkirchen.—Death of Marſhal Keith.—Particulars of the battle of Cunerſdorf.—Surrender of Finck, at Maxen.—Landſhut.—Lignitz.—Battle of Torgau.—Deſperate ſituation of the King in 1761.—Death of Elizabeth, Empreſs of Ruſſia.—Freyberg.—Peace of Hubertſburg.—Reflections on the King's conduct during the war.—His treatment of the Saxons.—Conſtitution of the Pruſſian army.—Foreign Troops.—Deſertion.—Jews.—Invalids.

BERLIN, *October* 29th, 1777.

AFTER having contemplated the King himſelf in ſo many points of view, it may ſtill be an inſtructive occupation, to ſurvey the brilliant portions of his reign. The campaigns in which the Pruſſian monarchy

narchy has been hazarded, or by which it has been preſerved and extended ſince his acceſſion, are ſo numerous, as to furniſh matter of inexhauſtible reflection. Of the officers who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the firſt and ſecond Sileſian wars, between 1741 and 1745, few indeed now remain. Except Frederic himſelf, the old Prince of Bevern, and Ziethen, hardly a General of eminence has ſurvived. But, the events of the late war which began in 1756, are ſtill recent; and they form a pleaſing, as well as a frequent ſubject of converſation in every company. Let us caſt our eye rapidly over its principal features, which offer the moſt animating picture ever preſented to the human mind. In Antiquity, the ſecond Punic war can alone be oppoſed to it for duration, as well as for intereſt and importance.

The great enterprize by which Frederic rendered himſelf known to foreign nations, almoſt immediately after his acceſſion, was the invaſion of Sileſia. We muſt not perhaps,

perhaps, examine too closely, whether it was perfectly just or magnanimous to attack a Princess with whom he had no quarrel; and whose distressed situation rather claimed protection, than ought to have provoked hostility. His pretentions to Silesia were unquestionably founded, though they were of an antient date, and were only revived from the apparent facility which the death of the Emperor Charles the Sixth offered, for making them effective. The battle of Mollwitz, a little village in Upper Silesia, confirmed to Prussia that valuable acquisition. It took place on the 10th of April 1741, and is the first general action in which the King was ever present; though he had served under Prince Eugene, in the Imperial army, before Philipsburg, during the inglorious campaign of 1734. Marshal Neuperg commanded the Austrians at Mollwitz; the superiority of whose cavalry had nearly decided the fortune of the day, and perhaps the future fate of Frederic himself. It is admitted that he

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was borne away in the rout of his troops; and it is not leſs certain that to the abilities of Schwerin, he was principally indebted for ſnatching from the Auſtrian General the victory, which he had almoſt gained. Thoſe who attribute the King's flight to perſonal motives unbecoming him, muſt however know his character very imperfectly. Any ſuch imputation is contradicted by the whole tenor of his life. But it is aſſerted, and I believe not without reaſon, that he never cordially forgave Schwerin for having rendered a ſervice too important in itſelf, as well as too wounding to the vanity of a Sovereign ſuch as Frederic.

More than two years afterwards, in 1743, his late Britannic Majeſty George the Second, being at his head-quarters at Worms, a ſhort time ſubſequent to the battle of Dettingen; entertained at dinner a number of Engliſh, Auſtrian, and Hanoverian officers. The battle of Mollwitz having been mentioned in the courſe of converſation, the King, either by accident

or, by intention, aſked of thoſe who ſat near him, what General commanded the Auſtrians in that action? Marſhal Neuperg was one of the perſons preſent, and immediately laying down his knife and fork; "C'eſt moi, Sire," ſaid he, "qui ai commandé dans cette bataille, et je l'ai perdu "par ma propre faute." So ingenuous and ſo unexpected an avowal, produced an univerſal ſilence. The King himſelf ſeemed to be embarraſſed and concerned. "I re-"peat, Sire," continued the Marſhal, "that "I loſt the battle by my own fault. The "Croats, upon whoſe vigilance and alert-"neſs to diſcover the motions of the "enemy, I relied too implicitly, deceived "me. I had poſted parties of them upon "every road by which the Pruſſians could "poſſibly advance; but they abandoned "themſelves to pillage and intoxication. "Notice was brought me that his Pruſ-"ſian Majeſty, at the head of his forces, "prepared to give me battle. But, not "having received any intelligence from "my Croats, I could not credit the in-

"formation,

" formation. It was not till the Pruſſian " columns were preparing to form, that " my own eyes undeceived me. I then " made the beſt diſpoſitions in my power; " and if they were not as ſucceſsful as they " might have been, I only am to blame." A nobleman who was preſent on the occaſion, recounted to me this fact, which redounds highly to the honour of Marſhal Neuperg's candour and ſuperiority of mind, however it may ſeem to detract from his military reputation.

The two Sileſian wars, as they are commonly denominated, from the name of the province which formed the ſubject of conteſt; were ſucceeded by a period of repoſe that laſted eleven years. This is the golden age of Pruſſia, when the King, in the prime of life, covered with laurels earned in the field, cultivated the arts of peace, and ſeemed to have renounced a wiſh for further conqueſts. Content with having added an extenſive and beautiful province to his dominions, he aſpired only to preſerve,

ſerve, and tranſmit it to his ſucceſſors. But, the Court of Vienna, which never for a moment loſt ſight of Sileſia, ſecretly meditated, in conjunction with that of Dreſden, to reduce the power of Pruſſia. Elizabeth, Empreſs of Ruſſia, impelled more by motives of perſonal animoſity towards Frederic, than from any political reaſons, joined Maria Thereſa. Sweden likewiſe declared war, almoſt without pretext. The German empire followed its Elective Head; and even France, which for ages had been the enemy of Auſtria, laboured to deſtroy the only power which could ſet limits to its ambition.

Frederic, inſtead of deprecating ſo vaſt a combination, or temporizing till the ſtorm was paſſed; having penetrated their intentions, did not heſitate to anticipate them. With his uſual deciſion of character, he burſt in upon Saxony during the ſummer of 1756, and made himſelf maſter of Dreſden; while Auguſtus the Third, unable to oppoſe the torrent, retired with his

his forces to Pirna, where his army occupied a poſt deemed inattackable. The King leaving a body of troops to block the Saxon camp, rapidly entered Bohemia, where the Auſtrians were advancing to extricate their allies. Under theſe circumſtances took place the battle of Lowoſitz, on the firſt of October. It was fought among the mountains and defiles, upon the direct road from Dreſden to Prague; and the King ſhared no leſs the danger than the honour. With inferior numbers and under great diſadvantages of ground, he attacked, broke, and at length drove the enemy from their poſition. Marſhal Count Brown, who commanded the troops of Maria Thereſa, has been much cenſured for the diſpoſitions which he made at Lowoſitz. He was nevertheleſs, a General of diſtinguiſhed merit and great experience; though perhaps too active and enterprizing in his temper, when it is conſidered that he was to oppoſe ſuch an antagoniſt as the King of Pruſſia.

Lowoſitz

Lowoſitz cannot however be reckoned among the number of thoſe deciſive victories, in which the rout of the beaten army is complete. Far from being vanquiſhed, the Auſtrians only retired on the enſuing day, and took a new poſition behind the river Eger, a few miles diſtant; nor did Frederic, at ſo advanced a ſeaſon, venture to proſecute his advantage. But, all the fruits of victory attended it, ſince he thereby incapacitated Marſhal Brown from coming to the aſſiſtance of the Saxons. That unfortunate body of forces, ſurrounded on all ſides at Pirna, not far from Dreſden, deſtitute of proviſions, and cut off from ſuccours; after holding out to the laſt extremity, were reduced to ſurrender themſelves priſoners of war. Auguſtus the Third, King of Poland, abandoning his hereditary dominions, had previouſly ſet out for Warſaw; leaving his Queen and his family to the mercy of the conqueror, as Darius did after the battle of Iſſus. If Frederic did not equal Alexander in courteſy towards his

his captives; yet, by this able and deciſive ſtroke, at the commencement of the conteſt, he turned the weapons of the enemy againſt themſelves; covered Brandenburgh, while he became maſter of Saxony; and was enabled to begin the campaign of 1757, by offenſive operations in the heart of Bohemia.

That extraordinary campaign, the moſt fertile in battles, reverſes, and great events, of any preſented by modern hiſtory, opened with the memorable irruption of Frederic into Bohemia, and the battle of Prague, fought under the walls of the city itſelf on the 6th of May. Few actions have been more obſtinately diſputed; and there was a moment, when victory ſeemed on the point of declaring in favour of the Auſtrians, Marſhal Count Brown commanded them, conjointly with Prince Charles of Lorrain. To the deſperate courage, and perhaps to the ſenſibility of Marſhal Schwerin, the Pruſſians were eminently indebted for the victory which they gained. It is unqueſtionable that the infantry under his com-

mand gave way, and appeared ready to turn their backs. The King, indignant at the ſight, and rendered almoſt frantic by the proſpect of defeat, rode up to the Marſhal, and reproached him in ſevere terms, for the miſbehaviour of his troops. Touched to the quick by treatment ſo unmerited, Schwerin inſtantly ſeized the ſtandard of his regiment; and imitating the example of the Decii, devoted himſelf to death. Ruſhing into the thickeſt ranks of the Auſtrians, he called on his ſoldiers to follow him. They did ſo with enthuſiaſm, and ſoon ſnatched from the enemy their temporary advantages. But Schwerin was killed almoſt immediately, by three balls which he received in the breaſt, one of which pierced his heart. He was not leſs deeply lamented by his maſter, than was Le Fort by Peter the Great; and Frederic has immortalized the circumſtances of his death, by erecting a ſtatue to his memory, in one of the principal ſquares of Berlin. Schwerin is there repreſented as he fell, the colours claſped in his hand, and in the act

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of expiring. The monument commemorates at once the frailty of the Sovereign, and the merits of the General.

Prince Charles Lichtenſtein, who was preſent in the battle of Prague, and who held at that time a diſtinguiſhed rank in the Auſtrian cavalry, has related to me many intereſting particulars reſpecting the engagement. The weather had been for ſome days previous, uncommonly hot and dry. Nothing could exceed the clouds of duſt which flew up after the action commenced; and when the left wing, which was under Prince Charles of Lorrain's command, retreated precipitately into Prague, the whirlwinds of duſt grew ſo violent, that it became almoſt impoſſible any longer to diſtinguiſh the blue, from the white uniforms. Marſhal Brown having received a wound from a cannon ball, which ſplintered his leg, the confuſion augmented among the Auſtrians, who fled on every ſide. Frederic, victorious, laid ſiege to Prague, and ſeemed to be on the point of making priſoners the army ſhut up

in the city. But, fortune, joined to his own temerity, extricated the Empreſs Queen from a ſituation ſo full of danger.

Prince Charles Lichtenſtein told me that he had a brother named Philip, who ſerved, as well as himſelf, in the Imperial troops, and who fell in the action. No man in the army was of more unqueſtionable courage, or more warmly attached to his profeſſion. It being probable, from the rapid march and diſpoſitions of the King of Pruſſia, that he intended, as ſoon as he was joined by Schwerin, to attack the Auſtrians; every preparation was made, and every requiſite order was iſſued by Marſhal Brown, on the evening preceding the battle. The principal officers were enjoined to be at their reſpective poſts by day-break; and Prince Charles having been on horſeback for ſeveral hours, had retired to his tent, meaning to take ſome repoſe. But, ſcarcely had he lain down and fallen aſleep, when he was awakened by his brother Philip, who ſhook him, and told him that he had ſomething to impart of moment. "Do it then quickly," anſwered

anſwered he, "for I am very ſleepy, and "we ſhall be called betimes to-morrow." "Charles," ſaid Prince Philip, "I believe "you do not doubt my courage, nor "think me capable of being depreſſed at "the proſpect of a battle; but I have been "ſo unaccountably dejected all day, and "I am ſo certain I ſhall fall to-morrow in "the field, that I could enjoy no tran-"quillity of mind till I had come to you. "I have ſome directions to give relative "to my concerns, which I muſt entreat "you to receive, and then I ſhall be per-"fectly at eaſe." Prince Charles was, however, ſo far from complying with his brother's deſire, that he rallied him on his weakneſs, refuſed to liſten to him, and ſent him away to his quarters; deſiring him, not to interrupt any more his repoſe, as he ſhould have ſo much occupation on the enſuing day. Thus repulſed, Philip reluctantly withdrew to his tent; while his brother, like Don Mathias de Sylva in "Gil Blas," ſoon relapſed into a ſound ſleep.

From this ſtate he was a ſecond time rouſed by Prince Philip, though not without difficulty. "It is in vain, Charles," ſaid he, "that you treat me with levity; "my hour is come, and to-morrow I ſhall "fall. I muſt inſiſt upon it therefore, "that you take down my laſt requeſts. "They ſhall be very brief, and cannot "detain you beyond a few minutes." Half aſleep, as well as out of humour at being ſo diſturbed, Prince Charles at length took a pencil, and committed to paper ſome heads of teſtamentary diſpoſitions dictated by his brother. They reſpected principally his miſtreſs and his creditors; which being done, he again retired. On the following day he received a wound from a muſket ball, and was carried to his tent; whence after having been dreſſed, he inſiſted on returning to the field. The ſurgeon and attendants endeavoured to withhold him; but, neither entreaties nor expoſtulations could prevent his following the impulſe of his courage. He ſoon received a ſecond wound,

wound, which terminated his life in the prime of youth. Had he eſcaped unhurt, his prediction would have been conſidered only as an idle dream, and never commemorated. Its accidental accompliſhment impreſſes it on the imagination.

I return to the King of Pruſſia. If that Prince would have been ſatisfied to proſecute the ſiege of Prague with vigour, it is highly probable that he muſt have become maſter of the place, and conſequently have made Prince Charles of Lorrain and his army priſoners. Or, if renouncing the attempt, he had only purſued without delay the flying enemy, during the firſt impreſſion of their defeat; it is not leſs probable that he might have carried all before him, to the banks of the Danube. The Auſtrians required time to rally, and to collect new forces; by allowing it them, Frederic committed an irreparable error. Relying too much on his paſt ſucceſs, and truſting to fortune, he ventured to leave a part of his army before Prague, while he marched in perſon to give battle with the remainder.

At this critical juncture Daun came forward, the Fabius of the Auſtrians, who by his conſtitutional caution, was wonderfully well adapted to make head againſt a Prince of Frederic's character. He was of a noble family, and had long ſerved with diſtinction in the Imperial forces. Naturally phlegmatic, and often irreſolute, he required to be impelled, rather than reſtrained. Of inſurmountable coolneſs, no dangers ruffled, and no reverſes depreſſed him. In his friend General Lacy, who accompanied him, he found the qualities which nature had denied to himſelf; deciſion, activity, and energy. To Lacy's advice and exhortations, was due much of the fame acquired by Daun, who highly eſteemed him, and conſulted him on all occaſions of emergency.

The ſtories which are related of Daun's ſelf-poſſeſſion, excite a degree of admiration, and almoſt of incredulity. Count Stuart, an officer of Scotch extraction, who ſerved under him during a great part of the war; aſſured me that at the battle of Hohkirchen

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in 1758, he ſaw Daun giving ſome directions to a colonel of artillery, when a cannon ball took off his head. The Marſhal, though he was ſo cloſe as to be covered with the blood, neither turned aſide, nor uttered a word, nor made the ſmalleſt motion. Perfectly calm, he only addreſſed himſelf to the next artillery officer in rank, ordering him to execute the commiſſion with which he had charged the other. It is well known that on another occaſion, riding out with General Serbelloni to reconnoitre the Pruſſian forces, they were repeatedly fired at by parties poſted in the hedges. The ſhot flying about their heads, Daun was preparing to retire; but Serbelloni, who was pointing with his finger to an object which he wiſhed the Marſhal to remark, exclaimed, "Ces ne ſont que des "mouches." An inſtant afterwards, a ſhot ſhattered his hand: Daun turning quietly round, only ſaid, "Il me paroit au moins, "que les mouches ont piqués."

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It was at Colin that Frederic for the firſt time fully experienced the inſtability of fortune. His preceding victories had ſomewhat intoxicated him, and induced him to truſt too much to the ſuperiority of his arms. Marſhal Brown having been rendered incapable of commanding, in conſequence of his wound; and Prince Charles of Lorrain being ſhut up in Prague; Daun collected the ſcattered remains of the Auſtrians, who were ſoon joined by new forces. About eleven o'clock in the morning of the 18th of June 1757, his Pruſſian Majeſty appeared in ſight. Daun's head-quarters were ſtationed at the little village of Chotzemitz, near the town of Colin, on an eminence; whence, with a teleſcope in his hand, he attentively ſurveyed every diſpoſition of the enemy. He remarked them long in ſilence; at length taking the glaſs from his eye, "Ma foi," ſaid he, "il "me ſemble que le Roi doit perdre au- "jourd'huy."

Frederic

Frederic began the attack, after a variety of manœuvres, at two in the afternoon. The Auſtrians, on the firſt charge, were thrown into ſuch confuſion, that Marſhal Daun, apprehenſive of an entire defeat, iſſued orders for ſecuring his retreat, and for removing the artillery without delay. But, two regiments of Saxons newly raiſed, conſiſting principally of young recruits who had ſcarcely ſeen any ſervice, were highly inſtrumental in checking the ardour of the Pruſſians. They repulſed, and finally drove back the enemy. Another circumſtance, impoſſible to have been foreſeen, materially contributed to decide the fate the action in favour of Daun. One of the Pruſſian columns as it marched up, was annoyed by a party of Croats ſtationed in a wood, who kept up a briſk fire on their flank. The King informed of it, diſpatched an Aide-de-camp to order a regiment of the column to enter the wood, and to diſlodge the Croats. But, the officer who carried the meſſage, forgot, or neglected to cauſe

cauſe the column to advance. On the contrary, it was ſtopped for a conſiderable time, while the regiment ſent to attack the Croats, executed that commiſſion. If inſtead of halting, the column had rapidly filled up the interval, advanced, opened, and formed; it was ſuppoſed they might have done great execution, perhaps have totally changed the aſpect of affairs. When at laſt they came up, it was too late to be of any effectual ſervice. The King made ſeveral deſperate efforts to force the Auſtrian lines; but, his troops, diſheartened and fatigued, could not be induced to continue their attacks. Towards eight in the evening the action ceaſed, the Pruſſians fled, and the rout became general. Frederic was compelled to raiſe the ſiege of Prague precipitately and to retire in ſome diſorder towards the confines of Saxony.

Never was victory more opportunely gained, nor more important in its conſequences. The army, incloſed within the walls of Prague, preſſed by famine, and diminiſhed

diminiſhed by ſickneſs, could not long have held out the place. Neither, if Daun had been vanquiſhed at Colin, could any new body of forces have been ſpeedily oppoſed to the Pruſſians. They might have advanced to the vicinity of Vienna, and driven Maria Thereſa from her capital, as had been done before by the French and Bavarians. So ſignal a ſervice juſtly procured Daun prodigious reputation, and the death of Marſhal Brown placed him in the ſupreme command of the Auſtrian armies. Brown expired at Prague, in conſequence of his wound, accelerated by a conſumptive habit of body. His enemies pretended that the chagrin which he felt at Daun's extraordinary ſucceſs, when contraſted with his own recent defeats at Prague, and at Lowoſitz, haſtened his end. He affected however, to participate in the general congratulations on the victory of Colin; and as a teſtimony of his eſteem for Daun, he ordered his beſt Engliſh horſe to be carried to that commander, as ſoon as he received

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the intelligence. He ſurvived it only a few days.

A melancholy reverſe ſucceeded to the late rapid conqueſts of Frederic. Inſtead of over-running Bohemia, and penetrating into Auſtria, as he expected to have done, he could ſcarcely maintain himſelf in Saxony. The victorious troops of Daun not only preſſed upon his rear, but in a great meaſure recovered Sileſia. On the other ſide advanced to attack him the army of the German Empire, united with the forces of France. The ſame Prince, who in June appeared to be on the point of dictating peace at the gates of Vienna; before the cloſe of October, doubted whether he ſhould be able to defend his patrimonial dominions from the attacks of his enemies. But the campaign of 1757 exhibits from its commencement to its termination, an unparalleled chain of reverſes and viciſſitudes. At the moment when winter was already begun, Frederic, by two deciſive victories completely extri-

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cated his affairs, and resumed his former ascendancy.

Rosbach, a little village not far from the banks of the river Saal in Thuringia, was the scene of the first of these memorable actions. It took place on the fifth of November; and like the "battle of the Spurs," in the sixteenth century, might rather be denominated a rout than an engagement. The allied army had two chiefs; the forces of the Empire being commanded by the Prince of Saxe-Hilburghausen, while the French auxiliary troops were under the orders of the Prince of Soubise. The superiority of the Prussian manœuvres was aided no less by the temerity of the enemy previous to the engagement, than by their subsequent panic. Scarcely did they resist for more than half an hour. During the interview between the Emperor and the King of Prussia, in 1770, at Neustadt in Moravia, Frederic gave the former a most humorous and ludicrous description of the battle of Rosbach; in

in the courſe of which he treated the French with the utmoſt ſeverity. General Noſtitz, who was preſent, aſſured me of the fact. Indeed, whatever may be his Pruſſian Majeſty's partiality towards the nation, he is known to hold their diſcipline and tactics in the utmoſt contempt.

But the victory at Roſbach, however brilliant, by no means liberated the King from his difficulties. It was neceſſary to gain another not leſs deciſive, over the Auſtrians; who, after taking Schweidnitz, had attacked and defeated the Pruſſians, entrenched under the cannon of Breſlau. That city itſelf, the capital of Sileſia, unable to reſiſt an army of eighty thouſand men, had ſurrendered; while the ſhattered remains of the Prince of Bevern's ſmall force was reduced to abandon any further attempt to ſtop their progreſs. Such was ſtill the deſperate ſituation of his affairs in Sileſia, when Frederic gained the battle of Liſſa, on the 4th of December. The incapacity and miſconduct

of Prince Charles of Lorrain, who commanded the Auſtrian forces, enabled the King, with inferior numbers, and in the ſpace of leſs than three hours, nearly to annihilate that formidable army. Inſtead of remaining within his entrenchments, where he would have been inattackable, Prince Charles unneceſſarily advanced, and offered battle. Siléſia was the prize for which they contended, and it immediately returned to the conqueror. Scarcely could the ſurvivors of the defeat at Liſſa, reduced to one-third of their original numbers, reach Bohemia; where, I am aſſured, twenty thouſand Auſtrians were carried into the hoſpitals.

Prince Joſeph Lobkowitz, who was preſent in the action, was ſent on the following morning to the field of battle; a ſuſpenſion of arms for twenty-four hours having been granted, in order to allow time to bury the dead. The cold of the night was extremely ſevere; and I have

heard him ſay, that the ſpectacle which preſented itſelf was ſuch as no language could well deſcribe; great numbers of the men and horſes who had fallen on the preceding day, being hard frozen, and their limbs fixed in the attitudes of pain or diſtortion in which they had expired. Nor was the flight of the Auſtrians after the engagement, leſs deſtructive than the action itſelf. Compelled, almoſt deſtitute of baggage or neceſſaries, to paſs the defiles which ſeparate Sileſia from Bohemia, thouſands ſunk under the weight of their arms, and periſhed amidſt the ſnows, of hunger, cold, and fatigue; or were maſſacred by the peaſants. After five great battles, in four of which the King had been preſent, and in three of which he had been victorious; he ſtill retained poſſeſſion of Saxony, had reconquered Sileſia, and menaced the Empreſs Queen with a new irruption into her dominions, on the return of ſpring.

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The campaign of 1758, leſs brilliant and varied than the one which we have juſt reviewed, diſplays nevertheleſs, the firm character and vaſt reſources of Frederic, under circumſtances the moſt adverſe, augmented by defeat. After retaking Schweidnitz, the only remaining acquiſition of the enemy, he burſt unexpectedly into Moravia, and inveſted Olmutz, the capital. Had he ſucceeded, nothing could have prevented his penetrating to Vienna. It is however, the opinion of almoſt every officer, Pruſſian, Auſtrian, or Saxon, with whom I ever converſed, that the King acted injudiciouſly in directing his arms againſt Moravia. If, inſtead of undertaking a ſiege ſo hazardous and difficult as Olmutz, he had entered Bohemia early in May, no effectual oppoſition could have been made to him by Marſhal Daun, whoſe army was ſtill in the hoſpitals. But while the Pruſſians continued before Olmutz, that commander aſſembled his troops. Laudohn, who afterwards ſignalized himſelf

ſo much, having defeated a convoy of proviſions on its way to the Pruſſian camp, compelled Frederic to renounce his enterprize. He retired; but it was the retreat of a Lion, who turns upon his purſuers. Fruſtated, not vanquiſhed; formidable even in defeat; carrying with him all his artillery and his baggage, he left to Daun little more than a negative triumph.

New and equally formidable enemies waited for him on the banks of the Oder, whom it was neceſſary to expel from his dominions. The Muſcovites, after ravaging the kingdom of Pruſſia, had entered Brandenburgh, and were advancing towards Berlin, conducted by General Fermer. Frederic gave them battle at the little village of Zorndorf, not far from Cuſtrin upon the Oder; and it might be termed a carnage, rather than an action. Neither the fury of his artillery, the valor and diſcipline of his infantry, nor the repeated charges of his cavalry, could compel the Ruſſians to recede a foot; much leſs to turn their backs,

backs, or take to flight. During near thirteen hours, from ſix in the morning till ſeven in the evening of the 25th of Auguſt, they withſtood, unmoved, every effort of the Pruſſian tactics. After the ſlaughter of twenty-one thouſand men, they ſtill diſdained to retreat, and night alone terminated the combat. But the Ruſſian commander, by immediately falling back towards Poland, while he ſeemed to yield the honor of the victory to Frederic, allowed him time to fly to the aſſiſtance of his brother.

It was become indiſpenſable to extricate Prince Henry, whom Daun had already ſurrounded in the vicinity of Dreſden. The King's approach effected it; but, not content with obliging the Auſtrians to abandon their project, he raſhly attempted to cut off their communication with Bohemia. Regardleſs of the advice and remonſtrances of Marſhal Keith, he perſiſted for that purpoſe to occupy a poſition at the village of Hohkirchen, near Bautzen, in Luſatia. Keith predicted to him

that he would be there attacked by Daun, and aſſerted that the poſt was untenable againſt ſuperior numbers. His apprehenſions were ſlighted by the King, and the event foretold, took place. Favored by the night and a thick fog, Daun, on the 14th of October, ſurprized the Pruſſian camp, drove their troops from the heights of Hohkirchen, and gained a ſignal victory. But the King's greateſt and moſt irreparable loſs was that of Keith himſelf, who, after having rallied the ſoldiers, and performed for more than three hours all the functions of a conſummate General, fell in the church-yard of the village, mortally wounded.

Marſhal Keith was born in Scotland, of a very ancient and noble family, which, unhappily, from principles of generous, but miſtaken attachmeut to the exiled houſe of Stuart, engaged in the rebellion of 1715, againſt George the Firſt. Obliged to quit his native country, he entered into the ſervice of Ruſſia, where he

he rose to the rank of Field-Marshal; and afterwards passed into that of Frederic the Second. By him, who knew how to appreciate, and to value merit, Keith was not less beloved than respected. All his exertions to wrest the victory from Daun at Hohkirchen, were unsuccessful. His body, after he fell, stripped and naked, was carried into the church of the village, and laid upon a barrow, covered with a Croat's cloak. When all resistance on the part of the Prussians was completely at an end, and their army dispersed; Marshal Daun, accompanied by Lacy and several other officers entered the church. Seeing a dead body exposed on a barrow, and conceiving it to be some person of distinction, he enquired who it was? Lacy approached the corpse, and after attentively regarding it, exclaimed with great emotion, "Alas! 'tis my father's best friend, 'tis Keith!" The late Marshal Lacy and he had both been in the service of Russia, had made more than one campaign together,

under the reign of the Empreſs Anne, and had lived on terms of intimate friendſhip. At ſo melancholy a piece of intelligence, Daun burſt into tears, as did Lacy, and every perſon preſent. How affecting a moment; and how ſublime, as well as touching a ſubject, for the pencil of an artiſt!

While they were paying this tribute of reſpect and ſympathy to the remains of Keith, a Croat made his appearance, dreſſed in the Marſhal's uniform, and having acroſs his breaſt the yellow riband of the Pruſſian order of the "Black Eagle." Daun deſiring to know how he came by thoſe ſpoils, "I took them," anſwered the Croat, "from the man who lies yonder, whom I killed and ſtripped. I have given him my cloak." The corpſe was ſcarcely in the leaſt disfigured, or bloody; nor was it without ſome difficulty, and after conſiderable ſearch, that the wound which he had received, was diſcoverable. A muſket-ball had penetrated his

his ſide, or flank, but the orifice was hardly perceptible, and only marked by a ſmall purple ſpot. As he fell on his back, he had bled inwardly.

Daun having inſtantly ordered out three regiments under arms, cauſed him to be interred with all the military honours due to his high rank and his diſtinguiſhed merit. On the enſuing day the Marſhal received a letter from his Pruſſian Majeſty, brought by a trumpet. In it, Frederic, after congratulating him on his late victory, and complimenting him on the manœuvres which had conduced to ſo ſignal a ſucceſs, requeſted him to render every military honor to the remains of the great man, whom it had been his misfortune to loſe. The Auſtrian commander in his reply beſought the King to believe, that he had not waited for his royal commands on ſuch a point; but had already paid to the deceaſed Marſhal every mark of reſpect in his power. Frederic, in his letter to Daun, made no mention whatever of Prince Francis of

Brunſwic, his own brother-in-law, who had likewiſe fallen in the ſame action. Sir Robert Keith, (now envoy at Vienna, and ſo well known by his ſpirited conduct in Denmark during the revolution in 1772,) has lately erected in the church of Hohkirchen, an elegant marble monument to the memory of his relation, Marſhal Keith. Every particular relative to his death, here enumerated, was imparted to me by an Auſtrian officer of diſtinction who was preſent.

If the King cannot be exempted from cenſure for perſiſting, in contradiction to Keith's advice, to occupy the camp at Hohkirchen, he is not leſs to be admired for the celerity and ſkill with which he repaired his defeat. Far from reconquering Sileſia, or even expelling him from Saxony, Daun found him equally formidable as before the late misfortune. When he attempted to beſiege Neiſs, and afterwards to attack Dreſden, Frederic obliged him to renounce both enterprizes, and finally to

fall back upon Bohemia. The army of the Empire, which nearly at the ſame time made a feeble effort to regain their honor loſt at Roſbach, was eaſily repulſed: while the Swedes, who only half a century before had triumphantly overrun Poland, Ruſſia, and Saxony, under Charles the Twelfth, were compelled to retire precipitately from Pomerania. If the campaign of 1758 had been more diſaſtrous to Frederic than the preceding one, it had likewiſe manifeſted in a conſpicuous manner his prodigious reſources. The next was deſtined to put him to ſtill ſeverer trials.

Daun no longer engaged in 1759, the principal attention of the King. Content with watching his motions, with covering Sileſia, and defending Saxony, Frederic directed his moſt active exertions againſt another enemy. The Ruſſians, led by Soltikoff, who had replaced their former commander; after defeating General Wedel at Zullichau, near Croſſen on the Oder, had continued their march toward Berlin.

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It was marked by ravages of every kind; and the King, irritated to a pitch of deſperation at the defeat of Wedel, reſolved to give them once more battle. The Oder, which had been twice the ſcene of theſe conflicts, witneſſed a third engagement not leſs ſanguinary, and ſtill more memorable from its termination. All the preceding diſaſters which Frederic had experienced, were light in compariſon with the defeat that he ſuſtained at Cunerſdorf.

Apprehenſive from the motions of the Pruſſian army, that the King meditated an attack on Soltikoff, Marſhal Daun detached Laudohn to join him, at the head of twelve thouſand Auſtrians and Saxons, principally cavalry. The junction was effected, not without difficulty, a very few days before the engagement. On the afternoon immediately preceding it Soltikoff and Laudohn rode out together, in order to reconnoitre the enemy. As it was evident that the King meant to bring on a battle, Soltikoff took occaſion to explain

plain to his colleague, the diſpoſitions which he intended to make for receiving the Pruſſians. He pointed out at the ſame time the poſition in which he ſhould wait for the attack, and the point againſt which, he conceived, it would be principally directed. Laudohn, though he coincided with him in opinion, enquired nevertheleſs, what meaſures he had taken for covering or ſecuring his retreat, in caſe of a diſaſter? "None whatever," replied Soltikoff; "the Ruſſians are unacquainted with retreats: they always either conquer or die."

On the following morning, the twelfth of Auguſt, Frederic attacked the entrenched camp at Cunerſdorf. His greateſt efforts were directed againſt their flank, at the only point where it was acceſſible, by a narrow opening through a moraſs. Two Ruſſian regiments, ſtationed in the paſs, long ſuſtained without giving way, the onſet of the Pruſſian army: they were at length put to the ſword, and fell in their

their ranks. Soltikoff propoſed therefore to Laudohn, that a regiment of Auſtrians ſhould march into the vacant ſpace, along ſide of a regiment of his own troops. But the Auſtrian ſoldiers rejected the propoſal with indignation. "We are ready to fight," cried they; "but not to be butchered like victims." Neither reproaches nor entreaties could alter their determination; and they were even ſo exaſperated againſt Laudohn, that they threatened to tear him in pieces. In order to avoid their fury, he was obliged to conceal himſelf for a ſhort time among the baggage, till their firſt emotions of reſentment had ſubſided.

In this ſituation, unſupported by his Auſtrian allies, Soltikoff inſtantly ordered two regiments of his own troops to advance, with drums beating and colours flying. Like their predeceſſors they were cut to pieces; and were ſucceeded by two more, who underwent a ſimilar fate. Scarcely a man remained alive; but, their

bodies

bodies ſoon formed a ſtupendous mound, completely filling the ſpace through which alone the enemy could penetrate. Of the ſeventh and eighth regiments, which in turn occupied the ſame ſpot, ſo few eſcaped, that the gentleman who related theſe particulars, aſſured me, an officer of the name of Richter, though only an enſign in the morning, commanded the ſurvivors at the cloſe of the day.

Such troops, though they might be put to the ſword, it ſeemed impoſſible to vanquiſh. The Pruſſians, wearied with ſlaughter, and ſinking under the heat of the weather, which was intolerable, began, after ſome hours, to relax in their ardour. Inſtead of reſting ſatisfied with the important advantage which he had cheaply gained, and waiting for a more favourable occaſion to complete the deſtruction of his enemies; Frederic, in oppoſition to all advice, forced his ſoldiers to new exertions. Laudohn perceiving their exhauſted condition,

dition, and inſtantly availing himſelf of it, made a deſperate charge at the head of the Auſtrian cavalry, which decided the fortune of the day. The Pruſſians fled on every ſide, threw down their arms, and abandoned the field. Tents, artillery, baggage, every thing fell into the hands of the conqueror. Scarcely could ten men be collected together in a body. Frederic, obliged to conſult his ſafety by flight, paſſed the night in a hut, only a few miles from the ſcene of his defeat, deſtitute of protection, and almoſt without neceſſaries. Laudohn, after expreſſing to the Ruſſian General his admiration of the valour and ſteadineſs of his troops, offered, if Soltikoff would entruſt a few of them to his command, to go in purſuit of the beaten enemy. He even ventured to anſwer for bringing his Pruſſian Majeſty priſoner into the camp within three days. Far from accepting the offer, Soltikoff coldly declined it. "I have already gained two battles," ſaid he,

he, "in little more than a fortnight; let "my brother Daun now do ſomething in "the common cauſe."

Inſtead of being overwhelmed by ſuch a diſaſter, as might have been expected, Frederic ſoon revived more formidable from his defeat. The inaction of the Ruſſians allowed him time to aſſemble a new army; and Soltikoff neither followed up his victory, nor atchieved any thing of conſequence during the reſt of the campaign. But Dreſden, which the Pruſſians had hitherto held, was wreſted from them by Daun; and as if ſomething ſiniſter preſided in the councils of their Sovereign, he underwent ſoon afterwards a humiliation ſtill more poignant than the calamity of Cunerſdorf: I mean the ſurrender of near twenty thouſand troops at Maxen; an event which may almoſt be compared with the diſgrace of the Caudine Forks, ſo memorable in the hiſtory of Rome. Ever diſpoſed from his turn of mind and character, to act offenſively, the King ventured to detach a body of forces, in order to cut off Daun's com-

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munication with Bohemia. They were commanded to take poſt at Maxen; a poſition capable of being defended againſt ſuperior numbers, and from its ſituation admirably calculated to intercept the retreat of the Auſtrians. Finck, a General of experience and merit, was ſelected for this commiſſion, in the execution of which, he did not, however, by any means anſwer the expectations of his maſter.

I have heard the conduct of Finck diſcuſſed by many Auſtrian officers who were preſent at his ſurrender; and they in general agree, that he not only took a bad poſition, but that he defended it ſtill worſe. By leaving the heights above his camp unoccupied, he committed an irreparable fault, which enabled Daun, after ſurrounding, ultimately to compel him to lay down his arms. Always ſlow, and frequently irreſolute, Daun heſitated nevertheleſs, whether he ſhould make the attempt; but the exhortations of Lacy prevailed over his indeciſion. Finck, inveſted on every ſide by the Auſtrians, found eſcape impoſſible; and

and Lacy, after having made himſelf maſter of the heights which commanded the Pruſſian camp, ſummoned their commander to ſurrender. He was not in want of proviſions; and General Wunſch, as well as many other officers, indignant at the idea of ſubmitting to an ignominious capitulation, propoſed either to cut their paſſage through the enemy, or to periſh to the laſt man ſword in hand. Finck, though he rejected the propoſal, yet did not ſurrender till he had vainly made every effort to liberate himſelf and his unfortunate army. While the articles were framing, Wunſch attempted to force his way at the head of two regiments of cavalry. But, on the menace of the Auſtrians to put the remaining troops to the ſword, and at Finck's expreſs command, he reluctantly returned to the camp. Seventeen thouſand of Frederic's veteran ſoldiers piled up their arms. Lacy rode in among them, after having concluded the capitulation, and made regiment after regiment priſoners of war.

The King was more ſenſible to this diſgraceful and unexpected blow, than he had been to all his preceding defeats. In the violence of his reſentment, he refuſed to admit Finck to his preſence, or even to hear his juſtification. That officer ſoon afterwards entered into the Daniſh ſervice, and is ſince dead at Copenhagen. I ought however, to add, that many perſons here at Berlin, who are well able to appreciate the conduct of Finck, declare that he was leſs culpable than unfortunate. They aſſert that he originally remonſtrated againſt the meaſure of taking poſt at Maxen, and only did it in compliance with his maſter's peremptory orders. Thus terminated the campaign of 1759, rendered for ever memorable by the reverſes of Cunerſdorf and of Maxen. Saxony was likewiſe wreſted from Frederic, which had ſerved as a barrier to his own dominions; while his enemies, elated by ſucceſs, promiſed themſelves to effect his entire deſtruction in the courſe of the enſuing year.

Neither

Neither Daun nor Soltikoff form the moſt conſpicuous figures in 1760. On the contrary, they ſink into comparative obſcurity; while Laudohn, who had ſo lately diſtinguiſhed himſelf at Cunerſdorf, by the ſuperiority of his views, added to the deciſion and rapidity of his movements, continued to inflict the moſt ſevere and humiliating wounds on the Pruſſian Monarchy. Fouquet, another General of Frederic's, renewed in ſome meaſure at Landſhut, the capitulation of Finck at Maxen. He made indeed a more vigorous defence; but, the termination was ſcarcely leſs diſhonorable, and equally calamitous. Of twenty-one thouſand men whom he commanded, not above ſix thouſand eſcaped the ſword or a priſon; and Fouquet himſelf was among the number of the captives. Two ſuch diſaſters following each other at ſo ſhort an interval, ſullied no leſs the luſtre of the Pruſſian arms, than they elevated the courage of their opponents. Glatz, one of the keys of Sileſia, for which Laudohn

and Fouquet had contended, fell to the former.

That province became once more the principal theatre of the military operations, where Frederic maintained a deſperate and unequal conflict againſt ſuperior forces. On every ſide he appeared to be precluded not only from aſſiſtance, but even from eſcape. The Auſtrian and Ruſſian Generals having encloſed him, anticipated his fall or his ſurrender. They already meditated to ſurpriſe him in his camp, and to renew the affair at Hohkirchen. But, the genius of Frederic ſuſtained, and his celerity extricated him in this emergency. Without allowing his enemies time to mature their meaſures, he marched to meet the danger; and ſelecting Laudohn as the moſt expoſed from his ſituation, he attacked that General at Lignitz on the 15th of Auguſt. After a deſperate reſiſtance the King obtained a victory, ſo much the more gratifying, as it was gained over a man whoſe name and ſucceſſes had depreſſed the Pruſſians. It has been

been commonly aſſerted, that Lacy, who commanded a ſeparate body of troops, might have advanced in time to Laudohn's relief; but, that from a ſpirit of rivalſhip or jealouſy, he withheld his aſſiſtance. Nothing can however, I believe, be more unfounded as well as unjuſt than ſuch an aſperſion, which is beſt confuted by Lacy's life and character. Far from ſuſtaining any diminution of fame, Laudohn roſe more reſpectable from his defeat, and glorioufly repaired the diſaſter of Lignitz before the cloſe of the war.

Under ordinary circumſtances, where the reſpective force was in any meaſure balanced, Frederic's late victory would have given him a decided ſuperiority during the remainder of the campaign. But, ſo immenſe was the diſparity of numbers, that no common exertions could even long protract his total ruin. Berlin itſelf was laid under contribution by the Ruſſians: Laudohn ſtill maintained himſelf in the midſt of Sileſia, while Daun and Lacy were maſters of Saxony and Luſatia. It

was not enough for Frederic to have forced Soltikoff to have abandoned Brandenburgh, and ultimately to evacuate the other parts of his dominions. Some great and deciſive victory was neceſſary, in order to enable him to take up his winter-quarters in Saxony. Rendered deſperate by his ſituation, and regardleſs of obſtacles, Frederic reſolved to attack the Auſtrians, who occupied a poſition along the Elbe, equally ſtrong and advantageous. Such were the circumſtances in which took place the memorable battle of Torgau, on the third of November.

In no action of the whole war, not even at Colin, did the King probably commit ſo much to fortune; ſince the conſequences of defeat to him were incalculable. Animated by a ſenſe of the neceſſity of conquering, he forgot every perſonal conſideration, and expoſed himſelf to the ſevereſt fire, while he rallied and led his cavalry again and again to the charge. But ſuch were the impediments, natural and artificial, with which his infantry had to contend,

contend, that though they displayed the steadiest courage, they never could open and form in face of the Austrian batteries. Towards evening, notwithstanding the pertinacious efforts of the King to tear the victory from Daun, he not only maintained his ground, but had repulsed the Prussians. Eighteen thousand of their best troops were left on the field, and scarcely two thirds of that number had fallen on the other side. Frederic, unable to renew the contest, must have fallen back upon Brandenburg; and Daun had already dispatched a courier, to announce to the Empress Queen the intelligence of a decisive victory; when an unexpected and fortuitous event completely changed the fortune of the day.

Some Prussian Soldiers having accidentally discovered that the heights of Siplitz, which commanded the Austrian camp, were unguarded, carried the intelligence to their officer. After ascertaining the fact, he reported it to General Ziethen; who, equally astonished and delighted at the information, caused

cauſed ſeveral pieces of cannon to be immediately tranſported thither, and occupied the poſt with a detachment of troops. The darkneſs of the night favoured and facilitated his operations. At daybreak ſo tremendous a cannonade opened on the forces of Daun, that he was compelled to break up his camp, and to retire in the utmoſt confuſion, haraſſed and purſued by the Pruſſians. A ſecond courier was ſent off to Vienna, to communicate to Maria Thereſa the diſaſtrous reverſe which had taken place. Lacy alone of all the Imperial Generals retreated in admirable order at the head of the diviſion which he commanded, along the left bank of the Elbe. In ſight of the victorious army, on the ſame ſide of the river, he made good his retreat for ſeveral leagues. Then croſſing the Elbe at the town of Meiſſen, he gained the oppoſite heights, and checked the further progreſs of the enemy. This manœuvre may rank with the fineſt of the preſent age. But, all the advantages of victory remained to Frederic.

Frederic. Laudohn, reluctantly compelled to quit Silesia, once more abandoned that Dutchy; while the Prussians, favoured by their late success, took up their winter-quarters again in Saxony.

The campaign of 1761, unlike all the preceding, is sterile in great events, no general action having been fought anywhere from its commencement to its close. Enfeebled by their past exertions, and rendered mutually cautious by the reverses of fortune which they had in turn experienced, neither party seemed inclined to risk an engagement. But, it was apparent that the King must ultimately sink under such an unequal struggle, which neither subsidies, nor ability, however consummate, nor military skill could long protract. At no period of the war does he, indeed, justly excite so much admiration. Five campaigns had deprived him of his most able Generals, and left him little other resource than in the unshaken firmness of his own character. A meaner Prince must have inevitably fallen under the weight of his enemies

enemies and his embarraſſments. Frederic, by judiciouſly protracting the final iſſue, effected his extrication. Inſtead of acting offenſively and committing all to hazard, as he had done more than once in the preceding campaigns; he ſeems to have exchanged qualities with his antagoniſt, and to have adopted the phlegm as well as the caution of Daun. This verſatility, which is not the leaſt wonderful feature of his character, proved the preſervation of Sileſia, and of the Pruſſian Monarchy. Both muſt have been loſt by a falſe ſtep, or by an act of imprudence.

On the other hand, the Court of Vienna and the commanders of the Auſtrian forces, by not adopting the moſt vigorous meaſures, were guilty of an unpardonable error. They could not be ignorant that their ally the Empreſs of Ruſſia was in a very precarious ſtate of health; and they knew that her death would at leaſt diſſolve the union between the two Crowns, if not convert the Ruſſians into open enemies. Under ſuch circumſtances, it ſeems obvious that Daun ſhould

ſhould have forced the King to an action, let the obſtacles have been ever ſo great, ſince a ſingle victory over him would have ended the conteſt. But, though Maria Thereſa's forces were joined by the Ruſſians not far from Breſlaw, ſo ably did Frederic chuſe his poſition, that Daun never ventured to attack him in his camp near Schweidnitz. While his brother Henry, with inferior forces defended Saxony and Brandenburgh; the King baffled all the efforts of Daun, and finally compelled his Muſcovite allies to retire into Poland, without effecting any material object. If Laudohn had not partly ſupplied Daun's inactivity, the campaign of 1761 would preſent a blank, deſtitute of events: but, neither Frederic's activity nor his vigilance, however unremitted, could prevent that able General from at once forming and executing an enterprize, in which we are at a loſs whether to admire moſt his audacity, his rapidity, or his ſucceſs. Schweidnitz, the moſt important fortreſs in all Sileſia, defended by a numerous garriſon, and commanded

manded by a general officer of approved capacity fell into the hands of the Auſtrians. Laudohn having unexpectedly marched with the velocity of lightning to attack it on the firſt of October, inſtantly planted his ladders againſt the walls; and deſpiſing the ordinary forms of a ſiege, carried it by ſtorm, at the point of the bayonet, in three hours.

So unexpected a diſaſter ſeemed to preſage the approaching fall of the King himſelf, which every thing announced to be imminent and almoſt inevitable. Charles the Twelfth's ſituation after his defeat at Pultowa, was hardly more deſperate than that of Frederic, towards the cloſe of 1761. Another campaign, according to all appearances, muſt have laid him entirely at the mercy of the vaſt combination which had determined his deſtruction. Maria Thereſa, miſtreſs of Schweidnitz and of Glatz, already anticipated the reſtoration of all Sileſia; while the various Princes and States, whom Frederic had either injured or attacked, impatiently waited for the accompliſhment of their

their reſpective expectations, in the diviſion of his dominions. Such was the critical and hopeleſs condition of his affairs, when the death of Elizabeth, Empreſs of Ruſſia, took place.

That Princeſs, Frederic's implacable enemy, expired at Peterſburgh, of a diſtemper accelerated by her intemperance, on the fifth of January 1762. Her nephew and ſucceſſor, Peter the Third, who had ſecretly laboured during ſeveral years to impede the progreſs of the Ruſſian armies, inſtantly manifeſted without diſguiſe, the violent predilection that he had long nouriſhed for his Pruſſian Majeſty; a partiality which roſe to adoration. Not content with ſeparating his forces from thoſe of Maria Thereſa, he acted as her avowed enemy, and as the auxiliary of Frederic: his reign was indeed ſhort, and its termination tragical. But, the great principle of political connection between Muſcovy and Auſtria, which had ſubſiſted under Elizabeth, was not the leſs diſſolved. Catharine the Second, though ſhe by no means adopted the

intemperate zeal of her husband in favour of Prussia, was too wise as well as too magnanimous, to resume the personal animosities of Elizabeth. She withdrew her troops altogether from the contest, almost as soon as she ascended the throne. Sweden, wearied with a war in which she had lost her military reputation, without reaping the smallest augmentation of territory, had previously concluded a separate peace with the Court of Berlin.

Liberated from two of his numerous opponents, the King in 1762 became superior to Daun in the field; more however, as it would seem, by his own energy and the characteristic caution of the Imperial General, than from any other circumstance. In face of the Austrian army, Frederic even ventured to lay regular siege to Schweidnitz; which, after a long and gallant defence, protracted to the last extremity, surrendered, notwithstanding every effort made for its preservation. With the battle of Freyberg, terminated the Seventh and last campaign of this long and sanguinary war;

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an action in which neither the King, nor Daun, nor Laudohn, had any ſhare. The honour of the day was excluſively reſerved for Prince Henry of Pruſſia, to whom his brother conſtantly intruſted the arduous taſk of repelling the enemy on the Saxon frontier. Having attacked the combined forces of Auſtria and the Empire, on the 29th of October, he obtained a brilliant victory. Frederic, who, juſtly alarmed for his ſafety, was in full march to his aſſiſtance, did not arrive till the day after the engagement. Thoſe who ſee his character through an unfavorable medium, aſſert that he has never forgiven Prince Henry for having ſo glorioufly cloſed the war, without waiting to allow a participator in his ſucceſs.

The Pruſſian troops, elevated by their advantages, once more re-entered Bohemia, from which they had been ſo long expelled; while detached parties ravaged the circle of Franconia, ranſomed the city of Nuremberg, and ſpread conſternation over every part of the German empire. In this ſitua-

tion, Maria Thereſa, abandoned by Ruſſia and by Sweden, deriving little or no aſſiſtance from France, and unable to protect her own dominions, was neceſſitated to have recourſe to negotiation. After ſeven campaigns, and after ſuſtaining the rudeſt ſhocks of adverſe fortune, Frederic was ſtill not only capable of reſiſtance, but in a ſtate to act every where offenſively. Of all their conqueſts, Glatz alone, together with a portion of the Dutchy of Cleves, remained in poſſeſſion of the Auſtrians. Their ſacrifice was requiſite, in order to induce the enemy to evacuate Saxony, which unfortunate country had ſeverely ſuffered for the political connections of its Sovereign, and his ſteady adherence to the Houſe of Auſtria. Theſe conſiderations imperiouſly dictated the peace of Hubertſburg, which reſtored tranquillity to the empire in the beginning of 1763. Sileſia, the principal object of conteſt, remained entire to the Pruſſian monarchy; and ſcarcely a foot of territory was loſt or gained by a war, which had not only cauſed ſo vaſt an effuſion of blood,

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but which threatened more than once the ſubverſion of the preſent political ſyſtem of Europe.

When we conſider the long reſiſtance made by a Prince ſo inferior in political ſtrength to his antagoniſts; when we appreciate his military efforts, and compare them with his apparent reſources, we cannot refuſe to him our higheſt admiration. He is not merely great when crowned with ſucceſs. His reverſes and defeats, his errors and misfortunes, contribute to elevate him in our opinion. We follow him with eagerneſs through all the tranſitions of war; and we ſee him with exultation emerge again into daylight from his complicated diſtreſs. His fortitude, under circumſtances of almoſt unparalleled depreſſion, excites aſtoniſhment blended with reſpect. Charles the Twelfth was only a ſucceſsful madman, deſtitute of ſyſtem, impelled by blind animoſity, and incapable of repairing his faults. After elevating his country to a tranſitory point of greatneſs in the ſcale of Europe, he precipitated the Swedes into laſting poverty and

oblivion. But Frederic knows how to preſerve, as well as how to conquer. During a war of ſuch duration, marked in many of its ſtages by unprecedented calamities, he neither impoveriſhed, nor even greatly depopulated his dominions. They are now admitted to be more flouriſhing and better cultivated, than at any period ſince his acceſſion. It is true that his policy is not always the moſt upright, beneficent, or conſonant to the dictates of humanity. And however neceſſity, which has been juſtly termed the plea of tyrants, may ſometimes ſeem to acquit him; it is an acquittal with which Princes ſuch as Trajan would not be ſatisfied.

His treatment of the Saxons during the late war, ſcarcely admits of any juſtification, and will, I truſt, have no imitators. I do not merely allude to the fact of his immuring the principal inhabitants of Dreſden in a public building, where they were detained till they had raiſed a heavy contribution, and afterwards drawn bills on their correſpondents in various parts of Europe. Nor do

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I conſider his cauſing the ſuburbs of that beautiful city to be deſtroyed, in order to ſecure it againſt the approach of the Auſtrians; as meriting any ſevere condemnation. Theſe acts, however harſh, may be in a great meaſure juſtified by military neceſſity. But, there are others imputable to Frederic, over which no caſuiſtry can throw a gloſs. Neither the laws of nations, nor thoſe of modern war, allow of tranſporting the male and female manufacturers of a conquered ſtate, into the dominions of the invader. This infraction of natural juſtice was nevertheleſs committed at Meiſſen in Saxony; a place famous for the fabric of porcelain, ſo generally admired under the name of Dreſden China. All the beſt artiſts, forcibly ſent to Berlin, were there compelled, during life, to continue their labours, and exert their talents, for the profit of a Sovereign, the inveterate enemy of their country. They, and their deſcendants or their ſcholars, who are ſtill here, have become the involuntary denizens of another ſoil, the ſubjects of Frederic the Second.

Hundreds of Saxon young women, carried off by violence from their paternal cottages, were ſent into the remoteſt provinces of the Pruſſian Monarchy, and there matched with huſbands provided for them by the State. The rape of the Sabines in antiquity, ſeems to be the beſt precedent for ſuch treatment. In compliance with the ſame ſyſtem of policy, numbers of the Saxon youth, either taken in arms, or dragged from the domeſtic occupations of huſbandry, were obliged to enter into the Pruſſian ſervice, and to carry deſtruction into the boſom of their native country. The Romans, it is true, in the decline of the empire, incorporated into their legions the Barbarian youth of the Rhine and the Danube. But, they never forced the Parthians, or the Huns taken in battle, to bear arms againſt their Sovereign, inſtead of fighting for his cauſe. Such an experiment might even be accounted dangerous under a variety of aſpects; but, Frederic poſſeſſes the ſecret of directing and regulating a machine, which in common hands would probably

probably be fatal to its inventor. His army, unlike the military force of other Princes, is compoſed in peace as well as in war, of diſcordant and heterogeneous materials. Every European State, from Spain to Ruſſia, may be ſaid to contribute towards its formation. Poland, Germany, Holland, Denmark, but above all, France, furniſh him with recruits. The French alone may be always eſtimated at five-and-twenty thouſand men.

Neither that ſentiment which we denominate the love of our country, nor the principle of loyalty to the Sovereign, conſtitute here the general baſis of military diſcipline and adherence. Frederic contents himſelf with ſubſtituting in their place other motives of action, leſs voluntary and leſs honourable, but equally efficacious. How, in fact, can the native of Gaſcony, of Podolia, or of Suabia, entrapped or ſeduced into a foreign ſervice, and detained in it by force, be animated with patriotiſm, affection, or even a ſenſe of allegiance? It is enough if he does not deteſt the Prince and the State for whom he draws

the trigger, or puſhes the bayonet. Aware of this original defect in the conſtitution of his force, the King has recourſe to other modes of maintaining and recruiting his army. Never, perhaps, did human ability, inveſted with unlimited power, exert ſo much ingenuity in detaining its captives; for, in that light, the far greater part of the foreign troops muſt be conſidered. This city, as well as Potzdam, is deſtitute of fortifications; but both are ſurrounded with a ſtrong wall, or ſtoccade, one of the principal objects of which is to prevent deſertion. With a view to increaſe the difficulties, all the ſentinels on guard are commonly placed either two together, or at ſo ſmall a diſtance from each other, as to render it impracticable to deſert without being perceived. The line of ſentinels being double, one without the other: and the ſoldiers being called over every two hours; it ſeems nearly impoſſible to get, undiſcovered, to any conſiderable diſtance. If, however, by good fortune or ſpeed, they ſhould effect it, guns are inſtantly

inſtantly fired, to ſpread the alarm throughout the country. The peaſants, on hearing the ſignal, are obliged to riſe, in order to ſecure the unfortunate fugitive; and they are even perſonally intereſted in his recapture, as they muſt furniſh a ſubſtitute in the place of any one who eſcapes. Yet, in defiance of theſe, and ſimilar precautions, ſuch are the attractions of freedom, and the impatience of bondage, that every night attempts are made to deſert. The frontiers of Saxony are ſo near, that they may be reached from Potzdam in the ſpace of three or four hours.

The prodigious proportion of foreigners in the ſervice of Frederic, renders it matter of calculation at the commencement of a war, whether one or two campaigns may not be principally ſupported at their expence, with a comparatively ſlender ſacrifice of native Pruſſians. By thus ſparing the blood of his own ſubjects, and reſerving them for ſubſequent emergencies, the King is enabled to ſuſtain the firſt ſhock

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of hoſtilities, without materially affecting the internal induſtry, cultivation, or population of his dominions. It is nevertheleſs a dangerous weapon, which may recoil, unleſs ſuperintended with equal vigilance and dexterity. The bayonet is admitted to be more formidable than the muſket: but, if it is to be feared, that the ſoldier wants adherence to the Prince for whom he fights, its very advantages become matter of apprehenſion. Whole platoons, when once mingled with the enemy, may throw down their arms: a circumſtance wholly impoſſible to take place, while the fire is kept up at a diſtance between two bodies of troops. This is a delicate point on which to explain myſelf; but, it is well underſtood here, by every man acquainted with the formation of the Pruſſian army.

The Jews, who ever ſince the time of Adrian, have manifeſted the moſt decided inaptitude and antipathy to war, have nevertheleſs attracted the attention of Frederic, as capable of being made ſubſervient

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to the general protection or defence. After the partition of Poland, five years ago, finding that there was a very considerable number of them in the tract of territory which fell to his share, he determined to embody them, and to teach them the science of arms. They vainly remonstrated that war was neither analogous to their genius, nor agreeable to their feelings. A corps of several thousand was formed, compelled to learn the manual exercise, and passed in review. But, such was found to be on trial, their insurmountable disinclination to bear arms, that after many vain endeavours, they were finally broken and disbanded. The abhorrence of the peasants towards them being so violent, that it was apprehended the Jews might be massacred or pillaged, in passing through the villages, to their respective homes; an escort of horse was therefore ordered to conduct them in safety back to their abodes. I believe it is the only attempt of the kind, which has been yet made in our times,

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to bring Jews into the field; and having failed in such able hands, we may conjecture that it will not be speedily repeated by other Princes.

No Sovereign, ancient or modern, has ever better known how to awaken and to animate in his troops, the vanity as well as the pride of the soldier. In all his writings, in all his addresses to them, he calls them by the endearing epithets of "Mes "cavaliers, mes enfans, mes camarades." These appellations, though they mean nothing in effect, yet produce a powerful sensation, and tend to make some amends for the want of more solid benefits or remunerations. There is, in fact, I believe, no establishment in the Prussian dominions, precisely resembling those of Chelsea, or of Greenwich among us, to which the invalided or the wounded soldier may retire, after having passed his life in the active service of the State. The veteran must depend, in a great measure, on the King's ability, inclination, and opportunity of providing for him,

him, who no longer can carry arms. His revenues, perhaps, are not sufficiently ample to enable him to furnish adequate funds for his and infantry, in every instance. Distraction has attended him of not wishing to maintain any troops, except such as are capable of appearing in the field: but, I believe this insinuation to be more malignant, than void of foundation. Frederic understands too well his real interest, ever to treat with cruelty the supporters of his greatness, the instruments and companions of his victories.

Fifteen years have nearly elapsed since the conclusion of the peace of Hubertsburg; and it is matter of curious speculation, whether in case of a rupture the Prussian troops will maintain the ascendancy over those of Austria, which, all circumstances considered, they had incontestably acquired, during the last war. This is however, a question not likely to be speedily resolved, as appearances seem to indicate a long continuance of the calm enjoyed

joyed by Germany. Silesia, to the resumption of which the Court of Vienna formerly looked with ceaseless anxiety, is now confirmed to Prussia by time and long prescription. The King, who begins to feel the pressure of age, must wish rather to secure than to augment the grandeur of his house. Content with having erected so vast a fabrick, his ambition will probably be satisfied with devolving it entire to his successor.

LETTER VII.

Review of the Pruſſian Hiſtory, previous to the Acceſſion of Frederic the Second.—His Marriage.—Queen of Pruſſia.—Character and Death of William Auguſtus, the late Prince Royal.—His Diſpoſition and Qualities.—Severity exerciſed towards him by the King.—Princeſs Royal.—Character, and Expectations formed of Frederic William.—Prince Henry of Pruſſia.—His Talents and Services.—Princeſs Amelia.—Prince Ferdinand of Pruſſia.

BERLIN, *November* 2d, 1777.

EIGHTY years have not yet elapſed ſince the period when this powerful Monarchy, which now occupies ſo diſtinguiſhed a rank among the States of Europe, was only a German Electorate, whoſe Sovereign was Duke of Pruſſia. It would however be unjuſt to attribute to the talents or even to the victories of the preſent King excluſively, ſo extraordinary and rapid an aggrandizement. The Pruſſian greatneſs is the work of four ſucceſſive

Princes,

Princes, who, in the ſpace of near a hundred and forty years, availing themſelves of a variety of circumſtances, have elevated their houſe to its actual ſtate. Frederic William, commonly denominated in hiſtory, "the Great Elector," laid the foundations by his wiſdom, valor, and policy. In the courſe of near half a century, his able adminiſtration repaired the calamities of the preceding reign; emancipated the Dukedom of Pruſſia from its feudal homage to the Crown and Republic of Poland; introduced arts, manufactures, and civilization among his ſubjects; and rendered the Electors of Brandenburgh the moſt powerful Princes of the North, under the rank of crowned heads. When I conſider theſe facts, I am not ſurprized at the eulogiums conferred on him by his preſent Majeſty, in his writings; nor at the popular veneration with which his name and actions are always mentioned in this country.

The vanity of the ſon continued and embelliſhed the fabrick, raiſed by the talents of the father. Oſtentation, rather

than a wife and enlarged ambition, probably ſtimulated Frederic the Firſt to exchange the electoral bonnet for a crown: but, it may be juſtly doubted, whether the deepeſt and moſt ſucceſsful policy could have contributed ſo much to the elevation of his family. Whatever contempt has been thrown on his character by the preſent King his grandſon, he has always appeared to me to have juſtly challenged the gratitude of his poſterity. His perſonal deformity, his love of expenſive ſhew, and his puerile attachment to favourites, are all expoſed with ſeverity, in the "Memoirs of the Houſe of Brandenburgh." If, however, we conſult other ſources of information, we ſhall ſee him depictured as magnificent, liberal, and humane. It is thus that Pollnitz has deſcribed him; and it is in theſe colors that I have heard him mentioned by perſons here, whoſe fathers occupied diſtinguiſhed places in his Court.

To Frederic the Firſt ſucceeded his ſon, Frederic William, the moſt harſh and un-

amiable of Princes, whose principal felicity seemed to consist in forming and disciplining a giant regiment of guards, the wonder of his own people, and the ridicule of foreign nations. Parsimonious in every other article of pleasure, and an enemy to expence, he retained about him no trace of his father's splendor. Terrible in his anger, inflexible in his prejudices, and inexorable in his resentment, he punished the transgressions of his children with unexampled severity. His successor, the present King, narrowly escaped the fate of Don Carlos in Spain, and of the Czarowitz Alexis in Russia, for a fault which merited only reprehension. To the interposition of the late Emperor Charles the Sixth, whose daughter he since despoiled of Silesia, Frederic was eminently indebted for his pardon and his life. It must be confessed that over this transaction, as well as over many other censurable parts of Frederic William's conduct, he has thrown the veil of filial piety and decorum, in all his writings; while he avows the

obligations

obligations due to his father's economy, his policy, and his attention to promote the proſperity of his ſubjects.

'The private felicity of his ſon did not form equally an object of his endeavours, ſince no ſooner had he releaſed the Prince Royal from a long and rigorous confinement in the Citadel of Cuſtrin, than he was compelled by his father to contract a marriage altogether contrary to his inclinations. Frederic William's choice having fallen on the Princeſs Elizabeth Chriſtina of Brunſwic Wolfenbuttle, the nuptials were ſolemnized in June 1733; but his parental authority never could enforce their conſummation. She remains, it is ſuppoſed, a maiden Queen. At the time of her union with his preſent Majeſty, ſhe nevertheleſs poſſeſſed perſonal charms of the moſt captivating kind, which might well have awakened deſire, if not excited attachment. She had not completed her eighteenth year, and to a very fine complexion, ſhe added a graceful and elegant figure. But, theſe attractions had no influence over

her huſband, who manifeſted for her an inſurmountable indifference, which he was at little pains to conceal. His diſinclination towards the Princeſs, was augmented by his contempt of her underſtanding. As the match had been on his part altogether involuntary, doubts of its validity might have been ſtarted not without ſome reaſon. It was even commonly ſuppoſed that on Frederic William's death, and his own acceſſion to the throne, he would avail himſelf of the pretext of compulſion; either by diſowning her as his legal wife, or by procuring a divorce.

Frederic has not however, manifeſted the ſlighteſt diſpoſition to break the matrimonial fetters impoſed on him by the late King, nor ſhewn any anxiety to tranſmit the Crown to a lineal ſucceſſor. Whether a ſenſe of honor, reſpect to the memory of his predeceſſor, or other motives of a perſonal nature, difficult and delicate to explain, may have contributed moſt to produce his acquieſcence, it is not eaſy to ſay with certainty. One of his firſt acts, was

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to acknowledge her publickly as Queen of Pruſſia; but, ſatisfied with that recognition, he went no further. During four-and-forty years which have ſince elapſed, he has uniformly treated her with external reſpect, civility, and coldneſs. In the beginning of his reign, when they frequently appeared together on public occaſions, the Queen, naturally timid, felt ſo much overawed by the conſciouſneſs of her own inferiority of underſtanding, added to her huſband's neglect; that if by accident he addreſſed his diſcourſe to her at table, ſhe burſt into tears, and was incapable of reply. This conduct, far from exciting any emotion of concern or compaſſion in his boſom, only augmented his diſlike: a ſentiment which derived ſtrength from the compariſon between her and the two Queens her immediate predeceſſors, who were both very ſuperior women. Sophia Charlotte, wife of Frederic the Firſt, the friend and correſpondent of Leibnitz, cultivated letters and philoſophy as the beſt companions of

the throne, and the greateſt conſolations of human life. The late Queen enjoyed to the time of her death, when ſhe was more than ſeventy, the affectionate attachment of her family and her ſubjects. Both were Princeſſes of Hanover; one the ſiſter, and the other the daughter of George the Firſt, King of England. Frederic has immortalized the memory of the firſt Queen of Pruſſia, in his writings; and he found leiſure even in the midſt of his greateſt public difficulties, to pay the tribute of filial affection to the virtues of the ſecond. She died only ten days after the memorable defeat at Colin, in June 1757, leaving her ſon and the Pruſſian Monarchy itſelf in the moſt perilous criſis.

The preſent Queen is little known beyond the limits of Berlin, or the palace of Charlottenburg, to which ſhe commonly repairs in ſummer. She has indeed the name and honors of royalty; but, her life is melancholy, uniform, and inſipid. Nor are her appointments adequate to ſuſtaining the repreſentation of a Sovereign, in a manner

manner becoming her dignity. However limited her talents, ſhe merits from her amiable qualities and virtues, the attachment which is univerſally paid to her. Age and knowledge of the world have inſenſibly corrected her natural timidity; but, with her huſband ſhe has ſcarcely any except a nominal conection. Equally a ſtranger to his pains and to his pleaſures, ſhe ſees him only in his occaſional viſits to the capital, in common with every other perſon about the Court.

It is no leſs true than incredible, that in the courſe of near half a century, which has elapſed ſince her arrival here, ſhe never has been either at Potzdam or at "Sans Souci." The mortification of ſuch an excluſion is augmented by the preference ſhewn to all the other Princeſſes of the Royal Family, who have been repeatedly there, at the King's invitation. It is true, that ſome years ago, Prince Ferdinand of Brunſwic her brother being arrived at Berlin, his Majeſty acquainted

him by letter, that if he had a wiſh to viſit Potzdam and "Sans Souci," orders were given to ſhew him every thing deſerving his attention. Frederic, who was juſt ſetting out for Sileſia, added, that "the "Queen, if ſhe pleaſed, might accompany "him." But, warmly as ſhe deſired to gratify her curioſity, by the ſight of a place ſo intereſting, ſhe diſdained to accept the permiſſion. "If," ſaid ſhe, "his Majeſty "does not deign to invite me to his palace, "when he is there in perſon, I will not "profit of his abſence to viſit it." In conſequence of her adherence to this determination, her brother went there alone.

The late King Frederic William was carried off by a dropſy, while ſtill in the vigor of his age, leaving behind him a numerous family. His ſecond ſon, William Auguſtus is no more; but, it is in his line that the crown will probably be perpetuated. He was the handſomeſt Prince of the Royal Houſe, of agreeable manners,

manners, and of an amiable character; though in talents civil as well as military, and in strength of mind, he could neither be compared with the King, nor with his younger brother Henry. His father selected for him another Princess of the family of Brunswic, Louisa Amelia, sister to the Queen of Prussia; but, he was not distinguished either by his continence before, or by his fidelity to the nuptial bed, after marriage. Unlike Frederic, he manifested a decided passion for the pleasures of love; and his gallantries with women of distinction, were no less public than they were numerous. Cut off by a premature death, in the midst of the great war that seemed to menace the destruction of the Prussian Monarchy, the event of which he is said to have deprecated; he had not the satisfaction to witness the triumphant manner in which it was terminated. He expired in disgrace, at the age of thirty-six, scarcely more than nineteen years ago; and his end is justly supposed to have been accelerated, if not occasioned

occasioned by the poignancy of his own feelings, to which he fell a sacrifice.

After the memorable defeat which his Prussian Majesty sustained at Colin, in June 1757, he was obliged to retire with precipitation towards the confines of Saxony. In this critical situation, having hastily raised the siege of Prague, he thought proper to divide his forces, entrusting to his brother William Augustus a considerable corps, which was posted in one of the northern circles of Bohemia. Frederic, whose maxim has always been, that an army acting on the defensive in an enemy's country, melts away by desertion and by sickness, more rapidly than by the sword; enjoined his brother to spare no efforts, in order to impede the progress of the Austrians, who were advancing rapidly into Lusatia. In his instructions he added, that it would be better at all events to lose his soldiers in attacking and harassing Daun, than to suffer them to moulder away in retreating before a victorious

torious General. Whether from want of military ſkill, or as other perſons here aſſert, from inferiority in numbers, and in the quality of the troops under his command; it is certain that the Prince did not execute the commiſſion given him, in a ſatisfactory manner. Daun having paſſed him, entered Luſatia, and bombarded the town of Zittau. The King inſtantly diſmiſſed William Auguſtus from his ſervice; would liſten to no explanations; and when they met, he turned away his horſe's head from the unfortunate object of his reſentment. On the Prince's attempting to excuſe and to juſtify his conduct, "Si je vous traitois comme vous "meritez," anſwered Frederic, "je vous "ferois decapiter; et j'enverrois votre tête "à tous les Généraux de mon armée." He was immediately ordered to retire; and he died in June 1758, about a year afterwards, of the moſt incurable of all maladies, a broken heart, in the prime of life. The King, engaged at that time in the

the arduous enterprize of Olmutz, which demanded all his attention, had ſcarcely leiſure, or perhaps diſpoſition, to regret him. He left one ſon, named Frederic William, who is heir to the Pruſſian Monarchy; beſides a daughter, the preſent Princeſs of Orange. His widow ſtill ſurvives, and reſides at Berlin; but, ſhe is as little diſtinguiſhed by Frederic's notice, as her ſiſter the Queen. They paſs their lives in obſcurity, and neither the one nor the other will ever occupy a conſpicuous place in the annals of the houſe of Brandenburgh.

Thoſe who, from whatever motive, deſirous of change, eagerly anticipate a new reign; and many of that deſcription are to be found here; contemplate with pleaſure the character as well as qualities of the Prince Royal of Pruſſia. He is juſt thirty-three years of age, full ſix feet in height, and of a vigorous frame: in his early youth he was of a thin habit, but he now inclines to corpulency. His countenance, open, gracious, and engaging, indicates more

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beneficence of heart, than it expreſſes ſuperiority of mind. His figure, far exceeding the proportions of ordinary men, may be termed athletic, and almoſt Herculean. If he were habited in the ſkin of the Nemæan Lion, he would convey no inadequate idea of the ſon of Jupiter and Alcmena. Formed for a camp, more than a drawing-room, he has the frank and martial air of a ſoldier, rather than the poliſhed manners of a Prince. Of a robuſt conſtitution, and inured to hardſhips, he has been, from his childhood, little accuſtomed to the luxury, which frequently in other countries ſurrounds perſons of royal birth. Bred in the ſchool of Potzdam, under the ſevere and continual inſpection of the King his uncle, he has practiſed the moſt implicit obedience. Early taught to defend the Crown, which is one day to deſcend to him, he has paſſed through all the ſubordinate military ranks, up to that of Major-General in the Pruſſian ſervice, which he now holds. The diſcipline to which every other officer

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is ſubjected, ſuffers no relaxation for the Heir Apparent. He dares not abſent himſelf from his duty, or be remiſs in its diſcharge, without incurring the higheſt reſentment of his Sovereign, diſplayed in the moſt public manner. Every morning, in winter, no leſs than in ſummer, he is to be found on the parade, before the palace at Potzdam; nor can he even leave that place, except by ſtealth, to viſit Berlin, unleſs by expreſs permiſſion from the King. Few Princes, who are probably deſtined to reign, have been treated in their youth with ſo much rigour.

If the heir to the Crown is by no means endowed with the abilities of Frederic, or of Prince Henry, his two uncles; he is, on the other hand, admitted to poſſeſs a ſolid and enlarged underſtanding. His mental qualities are certainly neither brilliant nor impoſing; but, they are far from being inadequate to the arduous ſituation which he is by and by to occupy. In the King he has had conſtantly before his

eyes the greatest model of successful ambition which any age can produce. His mind has been improved, if not by the study of polite letters, at least by an acquaintance with tactics and the science of war; nor is he deficient in those liberal branches of knowledge and information. He possesses the inestimable advantage of having been initiated from his cradle into the system of the Prussian administration, finances, and policy. Having already attained to ripe age, it is less probable that he will be led into excesses of pleasure or profusion, whenever he shall ascend the throne. The fabrick of the Prussian greatness has been constructed by a master-hand, which has long preserved it; nor are the same talents requisite for maintaining, as for erecting the edifice. The present King alone, perhaps, could have conquered and retained Silesia, or have acquired Polish Prussia: but, a much inferior Prince in energy or vigilance, may be able to keep possession of them,

them, when transmitted to him in peaceful succession.

Unfortunately the Heir Apparent has never been acceptable to, nor beloved by the King his uncle, who has always conceived and expressed a mean opinion of his nephew's abilities. Though he resides constantly at Potzdam, he is scarcely ever at "Sans Souci," and is rarely admitted to the royal table, unless when he accompanies his Majesty to Breslaw, or into other parts of his dominions. He has never been distinguished by that preference, esteem, and partiality, which Frederic manifests for his nephews of the family of Brunswic; in particular for the Hereditary Prince, and his brother Prince Frederic, who have each apartments in "Sans Souci." It is impossible not to disapprove a conduct, which is at once impolitic, unjust, and severe. The coldness and neglect with which the Prince Royal is treated, must naturally tend rather to depress and to irritate, than to

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exalt or ennoble his mind. It may even have injurious public effects at ſome future period, and may lay the foundation of great national misfortunes. We muſt, on the other hand, admit that hiſtory furniſhes no models of Princes ſo truly great, as thoſe who have been educated in conſtraint or in adverſity. It was the ſchool of Elizabeth, of Henry the Fourth, and of Frederic himſelf.

In one inſtance the preſent King has manifeſted far more liberality of mind and indulgence towards his nephew, than he experienced himſelf from his own father. The Prince of Pruſſia has been twice married; but, neither in his firſt nor ſecond choice, does his uncle appear to have exerted any undue or tyrannical influence. Perhaps the ſeverity with which he was treated in that important tranſaction of his own life, may have induced him to leave his nephew more at liberty. He was married in July 1765, to Elizabeth, Princeſs of Brunſwic Wolfenbuttle, from whom he

was divorced about three years afterwards. Motives of ſtate rendering it neceſſary for him to contract another alliance, as he had no male iſſue by his firſt wife, he remained for ſome time undecided in his preference. The German Empire with its numerous Princeſſes offered a variety of candidates, who were ſucceſſively named as likely to fill the vacant place in the Royal Family. I am aſſured that he manifeſted an inclination for the preſent Landgravine of Heſſe Caſſel, daughter of the Margrave of Brandenburgh Schwedt, one of the moſt beautiful women in Germany. She is ſaid, however, to have refuſed or declined the honour intended her. It is certain that he might have received the hand of his couſin Sophia Albertina, ſiſter of the preſent King of Sweden; but, from motives which I do not pretend to gueſs, he was averſe to the match. At length the Princeſs Frederica Louiſa of Heſſe Darmſtadt was ſelected, and the nuptials were celebrated in July 1769. She is an amiable, virtuous, and

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pleaſing woman, poſſeſſing indeed neither the perſonal attractions, nor the graces of her predeceſſor, Elizabeth of Brunſwic; but exempt from her errors and defects. She is of a middle ſize, her countenance agreeable though not handſome, her manners eaſy and engaging, her character eſtimable, and formed to excite univerſal reſpect.

Notwithſtanding theſe claims to attention, ſhe does not enjoy the good fortune of being acceptable to the King, who has more than once mortified her in a public manner; and who ſhews her none of the flattering marks of preference and diſtinction, with which he was accuſtomed to honour the firſt Princeſs of Pruſſia. She reſides conſtantly at Potzdam, rarely permitted to reviſit Berlin, and in a ſort of melancholy retirement. Her attendants are few, her eſtabliſhment ſcanty, and deſtitute of ſplendor. Thoſe who have conſtant acceſs to her, aſſure me, that though not diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary endow-

ments of mind, her underſtanding is ſolid, and her converſation highly pleaſing. She has already fulfilled the great object of her marriage, by giving two heirs to the monarchy; her eldeſt ſon Frederic William, having been born in Auguſt 1770. If ſhe has not captivated the affections, or ſecured the conſtancy of her huſband, ſhe poſſeſſes at leaſt his eſteem, and receives from him every proof of reſpect.

Like his father William Auguſtus, he does not pique himſelf on obſerving his nuptial fidelity, or even on concealing his irregularities. Frederic, ſevere on the parade, but, extremely relaxed on every point of moral or conjugal duty, ſees with indifference the Prince's infidelity to the marriage bed. His preſent favourite is Mademoiſelle Enkel, whom he acknowledges as his miſtreſs, and by whom he has ſeveral children. I have ſeen her frequently, as ſhe has her box at the French Comedy. Like Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barrè, who ſucceſſively governed

governed France, her origin is not illuſtrious; but Nature has been laviſh to her in charms. They are, however, by no means ſufficiently powerful to retain the excluſive poſſeſſion of her lover. The Prince frequently comes to Berlin to viſit her incognito, without the King his uncle's knowledge; as ſhe dares not, on any conſideration, be ſeen at Potzdam. When on theſe ſecret expeditions, he always returns either during the night, or early on the enſuing morning.

The real character of the Prince of Pruſſia is probably as yet much concealed, and time alone can unfold it to the world. The ſuperior genius of the King, the eſtrangement which ſubſiſts between them, and the degree of tyranny which is exerciſed by Frederic over his nephew, compel him to remain in the ſhade. Whenever he aſcends the throne, Europe, as well as his ſubjects, will perhaps be aſtoniſhed at the diſplay of talents and qualities, which at preſent he

is not ſuſpected to poſſeſs. Many leading points of his diſpoſition and temper are, however, already well aſcertained. In his manners, he is affable, communicative, and pleaſant: in ſociety, convivial, cheerful, and agreeable, without unbecoming familiarity. He is liberal to the greateſt degree; and he has manifeſted a warmth of adherence or attachment towards all who have ſuffered for his ſake, which does honor to the goodneſs of his heart. Various perſons, whom he has been ſuppoſed to diſtinguiſh by his notice or friendſhip, have on that account incurred the royal diſpleaſure, and have even been ſent into diſtant parts of the Pruſſian dominions. The Prince, from his narrow appointments, extends to them pecuniary relief. Nothing is more unqueſtionable than his perſonal courage, and he is neither deficient in ambition, nor in love of glory. Thoſe who know him beſt, have aſſured me that he will tread in the ſteps of his predeceſſor; and will have

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no object nearer his heart, than to maintain and to augment the ſplendor of the Pruſſian Monarchy. They aſſert, that he will renounce pleaſure and diſſipation, for the cares of ſtate, and the duties of a ſovereign; but, futurity alone can prove the truth or the fallacy of theſe premature predictions.

It is certain, that notwithſtanding the glory of the preſent Monarch, and the natural effect of ſo diſtinguiſhed a character, in exciting the national vanity of his ſubjects; yet, no inconſiderable part of them look forward, with anxiety and impatience, to the period of his life. Independently of the love of novelty and change inherent in the nature of man, the Pruſſians have reaſons peculiar to themſelves for deſiring a new maſter. Frederic, declining in years and in health, ſevere, economical, vigilant, and difficult to deceive, may excite reſpect, but awakens no ſentiment of affection. Averſe to pleaſure, gallantry, or expence, he is neither ſurrounded by courtiers, nor acceſſible to flattery. The Prince, on the con-

trary, from natural diſpoſition, is ſuſceptible, amorous, liberal, and fond of ſociety. In him his ſubjects anticipate a more indulgent maſter; leſs elevated and impoſing, but, one whom they may love as well as admire. The Court, if that appellation can with propriety be given to the ſolitary retirement of Potzdam and "Sans Souci," will probably be transferred, in a greater or leſſer degree, to Berlin; and the metropolis, now deſerted by the Sovereign, will then reſume its gaiety. Such are the expectations formed of the Heir Apparent, and ſuch the pleaſing anticipations of future felicity under his reign!

It is natural that I ſhould ſay a few words relative to Prince Henry of Pruſſia; a perſon ſcarcely leſs diſtinguiſhed by his great endowments, than his elder brother the King. He is at this time near fifty-two years of age, plain in his perſon, and deſtitute of any external graces of figure. Naturally ſilent, cold, and diſtant in his manners, he can nevertheleſs, when occa-

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ſion demands, ſhake off his habitual reſerve, and become affable, communicative, and ingratiating. To ſuperior abilities, he joins uncommon cultivation of mind; and like Frederic, he is no leſs a general than a ſtateſman. During the whole courſe of the late war, the King always committed to his charge the moſt arduous undertakings, in which conſummate prudence or military ſkill were required. With inferior and ill-diſciplined troops, he not only ſuſtained, but repelled more than once, the Auſtrian and Saxon attacks. At the battle of Prague, he diſplayed the greateſt intrepidity. At that of Freyberg, he manifeſted talents for war, which rank him among the firſt commanders of the age. To the ſuperiority of his views and diſpoſitions, was principally due the victory which he there obtained, and of which I have already ſpoken elſewhere. His military talents are ſaid to be the reverſe of the King's. Frederic, enterprizing in his temper, is formed for bold and offenſive meaſures. Prince Henry,

Henry, more cautious, is calculated for defenſive war.

It is not only in the field that his abilities have been actively and beneficially employed, for the ſupport of the Pruſſian Crown and Monarchy: he has ſurmounted obſtacles in the cabinet equally difficult. To him the King committed the two delicate negociations with Catharine the Second, which changed the face of Europe, eventually produced the partition of Poland, and cemented on laſting grounds, the friendſhip between the Courts of Peterſburgh and Berlin. In the two viſits which he made to the Empreſs for that purpoſe, when he acted at once as miniſter of ſtate and as ambaſſador, he more than anſwered every expectation, and effected all the leading points intruſted to his care. Such an union of talents is almoſt unexampled in two Princes ſo nearly allied. There are not wanting perſons here, who eſteem him ſuperior in capacity to the King; but the

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elevation of a throne is more calculated for its diſplay, than a private ſtation.

In many particulars of their life and diſpoſition, even in their very defects, the ſimilarity between the two brothers is ſtriking. Like Frederic, Prince Henry is deſtitute of male or female iſſue. Like him too, the Prince is not of an amorous complexion, nor happy in his domeſtic connexions. Both paſs a great portion of their lives in retreat, little ſeen except by the perſons who compoſe their houſehold, and conſtitute their ordinary ſociety. The Prince was married in 1752, to Wilhelmina, daughter of Maximilian, Landgrave of Heſſe Caſſel; but they neither eat, ſpeak, meet, nor cohabit together. She is, nevertheleſs, not only an amiable and pleaſing woman, but poſſeſſed of a ſuperior underſtanding. It certainly is not in the Royal Family of Pruſſia, that examples of conjugal union or felicity can at preſent be eaſily found. Such is the alienation which ſubſiſts between Prince Henry and his wife,

that he has always, when at Berlin, a ſeparate table; but, he reſides during the far greater part of the year, at his palace of Rheinſberg, near the borders of the Dutchy of Mecklenberg Strelitz. It is there that he is to be ſeen and ſtudied, not in the capital, where he rarely remains more than three months, from January till April. Though little conſulted or employed by Frederic at preſent, no one doubts that if circumſtances of danger or difficulty ſhould ariſe, his abilities would again be called into active exertion.

Of the King's four ſiſters, only one, the Princeſs Amelia, youngeſt of Frederic William's numerous family, has remained unmarried. She occupies a ſplendid palace in one of the beſt ſtreets of the metropolis; and Frederic, who regards her with great affection, uſually breakfaſts with her whenever he occaſionally viſits Berlin. Having been elected Abbeſs of Quedlinbourg in 1751, the income ariſing from that eccleſiaſtical preferment enables her to maintain

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an eſtabliſhment ſuitable to her birth. Her endowments of mind are ſaid to be extraordinary; but her health and conſtitution are altogether broken by diſeaſe, though ſhe is ſcarcely fifty-four years of age. Such are her infirmities, that ſhe has entirely loſt an eye, and the uſe of one arm; in conſequence of which ſhe is ſeldom ſeen in public, and never appears at Court.

With Prince Ferdinand of Pruſſia, laſt of the Royal line, I ſhall conclude this letter. Although he may not have the ſame perſonal claims to immortality with his two elder brothers, in perſonal courage he may juſtly emulate them. During the late war he ſerved in the Pruſſian forces, and he has the rank of General. It is not, however, to him that Frederic will probably ever intruſt, in a moment of danger, the material intereſts of the family of Brandenburgh. Prince Ferdinand has two ſons by his preſent wife; ſo that, notwithſtanding the ſterility of the Queen and of the Princeſs Henry, the Crown, we may

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reaſonably conjecture, will not want males to inherit it in our time. Thoſe who believe that genius is tranſmitted by deſcent, will perhaps regret that neither the King nor Prince Henry are likely to leave behind them any poſterity. But, however greatly their abilities may have conduced to elevate the Pruſſian Monarchy to its preſent ſtate, we may ſecurely confide its future preſervation, to the valour, judgment, and probity of its collateral heirs.

LETTER VII.

Potzdam.—"Sans Souci."—The new Palace.—Reflections on Potzdam, and on the genius of the Pruſſian government.

LEIPSIC, *November* 9, 1777.

ON the fifth of this month I left Berlin, after a ſtay of about ſeven weeks, and arrived at Potzdam the ſame evening. It is difficult to imagine a more ſterile tract of country, than that which ſeparates the two cities. The whole is an expanſe of ſand, exhibiting ſcarcely any marks of cultivation, thinly peopled, dreary, and reſembling a wilderneſs, rather than the vicinity of a great metropolis. Groves of melancholy fir diverſify, without enlivening the proſpect; and few marks of agriculture or of opulence are ſeen. This appearance is, no doubt, to be chiefly attributed to the ungrateful nature of the ſoil; but ſomething muſt,

muſt, in my judgment, be allowed for the genius of the government, which is more directed to political aggrandizement, than to the felicity of the people.

If Berlin is the capital of the Pruſſian Monarchy, Potzdam may be properly eſteemed the ordinary reſidence of the Sovereign, ſince the death of Frederic the Firſt, more than ſixty years ago. The late King, his ſon, preferred it to the metropolis; and the preſent King paſſes there the far greater part of the year. Every ſquare and every ſtreet diſplay the characteriſtic marks of his genius. I conſider it more in the light of a military ſtation, or as the head-quarters of an army in cantonment, than as a city in the common acceptation of the term. Like Berlin, it is regular, modern, and conſtructed with ſymmetry. Some of the gates are of Athenian taſte and elegance, exhibiting models of architecture in various forms. The Royal Palace is a princely edifice, in front of which extends the parade, where Frederic, unleſs prevented by

by indiſpoſition, is every morning to be found, reviewing his guards. I ſaw him gallop along the line, and give the word of command in perſon, with all the fire and animation of a young man. Yet he is now more than ſixty-five years of age; a period of life, long before which the great Condé, as well as Marlborough, ceaſed to appear in the field; and after which, ſcarcely any of the moſt illuſtrious Generals of the laſt or preſent century, have ventured to aſſume the command of armies. If Prince Eugene and Marſhal Villars form exceptions to the remark, it muſt be admitted that they did not add to their laurels, by their concluding campaigns. The King of Pruſſia, notwithſtanding his bodily infirmities, preſerves the freſhneſs, and even much of the activity of his youth. In caſe of a rupture with Auſtria or Ruſſia, no man doubts that he would lead his troops in perſon againſt the enemy. He may perhaps be leſs enterprizing than formerly; but neither the energy nor vigor of his

faculties ſeem to have ſuffered any diminution.

Many cauſes, phyſical as well as moral, conduce to render Potzdam gloomy and cheerleſs. The poſition is in itſelf deſtitute of natural gaiety or beauty. A ſandy, barren ſoil, on which only the fir loves to run up or to thrive, is an inherent and irremediable defect. It is even adverſe to the genius of architecture: for ſo looſe is the ground, that it appears to be incapable of long ſuſtaining the incumbent weight of any very large or heavy ſtructure: a deformity viſible in various parts of the city, where the buildings have ſunk at the foundation. Yet I do not recollect to have heard that at Palmyra, which ſtands in the midſt of the ſands of Arabia, any of the temples or monuments, though of remote antiquity, lean from the perpendicular, or have ſuffered from the ſame cauſe. Is it that Frederic, though he loves to build, conſults principally his own gratification, or vanity, regardleſs of poſterity? It certainly

tainly was not thus, that Pericles embelliſhed Athens; or that Agrippa and Adrian conſtructed the edifices intended to tranſmit their memories to diſtant times. Yet in taſte and the protection of all the fine arts, no leſs than in military fame, the King has ever been emulous to rival the greateſt names of Greece or Rome.

Scarcely above a quarter of a mile from Potzdam, on a pleaſing eminence, commanding a view of the city, the river Havel, and the adjacent country, ſtands the little palace of "Sans Souci." In celebrity, though not in magnitude or ſplendor, it may vie with Verſailles, with the Eſcurial, or the Vatican, the moſt expenſive fabrics of modern vanity and grandeur. The building is far from magnificent, conſiſting only of a long range of apartments on the ground, conſtructed by Frederic, not long after his acceſſion to the Crown. It was there, in the early part of the preſent reign, that Voltaire, Maupertuis, Bielfield, Algarotti, Manſtein, D'Ar-

gens, Kœning, and ſo many other extraordinary men, were accuſtomed frequently to hold their meetings, and to diſcuſs the moſt intereſting queſtions of ſcience or of philoſophy, in company with the King. That period of time terminated with the memorable war which began in 1756, when occupations of a more urgent and imperious nature broke up their ſociety. During near ſeven years he neither beheld his capital, nor "Sans Souci," which were both more than once in poſſeſſion of the Auſtrians or the Ruſſians. They nevertheleſs ſpared, and protected it from outrage. Except Voltaire, Frederic is now the ſole ſurvivor of that great knot; and here he paſſes in a retirement, partly Epicurean, partly philoſophic, the whole of the Summer and Autumn, when he is not abſent at the reviews in Sileſia, or on the Viſtula. At "Sans Souci," he affects to diveſt himſelf of the cares and fatigues attached to Royalty; to unbend his mind from State affairs, and to live for ſociety, friendſhip,

friendſhip, and knowledge. No viſitor of whatever rank intrudes, unaſked, on the privacy of his retreat: but the Hereditary Prince of Brunſwïc, as well as his brother Prince Frederic, each, have apartments in the palace; and when there, they conſtantly dine at the royal table.

The central chamber of "Sans Souci," which is the eating room, is ſmall, but beautiful; the figure oval; and architecture, as well as ſculpture, have united towards its decoration. Italy and Egypt furniſhed the marble with which the floor is inlaid; and the Corinthian pillars that ſupport the roof, were dug out of the quarries of Carrara. Two ſtatues of exquiſite workmanſhip, ſtand in niches on either ſide the door; and in all the furniture, no leſs than in the ornaments, are diſplayed luxury and taſte. In order to render it habitable, a warmer and more genial climate is requiſite. On the ſhore of Baiæ or of Sorrento, ſuch a retreat would be ſupremely delightful; but here, during ten months of

the year, we ſhiver while we admire. In ſummer the King conſtantly dines there; and adjoining it are three chambers, one within the other, peculiarly appropriated to his own uſe.

The firſt, which is a drawing-room of very moderate dimenſions, but elegant and adorned with a few paintings; unlike the generality of German rooms, has a chimney. Frederic, who prefers comfort to grandeur, has diſcovered that nothing can compenſate for the cheerful and vivifying influence of a fire. The body may indeed be completely warmed by the equal diffuſion of heat from a ſtove; but the mind, the temper, and the fancy, receive animation as well as heat, from the ſight of a blazing hearth. The King is too well read in Horace and in Tibullus, not to feel how claſſical a warmth is beſtowed by the "ligna ſuper foco." It is one of the many proofs that might be adduced, how ſuperior he is, in little, as well as in greater things, to the generality of German Princes,

Princes, who never *ſee* a fire, and are ſatisfied with *feeling* its operation. Near the chimney was placed a ſofa, very dirty, and much worn by the King's boots. Here he writes, reads, compoſes, and diſpatches buſineſs.

Next to it is the muſic-room; an amuſement of which Frederic, at every period of his life, has been fond. The flute was, for a long time, his favorite inſtrument; but he has, not without reluctance, been obliged to renounce this elegant gratification, on account of the weakneſs of his lungs; and he now performs on the harpſichord. A very fine one ſtood in the apartment; and on a large marble table, tumbled together in confuſion, lay Sonatas, petrefactions, and a variety of curioſities, mineral, metallic, and literary. Only one painting found place; a portrait of the Emperor Joſeph the Second, lately ſent from Vienna. He doubtleſs retains it there, as William the Third would have preſerved that of Louis the Fourteenth, or as Alexan-

der would have done that of Darius. To the Court of Vienna, Frederic looks with natural and unceaſing ſolicitude. He is neither lulled into ſecurity by treaties, nor deceived by proteſtations Conſcious that the Auſtrian Cabinet will ſeize the firſt occaſion of regaining Sileſia, and of humbling the family of Brandenburgh, he keeps his antagoniſt conſtantly before his eyes.

In the third and innermoſt chamber, his Majeſty ſleeps: but, on firſt entering it, the preciſe place is not eaſily diſcoverable; a large receſs, gilded and deſigned for a bed of ſtate, remaining unoccupied. Behind a ſcreen, in one corner of the room, on a little camp bed, or rather couch, ſcarcely three feet wide, he conſtantly repoſes. The whole furniture, as well as the ſcreen itſelf, are of pale blue ſatin, and at the foot is an alarum clock. Accuſtomed to a military life, and inured to hardſhips, he prefers this bed to one of a larger ſize. In the gardens, almoſt cloſe to the palace, is the gallery of paintings that

that he has conſtructed: the walls, as well as the floor of which, are entirely incruſted with marble. Though the collection can neither compare in magnitude, with that of Dreſden, or of Duſſeldorf, it contains many valuable pieces, Italian and Flemiſh. He uſually paſſes an hour or more there almoſt every day, when not prevented by more important occupations. Vanderwerff and Rubens are his favorite maſters.

I drove about a mile through the gardens of "Sans Souci," to the new palace; a magnificent ſtructure erected by the King ſince the concluſion of the peace of Hubertſburg in 1763, and only finiſhed a few years ago. The front is grand, and the ſtyle noble, but capricious and ſingular; differing in ſome points from the commonly eſtabliſhed rules of architecture. After contemplating its vaſt extent, its ſuperb furniture, its numerous apartments, capable of lodging the whole Royal Family, together with their attendants; we only lament

his captives. The air, which I am now breathing, ſeems lighter than in Brandenburgh, the human face more cheerful, the animal man more happy, and the aſpect of nature itſelf more grateful. I quitted the dominions of Frederic, penetrated with admiration of his talents, his victories, and his achievements: but, with ſentiments ſuch as we experience on leaving a magnificent caſtle, ſurrounded with moats and battlements, where emblems of reſtraint continually force themſelves on the eye, or the imagination. After my departure from Potzdam, I reached the Saxon frontiers in a few hours; for the diſtance is very inconſiderable. Not only the ſoil becomes fertile, but the cultivation is better; and an air of plenty, mixed with content, is viſible in every countenance, on entering the territories of Saxony. It is impoſſible to expreſs how pleaſing is the effect of this change, on the mind.

LETTER VIII.

Poſition of Dreſden, local and political—Conduct of the King of Pruſſia, towards the Saxons, in the laſt war.—The Court.—Change, ſince the Death of Auguſtus the Third.—Saxon Women.—Prince Charles of Saxony.—Story of the Apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe, raiſed by Schrepfer.—Reflections on it.—Death of Schrepfer.

DRESDEN, *November* 23, 1777.

IT is difficult to imagine a greater tranſition, than from the Pruſſian, to the Saxon dominions; or a contraſt more ſtriking, than is preſented by Berlin and Dreſden. I am charmed with this city; with its environs, with its ſociety, and with its general aſpect. The ſandy plains of Brandenburgh are here exchanged for a rich, finely undulated, and populous country, covered with marks of opulence, induſtry, and freedom. Inſtead of the

the melancholy and deſerted magnificence of Berlin, we find a ſmaller capital, leſs regular in its conſtruction; but cheerful, elegant, and in a ſituation the moſt picturesque. It retains indeed, in many parts, the frightful veſtiges of bombardments, conflagrations, and ravages, principally inflicted by Frederic, during the courſe of the late war. Never, perhaps, was any ſituation, politically conſidered, more unfortunate. All the local or phyſical advantages which the Saxon capital enjoys, are dearly purchaſed by its expoſed poſition. Placed between two great rival powers, who are perpetually contending for ſuperiority, the Elector is under a neceſſity on every rupture, of joining one or the other. If, as in the late war, he allies with Auſtria; his dominions, nay his capital and his palaces, are occupied, burnt, and demoliſhed by the Pruſſians. Auguſtus the Third, King of Poland, grandfather to the preſent Elector, experienced this truth in its full extent.

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Driven from Dreſden, he paſſed moſt of the concluding years of his reign, in a ſort of inglorious exile from his paternal dominions, at Warſaw, among his elective ſubjects, the Poles. Does he take part againſt the Court of Vienna? He is, if poſſible, expoſed to greater calamities. The Bohemian frontiers are ſcarcely four leagues diſtant; and a body of Croats, or Pandours, ſecretly detached by the enemy, may carry off the Elector himſelf, if he venture to take the diverſion of hunting at Moritzburg, or at Pilnitz, two of his palaces in the vicinity of Dreſden.

Yet, under all theſe diſadvantages, in the ſhort time which has elapſed ſince the concluſion of the late peace; ſuch are the inherent ſuperiorities of the ſoil of Saxony, ſuch the induſtry of its inhabitants, and ſuch the wiſdom, economy, and benignity of the preſent Government, that, except in Dreſden itſelf, I ſee few marks of misfortune. Frederic's Generals, from neceſſity more than inclination, were reduced

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to burn the ſuburbs in 1758; but he directed his bombs againſt the fineſt public edifices, during the ſiege in 1760. Animated by perſonal reſentment towards Count Bruhl, firſt miniſter and favorite of Auguſtus the Third, to whoſe influence and counſels he attributed the hoſtile part taken by his maſter; the King deſcended to manifeſt his indignation againſt that nobleman, in a manner unworthy of ſo great a Prince. He not only deſtroyed Count Bruhl's palaces; but even cauſed, it is ſaid, the pavilions and ſtatues in his gardens, to be mutilated or defaced: a ſtate in which many of them ſtill remain at this hour. Such a revenge, if true, reſembles more the impotent fury of Cambyſes, or of Caracalla, than the dignified reſentment which ſhould characterize a Sovereign, by whom the arts have been always cheriſhed. His enemies by no means retaliated with equal ſeverity on Berlin, or on Potzdam, of both which, for a ſhort time, they were repeatedly maſters;

maſters; and which, though they plundered and ranſomed, they neither defaced, nor demoliſhed. During the winter of 1756, when Frederic occupied Dreſden, he was accuſtomed to paſs much of his leiſure in the celebrated gallery of paintings conſtructed by Auguſtus the Third. It is by far the fineſt collection of that nature, in the north of Europe, and does honor to the taſte as well as magnificence, of the late King of Poland. I confeſs however, that I am leſs ſtruck with the "Notté" of Corregio, oppoſite to which Frederic uſed to cauſe his chair to be placed, than with many other pieces in the gallery.

Of the Saxon Court, though I have been preſented to the Elector, I am incompetent to ſpeak with information, from ſo ſhort a reſidence. A glance ſuffices, nevertheleſs, to ſhew that it ſcarcely retains any traces of the ſplendor, which characterized it under the reigns of Auguſtus the Second and Third. Thoſe Princes, in addition to their hereditary poſſeſſions, were by election Kings of Poland; and

Dresden, from the beginning of the present century, down to the year 1756, might vie with Paris itself in the arts of luxury. But, the accumulated calamities of war, under which Saxony groaned during more than six years, nearly extinguished industry, and impoverished every class of the people. The reigning Elector, economical, laborious, and neither attached to pleasure, nor to exhibitions of pomp, wisely represses every tendency to expence. Occupied meritoriously in recovering his dominions from the ravages of Frederic, no less than from the effect of the profusion of his predecessors; he gives no part of his revenues to mistresses, to dancers, to artists, or to public performers in any line.

When I recollect the descriptions left us of Dresden under Augustus the Second, by Lady Wortley Montagu, by Pollnitz, and by many other writers; I am tempted to think that I read of some other place. Entertainments, shews, and diversions, perpetually succeeding, to which strangers eagerly crowded from all the kingdoms of Europe,

Europe, rendered it at once the moſt amuſing and ſplendid Court in Germany. That Prince, whoſe bodily ſtrength equalled all that fable attributes to Ajax or to Theſeus, was formed to excel in manly exerciſes of every kind. Pleaſure, varied in a thouſand forms, ſeemed to conſtitute the only occupation of his reign. Banquets, or rather Bacchanalian Orgies, ſuch as the Regent Duke of Orleans, nearly at the ſame time, was accuſtomed to celebrate in the "Palais Royal," were continually held by Auguſtus. The moſt beautiful women of Poland and of Germany, allured by his liberality and munificence, ſtrove for the tranſitory poſſeſſion of his affections. It is in vain that you would now ſeek for beauty in the Saxon drawing-room. Except the Counteſs Loſs, I have not ſeen a ſingle woman of condition here, who has any pretenſions to be called handſome. Even Madame de Loſs, if critically examined, may rather be denominated elegant and pleaſing, than ſuperior in perſonal charms. If however, the upper ranks can furniſh ſo

few models for the painter, it by no means follows, that the ſex has degenerated within the laſt fifty years, in Saxony. Among the middle orders, and among the peaſants, the moſt charming figures are found; far ſuperior, in my opinion, to thoſe ordinarily ſeen in other parts of the German Empire. I have often been inclined to imagine, though it is perhaps ideal, that there is in the air, climate, and ſky of Dreſden and its environs, ſomething more favourable to beauty, than in Hanover, Brandenburgh, or Bavaria.

Among the Princes of the Electoral family to whom I have been preſented, Prince Charles, uncle to the reigning Elector, claims particular notice. He is here commonly denominated Duke of Courland, the States of that Dutchy having choſen him for their Sovereign, by the influence and protection of Elizabeth, late Empreſs of Ruſſia; as his uncle, the famous Marſhal Saxe, had been, at an earlier period of the preſent century. With that Princeſs's reign expired his tranſitory elevation; and

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the exiled Duke Biren, recalled by Peter the Third from Siberia, reſumed his ſuſpended rights. Prince Charles of Saxony is not only elegant in his perſon and manners; but, highly amiable and accompliſhed. He and the Princeſs his wife, who was a Poliſh lady of the family of Craſinſky, inhabit the palace here in Dreſden, which belonged to the late Chevalier de Saxe his uncle, one of the many natural ſons of Auguſtus the Second.

In the great gallery, where I was preſented to Prince Charles three days ſince, was performed the memorable ſcene of raiſing the apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe. Never, perhaps, was a more impudent, or a more ſucceſsful experiment tried upon human weakneſs and credulity. As it happened only about four years ago, and as many perſons of the firſt rank and conſideration in this country were preſent, the principal circumſtances attending it, are well known and remembered. But, the ridicule which has attached to it, and the marked diſapprobation expreſſed by the

Elector towards any repetition of ſuch experiments, render all thoſe who witneſſed it extremely ſhy of relating the tranſaction. It was not without difficulty, after repeated ſolicitation, that I obtained from one of the gentlemen who aſſiſted at it, the recital which I am about to make. He is a man of ſenſe, courage, and intelligence. I ſuppreſs his name; but, you may form from it ſome eſtimate of the human mind in this part of Europe; which in many reſpects, is certainly more open to ſuperſtitious impreſſions, than with us. The Germans, almoſt univerſally, even thoſe of the ſoundeſt and moſt cultivated underſtandings, believe in the exiſtence of familiar ſpirits; in whoſe train follow witches, ghoſts, and the whole family of inviſible agents. If however, we incline to conſider ſuch weakneſs with pity or contempt, we ſhould recollect, that ſimilar proofs of human infirmity have been given by turns, in every European capital. The miracles, performed in the church-yard of St. Medard, at Paris, under Louis the Fifteenth's reign,

reign, which were only terminated by the royal interpoſition, are not yet forgotten. Scarcely fifteen years, I believe, are elapſed, ſince London had its "Chevalier de Saxe," in the memorable Cock-Lane ghoſt.

"The man who here exhibited ſo extraordinary a proof of his art; for ſuch it muſt, in every caſe, be eſteemed; was a perſon of the name of Schrepfer, who originally reſided at Leipſic, of which city he was a native, and where he kept a coffee-houſe. But, his buſineſs not producing him either as much profit, or as much diſtinction as he aſpired to poſſeſs, he pretended to ſtudy magic, and to have acquired many ſecrets connected with that imaginary ſcience. He boldly aſſerted that he had intercourſe with, and a control over ſpirits, whom he could ſummon, command, and cauſe to diſappear, if not altogether at his pleaſure, yet by the force of his invocations. Theſe agents he had the ingenuity and effrontery to divide into three claſſes, the friendly, the evil, and the neutral; all of whom he

knew how to diſtinguiſh at their approach, or on their appearance, by the noiſes which preceded and attended them. Whenever he affected to exert his magical powers, he always began by calling to his aſſiſtance the benevolent ſpirits; in order, as he ſaid, to defend him againſt the attacks of the malignant ones. Pretenſions ſo extraordinary, ſuſtained by ſome exhibitions which impreſſed the ſpectators with aſtoniſhment, ſoon procured him no little reputation.

Schrepfer, about this time, while he ſtill reſided at Leipſic, had given offence to Prince Charles of Saxony, by expreſſions relative to him, of an unbecoming or inſolent nature. The Prince irritated at ſuch conduct, ordered an officer belonging to his houſehold to repair to Leipſic, and there to inflict on Schrepfer, in his name, perſonal chaſtiſement. His orders were exactly executed: but Schrepfer, though he made no other reſiſtance, running into a corner of the room, threw himſelf on his knees, and loudly invoked his inviſible allies to come to his aſſiſtance. Their viſible appearance

pearance or interpoſition, were however unneceſſary, in order to reſcue him from violence: the officer, it is aſſerted, having been ſo much alarmed at the invocation and its poſſible conſequences, as to quit the chamber with precipitation.

A circumſtance of ſuch notoriety, as well as ſo degrading in itſelf to Schrepfer, induced him to leave Leipſic. After an abſence of ſome time, he appeared at Dreſden, where he aſſumed a fictitious name, and announced that he was a colonel in the ſervice of France. In that quality he even made an attempt to be preſented to the Elector; but Monſieur de Marbois, who acted as Chargé d'Affaires in the abſence of the French envoy, refuſed to carry him to Court. His real name ſoon became known; and his pretences to ſkill in magic attracting many followers, his reputation ſpeedily reached Prince Charles. It was accompanied with ſuch extraordinary accounts of Schrepfer's powers, as to induce that Prince to make every exertion for obliterating the recollection of the indignity lately offered him.

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As a ſtep towards it, he did not heſitate to go in perſon to the "Hôtel de Pologne," an inn where Schrepfer lodged; and in preſence of various witneſſes, to aſk his pardon for the blows given him, as well as to offer every amends that the nature of the affront admitted. Schrepfer, flattered by ſuch a condeſcenſion, having accepted the apologies, the Prince then requeſted to ſee ſome proofs of his ſupernatural art. It is pretended that he exhibited many; all of which only tended to augment the Prince's admiration, and to ſtimulate his curioſity for further ſpecimens.

But, the moſt difficult operation of magic in all ages, has been to raiſe departed ſpirits from the tomb; a prodigy which Schrepfer made no ſecret of his ability to perform. Prince Charles having earneſtly, as well as repeatedly beſought it; after many refuſals, real or affected, obtained at length a reluctant promiſe to preſent before his eyes an apparition; for Schrepfer artfully profeſſed the greateſt repugnance and diſinclination to the act, as being perilous to himſelf; and

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attended with various circumſtances of horror. It only remained therefore, to fix on the ſpirit to be ſummoned. After long conſideration the Chevalier de Saxe was named, and Schrepfer undertook to produce his ghoſt before a ſelect company. The place choſen for the experiment, was Prince Charles's Palace in Dreſden. But, as it was well known that the Elector having the misfortune to be neither credulous, nor inclined to permit ſuch exhibitions in his capital, might diſapprove and prohibit it, the ſtricteſt ſecrecy was obſerved previous to the affair.

The Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth, among the natural ſons of Auguſtus the Second, King of Poland, was only half brother to the famous Marſhal Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his, who was a Princeſs Lubomirſka, of a very illuſtrious Poliſh family, the Chevalier inherited conſiderable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He reſided principally in Dreſden, and died only a few

a few years ago, at his palace in this city; which his nephew Prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his deceaſe. In addition to his maternal eſtates, the Chevalier poſſeſſed a vaſt income from his military and other appointments in the Electoral ſervice; and as he left no iſſue, he was ſuppoſed to have amaſſed great ſums. Reports had been circulated, that money was concealed in the palace; but no one pretended to aſcertain the preciſe place where it was depoſited. If his ſpirit could be compelled to appear, that intereſting ſecret might be extorted from him. Thus curioſity combining with avarice, or at leaſt with the hope of diſcovering a conſiderable treaſure, prompted Prince Charles to name his uncle, as the object of the experiment.

On the appointed night; for Schrepfer naturally preferred darkneſs, as not only more private in itſelf, but better calculated for the effect of incantations; the company aſſembled. They were nineteen in number, of whom I perſonally know ſeveral,

ſeveral, who are perſons of conſideration, character, and reſpectability. When they were met in the great gallery of the palace, the firſt object of all preſent was to ſecure the windows and doors; in order equally to prevent intruſion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did ſo; and were ſatisfied that nothing except violence could procure acceſs or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform, would demand all their firmneſs; and adviſed them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them, (indeed, as I believe, all except one or two,) thinking the exhortation judicious, very readily followed it; but, the gentleman from whom I received theſe particulars, declined to profit by the advice. "I am come here," ſaid he to Schrepfer, "to be preſent at raiſing an apparition. "Either I will ſee all, or nothing. My "reſolution is taken, and no inducement can "make me put any thing within my lips."

Another

Another of the company, who preſerved his preſence of mind, placed himſelf cloſe to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or force it. Theſe preparatory ſteps being taken, the great work began with the utmoſt ſolemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it, by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where kneeling down, with many myſterious ceremonies he invoked the ſpirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid; for it is allowed that none were ever viſible. A very conſiderable time elapſed before they obeyed; during which interval, he laboured apparently under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent ſweat, and almoſt in convulſions, like the Pythoneſs of antiquity. At length, a loud clatter was heard at all the windows on the outſide; which was ſoon followed by another noiſe, reſembling more the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glaſſes, than any thing elſe to which it

could well be compared. This ſound announced, as he ſaid, the arrival of his good or protecting ſpirits, and ſeemed to encourage him to proceed. A ſhort time afterwards a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unuſual nature, which came, he declared, from the malignant ſpirits, whoſe preſence, as it ſeems, was neceſſary and indiſpenſable to the completion of the cataſtrophe.

The company were now, at leaſt the greater part, electrified with amazement, or petrified with horror; and of courſe fully prepared for every object which could be preſented to them. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door ſuddenly opened with violence, and ſomething that reſembled a black ball or globe, rolled into the room. It was inveſted with ſmoke or cloud, in the midſt of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe; much in the ſame way, it would ſeem, that Corregio or Hannibal Carrache have repreſented Jupiter appearing to Semelé. From this form iſſued a loud

loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, "Carl, was wolte du mit mich?" "Charles, what wouldſt thou with me? "Why doſt thou diſturb me?"

Language, as may be ſuppoſed, can ill deſcribe the conſternation produced among the ſpectators at ſuch a ſight. Either firmly perſuaded that the appearance which they beheld, was ſpiritual and intangible; or deprived of reſolution to approach and attempt to ſeize it; they appear to have made no effort to ſatisfy themſelves of its incorporeal nature. The Prince, whoſe impious curioſity had ſummoned his uncle's ghoſt, and to whom, as the perſon principally reſponſible, the ſpectre addreſſed itſelf; far from manifeſting coolneſs, or attempting reply, betrayed the ſtrongeſt marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himſelf on his knees, he called on God for mercy; while others of the terrified party earneſtly beſought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art for which they now were anxious, by diſmiſſing the appa-

rition.

rition. But Schrepfer, though apparently willing, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, abſurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the perſons who witneſſed the ſcene, proteſt that near an hour elapſed, before, by the force of his invocations, the ſpectre could be compelled to diſappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had ſucceeded in diſmiſſing it; at the moment that the company began to reſume a degree of ſerenity, the door, which had been cloſed, burſt open again, and the ſame hideous form preſented itſelf anew to their eyes. The moſt reſolute and collected among them, were not proof to its ſecond appearance, and a ſcene of univerſal diſmay enſued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorciſms or exertions, finally diſmiſſed the apparition. The terrified ſpectators ſoon diſperſed, overcome with amazement, and fully ſatisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's ſupernatural powers.

Having thus related as ſeriouſly and circumſtantially as I am able, the principal

facts relative to the affair in queſtion, it is natural to aſk my own opinion of the ſtory; and to demand whether I can explain or account for it in any rational manner. To ſuch inquiries I muſt frankly reply, that I can neither give any ſatisfactory ſolution of it, nor have I heard any attempted, except the obvious one of human credulity and terror, operated upon by impoſture and deception. But, the manner in which ſo wonderful an illuſion was produced, I am, in common with every perſon here, at a loſs to underſtand. I believe, no one has yet clearly explained how the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood is performed; though, out of Naples, I imagine few perſons attribute it to miraculous or ſupernatural interpoſition. We know from experience, how prodigious are the deceptions practiſed in and upon optics. Nineteen men, met together for the avowed purpoſe of ſeeing an apparition, and believing that it is in human power to render a departed ſpirit viſible, are already half ſubdued to any thing, however groſs. Night, darkneſs, and

and the impoſing ſolemnity of magic invocations, bereave the ſtrongeſt minds of their ſelf-poſſeſſion. A bold and artful impoſtor might then trample on their reaſon, and preſent to their eyes ſome hideous figure properly accoutred for the occaſion. It muſt, however, always excite ſome aſtoniſhment and more regret, that among near twenty perſons, not one ſhould have endeavoured to lay hands on the ſpectre. Its ſecond appearance is likewiſe a circumſtance very difficult to account for, as it was unneceſſary in order to produce conviction, which had been fully effected. That it was a deception, no man of ſound underſtanding will doubt; but how it was managed or produced, the perſons who were duped, have not yet diſcovered. They are all, or nearly all, ſtill alive in this country, and they by no means boaſt of their adventure, or derive from it any ſort of vanity. On the contrary, independent of the ridicule, they all feel and expreſs the utmoſt repugnance to relating, or even recollecting

a ſcene, which has impreſſed on their imagination ſo much horror. Their friends dread and deprecate a renewal of the images then preſented to thoſe who were preſent; and a lady earneſtly beſought of me, not to preſs her huſband on a ſubject, of which he could never think or converſe without paſſing a ſleepleſs night. We muſt be content therefore to reſolve it into German credulity or ſuperſtition, and congratulate ourſelves on our ſuperiority to ſuch puerile terrors.

The ſtory no ſooner ſpread through Dreſden, than the Elector expreſſed his diſapprobation of ſuch ſcenes, and his peremptory injunctions not to repeat them. Schrepfer ſoon retired to his native city, Leipſic; where his fame accompanied him, and drew after him a crowd of diſciples or votaries. To them he continued to give, as is confidently aſſerted here, numerous and aſtoniſhing proofs of his ſupernatural power, ſome of which I have heard related; but after the ſpecimen that I have detailed,

detailed, all others would be at once tedious and ſuperfluous. Schrepfer did not long enjoy his celebrity, and his death is not the leaſt extraordinary part of his hiſtory. Three gentlemen, whom he had in ſome meaſure initiated into his myſteries; for he profeſſed to inſtruct in the ſcience of magic; were promiſed by him an exhibition more wonderful than any at which they had yet aſſiſted. For this purpoſe they attended him into the wood of Roſendaal, which is at a ſmall diſtance without the gates of Leipſic. It was in ſummer, before the ſun roſe, between three and four o'clock in the morning. When they came to a certain part of the grove, he deſired them to ſtay a little, while he went on one ſide, to make the requiſite invocations. After waiting a few minutes, they heard the report of a piſtol. Running to the ſpot, they found that he had ſhot himſelf, and was already without ſenſe. He ſoon afterwards expired. All thoſe who believe him to have had intercourſe with evil ſpirits, affirm that he was tor-

mented by them perpetually, which rendering his life miſerable, induced him to have recourſe to a piſtol. I imagine however, you will think with Horace, that it is not neceſſary to call in ſupernatural interference, in order to account for the violent end of ſuch a man. He has left behind him many proſelytes; but, I believe, no one who pretends to equal knowledge of his ſecrets.

It is probable that my next letter will be from Prague, or from Vienna.

LETTER IX.

Journey from Dreſden, through Prague, to Vienna. —State of that Capital, and of the Imperial Court, at the cloſe of the year 1777.

VIENNA, *December* 20, 1777.

THREE weeks are nearly elapſed ſince I arrived in this city; but, before I enter on any thing connected with it, let me mention briefly ſome particulars of my journey through Bohemia. I left Dreſden with regret, on the 24th of November, at midnight, in the midſt of a heavy ſnow, and found myſelf at day-break, near the frontiers of Saxony. At a miſerable village among the mountains, called Peterſwalda, I entered the Auſtrian dominions: but ſuch was the ſeverity of the weather, and the depth of the ſnows, that it was with difficulty the carriage could proceed, or be prevented from overſetting. The road lay through defiles for ſeveral leagues, bounded

by precipices to the left, that overhang the river Elbe; and of which I could give you a deſcription, if it had not been already much better done many years ago, by Lady Wortley Montagu, when ſhe travelled the ſame road. I drove it, as ſhe did, by night; and neither the danger nor the difficulties are diminiſhed ſince her time. Paſſing through Lowoſitz, famous for the battle fought there in 1756, I got to Prague in about thirty-eight hours after leaving Dreſden.

My ſtay was much too ſhort to allow me, if I had the inclination, to give you any accurate deſcription of Prague. The ſituation is wild and romantic; the city large, but not cheerful, except in thoſe parts that lie on the banks of the river Moldaw, by which it is interſected. Prague is, in fact, only the deſerted capital of a dependant kingdom, loſt among the numerous and widely ſcattered provinces of the Houſe of Auſtria. Its poſſeſſion has been diſputed in almoſt every age; and the ground on

all

all ſides, like that of Troy in antiquity, as marked out by battles, which render it claſſic in the hiſtory of Germany. But, they have not the ſame celebrity; *carent quia vate ſacro.* On my journey through Bohemia, Moravia, and Upper Auſtria, I only ſtopped to change horſes, and arrived in this city on the 30th of November.

Two days ago I was preſented by Sir Robert Keith, to the Empreſs Queen, and afterwards to the Emperor Joſeph. Maria Thereſa received us in the deepeſt weeds, in a chamber hung with black velvet, on the third ſtory of the palace. She has neither worn any other dreſs, nor inhabited any other apartments, ſince the deceaſe of the late Emperor her huſband, more than twelve years ago. Her perſon retains no traces of her former beauty; but her manners are benign, gracious, and obliging. Over the doors of the room, I remarked the portraits of her grandfather Leopold, and of his deliverer, John Sobieſki, King of Poland. In compliance with the antient etiquette of the Imperial Court,

Court, ſhe is always alone, when ſhe gives audience to foreign Miniſters, as is likewiſe her ſon the Emperor.

This capital, in common with Germany, enjoys at preſent the moſt complete ſerenity; and all the pleaſures of the winter are already begun, among which thoſe of the table ſeem not to be forgotten. Prince Kaunitz, Prince Colloredo, and a number of the firſt Miniſters or Nobility, do the honors of Vienna to ſtrangers, with equal hoſpitality and magnificence. The Court is much enlivened by the preſence of the Archduchefs of Milan, and her huſband the Archduke Ferdinand, who are lately arrived here from Lombardy, on a viſit to the Empreſs Queen. Maria Thereſa, ſinking in years; divided between her religious obſervances, and her civil duties; occupied alternately in buſineſs of ſtate, and in exerciſes of devotion; hopes to paſs the evening of her ſtormy reign in peace, ſurrounded by her numerous family. She has lived to extinguiſh the long hereditary enmities between

between the Houſes of Bourbon and Auſtria. Three Princeſſes, her daughters, the Queens of France and Naples, and the Archduchefs of Parma, who ſealed the reconciliation by their reſpective marriages, form the beſt guarantees for its ſtability. On the ſide of Pruſſia, there appears to be no immediate, or obvious ſubject of apprehenſion. Ruſſia, if not in cloſe alliance with the cabinet of Vienna, at leaſt is not hoſtile; and the Turks are here conſidered rather as objects of plunder or conqueſt, than as capable of exciting alarm.

The Emperor, on his part, is not leſs fully occupied than his mother; but buſineſs ſeems to be his principal purſuit, and gratification. Emulous of Frederic, he wears like him a uniform on all occaſions, and manifeſts the warmeſt affection for his ſoldiery. Hunting is the only diverſion in which he indulges, unleſs we account travelling among the number of his amuſements; but even his travels are almoſt ſolely directed to objects of information. He has already,

accurately

accurately inſpected the far greater part of his own dominions; he is recently returned from France; and I am told, that he projects ſoon to viſit England.

Prince Kaunitz, firſt Miniſter of Maria Thereſa during three-and-twenty years, continues ſtill to guide the councils of his miſtreſs. To him is due the merit of terminating the quarrels between the Houſe of Auſtria and France, as the meaſure was peculiarly his own. Though he appears to paſs much of his time between his Manege, the ſociety which meets every evening at his palace, and the diverſion of billiards; yet he finds leiſure for directing all the complicated affairs of the Empreſs Queen, and poſſeſſes an almoſt unlimited authority. Like her, declined in years, he nevertheleſs appears to be freſh and vigorous.

Prince Colloredo, as Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, is the firſt Miniſter of Joſeph the Second in his Imperial capacity; but he is ſuppoſed to enjoy far leſs of the private confidence of his maſter, than Marſhal Lacy.

I hear

I hear little of Laudohn, who occupies ſo diſtinguiſhed a place in the eſteem of Frederic, and who performed ſuch eminent ſervices in the late war. Peace has reduced him to comparative inſignificance. In the perſonal affections of the Empreſs Queen, her daughter the Archduchеſs Chriſtina is believed to have no rival. Her huſband, Prince Albert of Saxony, is Governor of Hungary; but they do not the leſs reſide in Vienna during the greater part of the winter. Among the foreign Miniſters, the French Embaſſador alone ſeems to enjoy a marked conſideration. The cloſe connexion between this Court and that of Verſailles; added to the magnificence in which he lives, as repreſentative of Louis the Sixteenth; conduce to give the Baron de Breteuil a vaſt ſuperiority over every other member of the "Corps Diplomatique." It is no where more viſible than in the drawing-room of Prince Kaunitz himſelf.

Such are the outlines of the Court and Cabinet of Vienna at the cloſe of 1777, and

and ſuch the principal perſons who direct its movements. They will ſerve as land-marks, by which to enable you to form a judgment on the facts or events, which may occur during my ſtay here. In a ſhort time I ſhall write again.

LETTER X.

Death of the Elector of Bavaria.—Circumstances of his Illness.—Arrival of the Intelligence at Vienna.—Communication of it to the Empress Queen.—Her Conduct.—Seizure of Lower Bavaria by the Austrians.—Speculations upon the probable Consequences of that Event.

VIENNA, *January* 9, 1778.

I LITTLE imagined, when I concluded my last letter, and described to you the state of profound repose, which this Court and capital presented on my arrival, that it would be so soon disturbed. Every thing then seemed to announce a continuance of public tranquillity; but, the unexpected death of the Elector of Bavaria has shaken the foundations on which it rested, and may, not improbably, be the prelude to new scenes of contest between Austria and Prussia. Laudohn, who for several years has lived in obscurity, will perhaps be again opposed to Frederic in the field.

field. We have not yet recovered the aſtoniſhment into which this event has thrown us, and we are loſt in ſpeculations upon its poſſible conſequences. Before I enter further on ſo important a ſubject, let me relate to you the principal circumſtances which threaten to involve Germany, and perhaps Europe, in freſh calamities.

The late Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian Joſeph, was the ſon of that unfortunate Emperor, Charles the Seventh, who, after a ſhort and miſerable elevation to the Imperial dignity, ſaw himſelf driven from his hereditary dominions; and ſoon afterwards expired at Munich, under the accumulated weight of misfortunes and diſeaſes. It is he, whom Johnſon, in his tranſlation of the tenth Satire of Juvenal, has beautifully ſelected, as a conſpicuous proof of modern pre-eminence in rank and in wretchedneſs. You probably recollect the deſcription, which is one of the moſt animated ever drawn, and which the circumſtances of

the moment in which I am now writing, render peculiarly intereſting:

" The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
" Tries the dread ſummit of Cæſarean power;
" With unexpected legions burſts away,
" And ſees defenceleſs realms accept his ſway.
" Short ſway! Fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
" The Queen, the Beauty, ſets the world in arms."

It may indeed be accounted among the wonderful revolutions of the preſent age, that Maria Thereſa ſhould now retaliate preciſely in the ſame manner, upon the death of the *ſon*, the injuries which ſhe ſuſtained from the *father*. Already a very conſiderable portion of Bavaria has been ſeized on by her troops, and is incorporated with her dominions.

No event could have been more improbable, a few weeks ſince, than the deceaſe of the Elector of Bavaria; who was ſtill in the vigor of his age, about fifty years old, and of a ſtrong conſtitution. He had always entertained great apprehenſions of the ſmall-pox, which he never

had naturally caught, and which he had not, like Catharine the Second, the wiſdom and magnanimity to anticipate by inoculation. Every precaution was ineffectual for preſerving him from the attacks of that fatal diſtemper. A young lady of quality, Madame de Riva, who happened to be on a viſit at the Court of Munich, and who lodged in the Electoral palace, was ſeized with the ſmall-pox. The nature of her diſeaſe was carefully concealed from the Elector; but her grandfather having been with her at her bedſide, imprudently came immediately afterwards into the room where the Elector was engaged at billiards. He had hardly remained a few minutes there, when that Prince exclaimed, "Some perſon here has the ſmall-pox; I feel it!" Inſtantly throwing down the mace which he had in his hand, he retired to his apartment, and ſoon ſickened. Though the ſymptoms, from the beginning, were very alarming, yet it is highly probable, that under judicious management he might

might have ſurmounted the diſeaſe. But the Bavarian phyſicians, who are not yet ſkilled in the modern treatment of the ſmall-pox, adhered to the antient practice of warmth and the excluſion of freſh air. During ſome days before his deceaſe, no hopes of a favorable change were entertained; and the reſult ſufficiently proves that this Court was fully prepared for his diſſolution. He lay in a deplorable condition for the laſt forty-eight hours, his head ſwelled to a prodigious ſize, and his features hardly recognizable, from the malignant nature of the diſtemper. On the 30th of December, laſt Tueſday ſe'nnight, during the night, he expired; and Count Hartig, the Auſtrian Plenipotentiary at the Court of Bavaria, loſt not an inſtant in diſpatching a meſſenger to Prince Kaunitz, with the intelligence.

The Courier alighted at the houſe of the firſt Miniſter, about half paſt ſix o'clock, on the evening of the 1ſt of January; which is a day of Gala, and the only one

now obſerved as ſuch in the whole year. All the nobility and perſons of condition in Vienna, were then about to aſſemble in the great drawing-room of the palace, where the Empreſs Queen, the Emperor, and the Archducheſſes, her daughters, were preſent. Maria Thereſa ſat down to play; while the Emperor, who never touches cards, ſtood near her, engaged in converſation. I was preſent at an inconſiderable diſtance from them. Prince Kaunitz, having peruſed the diſpatch from Munich, acquainting him with the Elector's death, immediately repaired to the Imperial palace, with which his own communicates by a gallery. Unwilling to excite remarks, or to attract the public attention, he did not ſhew himſelf; but ſent in a perſon to inform the Emperor, that he was deſirous to impart to his Majeſty ſome intelligence of conſequence. That Prince, who was probably aware of the nature of the news, which could not be unexpected, withdrew; but returned in a few minutes,

and

and leaning over the table at which his mother was playing, he whiſpered ſome words in her ear. She inſtantly let fall the cards, and riſing up with evident marks of emotion, quitted the apartment. As this was ſudden, no one knew the cauſe; and the Empreſs's departure was ſo precipitate, as well as unforeſeen, that the Archducheſſes, her daughters, who were engaged each at a ſeparate card-table, remained for ſome moments in ignorance of her having left the room. When they were made acquainted with it, they likewiſe threw down their cards, and followed her. We all looked at each other in aſtoniſhment, conſcious that ſome event of moment had taken place, but uncertain of its nature. The Court broke up, and many conjectures were formed on the reaſons of the Empreſs's conduct. Next morning it was explained, by the news of the Elector of Bavaria's death, which became public.

That event muſt neceſſarily have been conſidered as inevitable, for ſome days previous

to its actually taking place; and the general meaſures to be purſued upon it, for ſecuring, or ſeizing on a part of the Bavarian ſucceſſion, were no doubt, as we muſt ſuppoſe, already ſettled in the Cabinet. I know however, from good authority, that on the night of the firſt of January, after the Empreſs Queen retired to her own apartments, a ſecret council was there held, conſiſting of herſelf, the Emperor, and Prince Kaunitz. Much difference of opinion, relative to the *extent* of territory to be claimed and occupied by the Auſtrian troops, then manifeſted itſelf. The firſt Miniſter having ſpread before their Majeſties a map of Bavaria, pointed out the portions of that Electorate, to which he conceived the pretenſions of Maria Thereſa might wiſely and juſtly be extended. The Emperor ſupported him with all his force, and urged that troops ſhould be inſtantly ſent to take poſſeſſion of the diſtricts in queſtion: but the Empreſs, become cautious from age, averſe to war, and perhaps not

not altogether ſatisfied in her mind of the juſtice of the claims about to be ſet up, appeared to be very undecided. She betrayed great agitation, often repeating with earneſtneſs in German, "In God's "name, only take what we have a right to "demand! I foreſee that it will end in war. "My wiſh is to end my days in peace."

Notwithſtanding the Empreſs's reluctance to the meaſure of ſeizing by force on any part of the Bavarian territories, it was finally adopted on that night, and has been ſince carried into execution with incredible celerity. General Langlois, and Count Clairfait, by orders from the Court, entered on the newly claimed diſtricts, without an hour's delay. They met, as might be ſuppoſed, with no reſiſtance from the Bavarian or Palatine Government; and are already in poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable tract of country. At the hour that I am writing, ſcarcely above a week after the reception of the news of the late Elector's death, we know here that the Imperial

Commiſſaries are occupied in numbering and marking the houſes, throughout all the villages of Lower Bavaria. Troops are pouring in, to ſuſtain thoſe which were ſent at firſt; and if no obſtacles of an unexpected nature ſhould ariſe, the whole transfer will be effected without ſhedding a drop of blood.

But, however tranquil affairs may be at preſent, in ſo early a ſtage of the buſineſs; we are naturally led to aſk, whether they can terminate in the ſame manner? Will the Elector Palatine, who is heir to the Duchy of Bavaria and to every part of the ſucceſſion, acquieſce in the claims of Maria Thereſa and Joſeph? Will his nephew and preſumptive ſucceſſor, the Duke of Deux-ponts, ſubmit to be thus deſpoiled of a country which he conſiders as his future inheritance? Will the Elector of Saxony, whoſe mother is ſiſter to the deceaſed Prince, and of courſe his allodial heir, take no intereſt in the affair? Even though all thoſe Princes, from political weakneſs, or from any other motives, ſhould tamely

allow themſelves to be plundered; can Pruſſia look on unconcerned, while his moſt formidable enemy aggrandizes himſelf, and extends his territories? Frederic, whoſe vigilance never intermits, will probably interfere ſooner or later, at leaſt by negotiation, if not by arms. What are the pretenſions of the Cabinet of Vienna? On what ſuppoſed right or exiſting treaty are they founded, and how large is their extent? On all theſe intereſting points, relative to which we are here at preſent completely ignorant, a ſhort time muſt enable us to form an opinion.

The late Elector of Bavaria, though an amiable, mild, and beneficent Prince, was deficient in vigor and energy of character. His facility of temper, added to the want of economy, produced numerous abuſes. Poſſeſſing neither ambition nor military talents, he manifeſted no wiſh to augment his political power; and inſtructed by his father's example, he only aſpired to maintain his dominions in peace. By the Electreſs his

his wife, who was a Princeſs of Saxony, daughter of Auguſtus the Third, he has left no iſſue, and in him expires the *Gulielmine* Line of the Palatine Houſe. As head of the *Rodolphine* Branch, the Elector Palatine ſucceeds to his territories; but the Electoral dignity becomes extinct. Charles Theodore, the new *Duke* of Bavaria, who has long ſince reached Munich, is a man of talents, a patron of all the fine arts, of letters, and of learning. But, the exigency of his ſituation demands vigor, deciſion, and reſources of character. We ſhall ſoon ſee whether he means to reſiſt, or to ſubmit to the Auſtrian claims: a queſtion which is here diſcuſſed in every ſociety, and which may ſoon agitate all Europe. In my next letter I ſhall probably be able to ſpeak more decidedly upon the ſubject.

LETTER XI.

Pacific Aſpect of Affairs.—Amuſements of the Court, and of Vienna.—Deſcription of a "Courſe des Traineaux."—Society of Vienna.—Beniowſky.—His Adventures, and Eſcape from Kamſchatka.

VIENNA, *January* 26th, 1778.

THE ſtorm which ſo lately threatened to overturn the repoſe of this country and of Europe, appears, if we credit every concurring account, to be paſt. We talk here of nothing except peace, and are only occupied with amuſements. The Elector Palatine has not merely ſubmitted to the demands of Maria Thereſa and Joſeph, but has even ratified them by a formal ſtipulation. Whether the deſire of tranquillity, his inability to reſiſt ſo powerful a competitor, or any more concealed motives of private intereſt, have induced him to relinquiſh ſo large and valuable a part of the Bavarian ſucceſſion, we are unacquainted. As he is however,

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like the late Elector, his predeceſſor, deſtitute of legitimate iſſue, it is neceſſary that the Duke of Deux-ponts, his preſumptive heir, ſhould likewiſe acquieſce in the Auſtrian claims. Relative to the King of Pruſſia, little concern ſeems to be expreſſed, and little ſerious oppoſition on his part is expected. The Cabinet of Vienna probably relies on his infirmities, his well-known reluctance to engage again in war, and his conſciouſneſs of the ſtate of preparation in which he would find the Houſe of Auſtria. Yeſterday, Prince Joſeph Lobkowitz ſet off for Munich, to inveſt the Elector Palatine with the order of "the "Golden Fleece," in the name of their Imperial Majeſties. It is a bad exchange for his captured provinces. Indeed, his whole conduct in the tranſaction has not tended to raiſe his character even here, for magnanimity or ſpirit. Lampoons are publickly circulated through Vienna, in which he is treated with great ſeverity.

While, by the rapid and ſucceſsful ſeizure of ſo conſiderabble a territory adjoining

joining to Upper Auſtria and Bohemia, the political power and dominions of Maria Thereſa are greatly and indefinitely augmented; Vienna preſents a ſcene of amuſement and feſtivity. Even the Court, which is not in general cheerful, has ſhaken off its formality, and relaxed ſomewhat of its gravity. To the preſence of the Archduchefs of Milan, we are indebted for ſo unuſual an exhibition of gaiety and magnificence. She is a very pleaſing and amiable Princeſs, an Italian, daughter and heireſs of the Duke of Modena. Her perſon is by no means beautiful, but her manners captivate univerſally. As ſhe loves diverſions, particularly dancing, the Empreſs, in compliment to her, permits balls to be given in the Imperial palace. All foreigners of condition are invited; and ſhe never fails to be preſent herſelf in perſon. But, the moſt ſingular, as well as ſplendid ſpectacle which I have witneſſed, is a "Courſe des Traineaux." Under the reigns of Charles the Sixth, and of the late

late Emperor Francis, they were common; but, Joſeph the Second neither likes the amuſement, nor the expence attending it, which is conſiderable. Several hundred carts are always employed on the preceding day, to bring ſnow into the city, and to ſcatter it through the principal ſtreets, as otherwiſe the ſledges could not be driven with eaſe or ſafety.

During the preſent month, we have already had two "Courſes des Traineaux," one by day, and the other by torch-light: the firſt of which exhibitions produced, in my opinion, infinitely the fineſt effect. The Empreſs Queen, accompanied by the Archducheſſes Maria and Chriſtina, repaired to Marſhal Haddock's houſe, in order to be a ſpectatreſs of them; the Emperor declining to take any active part in the amuſement. The Archducheſs of Milan, and her ſiſter-in-law the Archducheſs Elizabeth, whoſe ſledges were conducted by the Archdukes Ferdinand and Maximilian, led the way. More than thirty ſledges followed, drawn

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up one behind the other; in each of which was ſeated a lady, dreſſed in furs richly ornamented, and her head covered with a profuſion of jewels. Behind her ſtands the nobleman who drives, commonly as much decorated with diamonds as the lady. The ſledges themſelves, which form not the leaſt curious part of the ſight, are gilt and carved with great taſte, repreſenting the figures of dragons, ſerpents, peacocks, or monſters; and commonly coſt ſome thouſand florins. Before each, run footmen, or Heyduques, ſuperbly habited, carrying long poles in their hands. Even the horſes are quite obſcured under the multiplicity of trappings, plumes, and ornaments, with which they are loaded. The "Grand Ecuyer," or Maſter of the Horſe, always begins the proceſſion. In this order they drive with amazing velocity, through all the principal ſtreets and ſquares of the capital, for about two hours, and finiſh at the Imperial palace.

Vienna

Vienna offers beſides, gratifications to the mind, far ſuperior to any pleaſure that ſpectacles ſuch as theſe, however ſplendid, can afford. Many of the great nobility open their houſes, and ſeveral are conſtantly at home almoſt every evening. At Prince Kaunitz's, and at Prince Colloredo's, the company is particularly numerous. There, among General Officers, foreign Embaſſadors, prelates, ladies, and courtiers, are to be ſometimes found Laudohn, confeſſedly the firſt military commander of the preſent age; and though ſtill more rarely, Metaſtaſio, the moſt beautiful poet in his line, of this, or, perhaps, of any period. The Emperor not unfrequently preſents himſelf at thoſe aſſemblies. As he is never announced, and is accompanied only by a ſingle chamberlain, his entrance occaſions no confuſion; and it has happened to me to be for many minutes in the ſame room, before I have perceived him, ſtanding behind a chair, or mixed in the crowd.

crowd. He loves to converſe, and is extremely communicative. I heard him relate ſome of his adventures, when travelling through the Bannat of Tameſwaer and ſome parts of Sclavonia, only a few evenings ago, with equal vivacity and humour.

Among the ſingular characters which Vienna furniſhes at the preſent moment, is the celebrated Count Beniowſky. I meet him frequently in company, and have liſtened with admiration as well as entertainment to the recital of his adventures, which exceed in audacity every thing related of the Buccaneers in the laſt century, and have juſtly acquired him no ſmall reputation. He is by birth a Hungarian, of a noble extraction, and not above thirty-ſix years old. During the period of general tranquillity which ſucceeded to the peace of 1763, when Poland offered almoſt the only field in Europe for enterprize and military talents; Beniowſky, in common with many of his country-

men, joined the Poliſh confederates, who took up arms againſt Staniſlaus and his protectors, the Ruſſians. Their cauſe was unfortunate; the far greater number of thoſe who ventured to oppoſe the troops of Catharine, having periſhed by the ſword, or languiſhed out their lives in poverty, exile, and every variety of wretchedneſs.

Beniowſky being taken priſoner in one of the ſkirmiſhes, among the woods near the frontiers of Hungary and Poland, was driven, with a number of other captives, to the city of Kiow in the Ukraine. They were chained, as I have heard him declare, like wild beaſts, expoſed to all the viciſſitudes of heat and cold, the ſeverity of which were rendered more ſenſible by the want of cloaths, of food, and of cleanlineſs. Though incapacitated by his wounds from walking, except with the aſſiſtance of crutches, he was not the leſs compelled to perform the march on foot; ſubjected to blows, and every ſpecies of indignity, as well as cruelty. More than three-fourths

of

of the number expired on the road; and the ſurvivors, among whom was Beniowſky, were transferred from Kiow to Caſan. While there, he endeavored to excite an inſurrection againſt the Ruſſian Government, in which he failed. Having nevertheleſs effected his eſcape from Caſan, he reached Peterſburgh without being diſcovered; whence he projected to embark for ſome other part of Europe. He had even contracted for his paſſage in a Dutch ſhip, and was going on board; when, either by the treachery of the Captain, or by the vigilance of the police, he was ſeized and committed to priſon.

Catharine only liberated him from confinement, to ſend him into exile. After travelling many weeks in a covered ſledge, over a ſnowy waſte, ſurrounded by almoſt perpetual darkneſs, he arrived at Tobolſky in Siberia; where he learned that he was to be further ſent on to Kamſchatka. Near a year elapſed between his departure from Peterſburgh, and his arrival at that ſavage

and ſequeſtered extremity of the Ruſſian Empire. Having traverſed the immenſe portion of Aſia which ſeparates Siberia from Kamſchatka, he found on his arrival a number of exiles, ſome among whom had been his friends and companions. After receiving fire-arms, they were ordered to provide their own ſubſiſtence, and likewiſe to furniſh a certain number of furs and ſables for the uſe of the Empreſs; thoſe articles conſtituting the principal ſources of her revenue.

Unſubdued by the nature of his ſituation, which ſeemed to preclude hope, as well as aſſiſtance, Beniowſky conceived the daring project of firſt liberating himſelf, and then of eſcaping from the dominions of Catharine. Having concerted meaſures for the purpoſe with his companions, who offered to follow and to periſh with him, they attacked the Ruſſian guard, and put them to the ſword. Without loſing an inſtant, Beniowſky marched againſt the fort, entered it, and cut to pieces the garriſon, together

together with the governor himſelf, after a deſperate reſiſtance. They then ſeized on all the furs in the public magazines, which they put on board a veſſel, conſtructed for the purpoſe of making diſcoveries among the Archipelago that is ſcattered in the unknown ocean between Aſia and America. Accompanied by near a hundred of his followers, he ſet ſail, deſtitute of almoſt any means except deſpair, for navigating through latitudes equally inclement, as they are unexplored by navigators.

In the courſe of his voyage, Beniowſky had to encounter every calamity by which human nature could be aſſailed. Famine, ſickneſs, mutiny, tempeſt, and ſhipwreck, threatened by turns to terminate his romantic life and adventures. After vainly attempting to navigate north, by the Frozen Ocean that ſurrounds the Pole, he ſtood to the ſouth; reached, he pretends, ſome of the iſlands of Japan; and was hoſpitably received by the natives. In the iſland of Formoſa, rendered famous by the pretended

Hiſtory of Pſalmanaſar, where he likewiſe landed; he entered (I cannot clearly underſtand on what pretence,) into hoſtilities with the natives, which were productive of very ſanguinary conſequences. He finally entered the river of Macao in China, whence he returned to Europe. It is impoſſible to contemplate ſuch an enterprize, without a mixture of aſtoniſhment and admiration, mixed with incredulity. The expedition of the Argonauts, ſo celebrated in antiquity, the chiefs of which were raiſed by poſterity to almoſt divine honors; cannot bear the ſmalleſt compariſon in real danger or difficulty, with Beniowſky's navigation. Columbus himſelf had not greater impediments with which to ſtruggle, from the fears, the inſubordination, and the ſuperſtition of his followers, who were many times about to ſeize and to maſſacre him.

The French Cabinet, which under the late reign, during the period when it was governed by the Duke de Choiſeul, had originally protected and even aided the

Poliſh

Poliſh confederates, extended its notice to Beniowſky. Deeply impreſſed with his aſtoniſhing courage and ſucceſs, the Duke d'Aiguillon, Choiſeul's ſucceſſor, not only cauſed him to be graciouſly received in France, where he landed on his return to Europe; but has ſince conferred on Beniowſky various military, pecuniary, and honorary marks of the bounty of the Crown. This extraordinary adventurer was ſoon afterwards ſent out to Madagaſcar, a part of the globe to which the Cabinet of Verſailles has long directed its attention; and with the interior, as well as productions of which country, they are far better acquainted than ourſelves, or any European nation. I am aſſured that he has already rendered to Louis the Sixteenth very important ſervices there; and it is imagined that he will be again diſpatched thither, to inveſtigate more minutely the reſources, commercial and political, of that unknown and extenſive iſland. He is at preſent on a viſit here to his native country, where

his ſurprizing adventures and deſperate atchievements have ſecured him the moſt flattering reception. People of every rank, crowd round him to hear the ſtory of his eſcape, which he recounts with a coldneſs, and even phlegm, that encreaſes its effect.

The lineaments of his countenance correſpond wonderfully with his atchievements; and his whole figure, which is robuſt and vigorous, conveys the idea of determined intrepidity. During his campaigns in Poland, he received numerous wounds; particularly one in the haunch, which has much diſabled him from exertions of activity. When he repoſes his body on the wounded ſide, which is greatly contracted in conſequence of the muſcles having been interſected, he appears of a middle ſize. But, when he riſes on the other leg, he ſuddenly becomes near ſix feet in height. It is ſuppoſed that his ſtay here will not be long, and that he means ſoon to return to France, in the military ſervice of which Crown he is engaged. Should he ever by

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any accident fall into the hands of the Ruſſians, Catharine would probably offer him up as a victim, to the number of her ſubjects whom Beniowſky put to death. But, of ſuch an event there ſeems little or no probability.

In my next, I may perhaps be able to conjecture with more aſſurance, as to the certainty of peace. At this moment, every thing beſpeaks a continuance of tranquillity.

LETTER XII.

Hoſtile Remonſtrances of Pruſſia, reſpecting the Bavarian Succeſſion.—Anecdotes of Marſhal Lacy.—Anecdotes of General Laudohn.

VIENNA, *February* 16th, 1778.

SINCE I wrote laſt, the political ſky is again become dark, and ſeems to portend a tempeſt, though perhaps it may not be immediate. The flattering indications of peace, if not vaniſhed, are at leaſt obſcured; and Bavaria, it appears, may yet involve the Empire in war. Reſiſtance is not however, expected from the Cabinet of Munich, nor from that of Manheim. On the contrary, we know that the Elector Palatine, Duke of Bavaria, has already ſigned a treaty with this Court, by which he completely cedes the conteſted diſtricts to Maria Thereſa. But, from another quarter, very ſtrong oppoſition has ariſen. The Duke of Deux-ponts, far from acquieſcing in the

the renunciations of the Elector, his uncle, has had a confidential interview at Potzdam with Frederic, for the purpose of effectually opposing any dismemberment of his future inheritance. All the allodial, or personal property of the deceased Elector of Bavaria, is claimed by his sister, the Electress Dowager of Saxony.

Their joint reclamations might, nevertheless, be unavailing, if Prussia could be induced to remain passive. But, however averse he may be to war, the King has manifested his resolution not to permit so vast an incorporation of territory to be effected, without remonstrance. He has already united himself with Saxony, taken the troops of the Elector into his pay, and sent reiterated memorials to Prince Kaunitz, stating the injustice of the pretensions of the Imperial Court. No symptoms however of a disposition to yield, or even to concede, are visible here. The language held by Austria, is high, firm, and almost indignant. If we may believe re-

port, or form a judgment from appearances, the Emperor deſires a rupture rather than an accommodation. Never was the Houſe of Auſtria in better preparation for war. Artillery, troops, finances, all are ready on the ſhorteſt notice. They reckon likewiſe on Frederic's age, on his inabilities of body, and reluctance to commit his fame, as well as his acquiſitions, to hazard. Perhaps, they reaſon well. At all events, it is curious to contraſt the conduct of the ſame Prince in 1741, with his preſent line of action in 1778. He began his reign by attacking Maria Thereſa, without provocation; by burſting in upon Sileſia, and overturning the tranquillity of Germany, in order to aggrandize his dominions. In the evening of life, deſirous of peace, he ſlowly rouſes himſelf from repoſe; remonſtrates, inſtead of marching into Bohemia; and preſents himſelf as a barrier againſt the Imperial ambition, which menaces the independance, as well as the integrity, of the Germanic Syſtem.

Already

Already various regiments, particularly ſeveral of cavalry, are under orders to march towards Bohemia and Moravia. Thoſe of Lacy, and of Joſeph Colloredo, are arrived here, in their way to Prague or to Olmutz. No one doubts, that if a war ſhould eventually take place, the Emperor means to ſerve in perſon; but, the principal conduct of the campaign would be probably committed to the "duo Fulmina Belli," Marſhal Lacy, and General Laudohn. If we except the King of Pruſſia, and Prince Henry his brother; they may be juſtly accounted the greateſt commanders of the preſent century, in their different lines. The Empreſs Queen is fortunate in being able to entruſt her cauſe to ſuch leaders. With Marſhal Lacy I have the honor to be acquainted, and to meet him ſometimes in private ſociety. He is now approaching towards his ſixtieth year; but, it is impoſſible not to perceive, that when young, he muſt have been very handſome. In his perſon he is tall and thin; his complexion ſallow, and his features

features ſmall. He has the figure, deportment, and manners of a man of quality; but, there is in them ſtill more of the courtier and the gentleman, than of the ſoldier. Grave, and ſomewhat diſtant on firſt acquaintance, he becomes afterwards pleaſing and communicative. He ſpeaks French with equal eaſe and elegance; entertains magnificently, and his table is ſerved with no leſs delicacy than profuſion. Though now advancing faſt to old age, he preſerves a youthful appearance; and though he has been ſix times wounded by muſket-balls, he enjoys perfect health; all the bullets having been extracted, without injury to his conſtitution. In his youth, he ſacrificed to pleaſure and diſſipation; but at preſent he lives retired, mixes little with the gay world, and paſſes the evening of an active life, in the enjoyment of a dignified repoſe. Poſſeſſed of an immenſe fortune, partly tranſmitted to him by deſcent, and partly acquired in the courſe of long and honorable ſervice; he uſes it

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as one, who, while he knows the value of riches, is nevertheleſs ſuperior to them. Of an elevated mind, above the little arts of intrigue, or of Court cabal; he is not leſs reſpected than beloved, by the Sovereigns whom he ſerves.

Lacy is by no means, like Laudohn, a ſoldier of fortune, though he has riſen by his talents. His extraction and family are Iriſh, but he was born in Ruſſia. Son of the famous Marſhal Lacy, who, in conjunction with Munich, commanded the Muſcovite armies againſt the Turks, and obtained ſo many victories over them in the laſt years of the Empreſs Anne; it was in that great ſchool he firſt learnt the art of war. I have heard him ſay, that his father ſent him to ſtudy at Lignitz in Sileſia, and afterwards at Vienna. In 1740, about the time of Maria Thereſa's acceſſion, he entered the Auſtrian ſervice, as an Enſign in the regiment of Count Brown, afterwards Marſhal Brown, who was killed at the battle of Prague. Having diſtinguiſhed himſelf by

by a thouſand acts of perſonal courage, activity, and ability, he roſe ſo rapidly to the rank of Major, that at the commencement of the war of 1756, he was already a Colonel, and ſoon became Major-General. But, to Daun's protection and friendſhip, he was principally indebted for his elevation: a patronage which Lacy repaid by the moſt eſſential ſervices. Daun always had recourſe to him when under embarraſſments, and Lacy conſtantly urged the Marſhal to meaſures of deciſion. I have already ſpoken elſewhere, of Finck's ſurrender at Maxen, and of the retreat from Torgau; on both which occaſions, Lacy acquired immortal honor. He has been accuſed of not advancing to Laudohn's aſſiſtance, when that General was beaten by Frederic at Lignitz; but, the charge is univerſally admitted to be unjuſt.

A degree of coldneſs, approaching to rivality, is however ſuppoſed to ſubſiſt between them, ſuch as exiſted in the laſt century between Condé and Turenne. Their characters,

ters, manners, and talents, are indeed, very diſſimilar. Lacy is not merely one of the firſt commanders of his time, admitted to be ſuperior even to Laudohn in the theory of war, in the ſcience of tactics, and in the judicious choice of ground for encampments; he is equally formed for the Cabinet and the drawing-room, as for the field. Enjoying the moſt diſtinguiſhed place in the Emperor's confidence and affection, that Prince viſits him at all hours, converſes with him on matters of buſineſs while the Marſhal is dreſſing, and conſults him on every point. Nor is it only on military or political ſubjects, that Joſeph applies to him for advice and aſſiſtance. Lacy is the depoſitory of his moſt ſecret thoughts; participates his domeſtic troubles; and ſoothes him in thoſe moments of dejection, diſappointment, and chagrin, to which a divided ſovereignty is peculiarly liable. In the difficult ſcience of proviſioning an army, Lacy has no equal; and he is allowed to be the beſt Adjutant-General in Eu-

rope. To him, the whole arrangement, diſtribution, and management of the Auſtrian forces is committed in time of peace. The ſpirit of order, ſuſtained by judicious economy, which characterize him, enable Lacy to regulate with eaſe ſo complicated, as well as ſo immenſe a machine. When we reflect on theſe circumſtances, we ſhall not be ſurprized that he has attained, and we muſt admit that he deſerves, the high ſituation and fortune of which he is in poſſeſſion.

With Laudohn I have not the happineſs to be equally well acquainted, becauſe, though he underſtands French tolerably well, he never converſes in that language. He ſpeaks German, and likewiſe Ruſſian imperfectly, on occaſions; but, in company his habitual reſerve rarely forſakes him. Naturally modeſt, taciturn, and ſhy, he ſcarcely ever obtrudes his opinions on any ſubject, and rather retires from notice, than ſolicits admiration. As he has no houſe in Vienna, he reſides at this time on his eſtate,

eſtate, about two leagues off, on the road to Lintz, in great privacy; coming ſometimes, but rarely, to pay his Court to the Sovereign, or the Miniſters. Among the latter, Prince Kaunitz alone treats him with marks of friendſhip and diſtinction. Neither his education, his manners, nor his habits, qualify him indeed for the great world. In a mixed company he is loſt, unleſs the diſcourſe turn upon war. Then his countenance ſuddenly lights up, and he becomes animated, eloquent, in a word a different man. I have witneſſed with pleaſure this tranſition.

General Laudohn, for he has not yet been created a Field Marſhal, though Frederic addreſſed him as ſuch at the interview of Neiſs; is now about ſixty-two years of age, ſomewhat infirm, though originally of a tough and vigorous conſtitution. Subject to violent diſorders of the ſtomach and bowels, which frequently threaten his life, it is to be feared that one of theſe attacks may prove fatal to him.

Like Lacy, he riſes in height above the middle ſize; but Laudohn conveys only the idea of a ſoldier, rough, inelegant, and inured to camps. His face is long and meagre, his features coarſe and dark; more, I believe, from the effect of hardſhips, than from their natural formation. He wears his own hair, which time has conſiderably thinned, and preſents to common eyes, a lank and bony figure, deſtitute of animation or addreſs. Under ſuch an exterior are concealed thoſe talents, which have rendered him ſo juſtly celebrated, and which, on more than one occaſion, have ſhaken the Pruſſian Throne. The Emperor, if he does not honor him with the ſame marks of perſonal confidence which he ſhews to Lacy, is nevertheleſs deeply impreſſed with a ſenſe of his paſt ſervices, and a conviction of his great abilities. As a General, the quality which peculiarly characterizes him, is the rapidity and deciſion of his movements. After viewing the ground, and reconnoitring

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the poſition of the enemy, he takes his reſolution in a moment, and executes it with the velocity of lightning. He is unable to act by a long train of reflection, which only renders him irreſolute, as he himſelf declares; and it is commonly aſſerted even by thoſe who moſt admit his claims to ſuperior excellence, that he is not formed to direct the complicated operations of a campaign.

Laudohn is by birth a Livonian, born in or about the year 1716, when that province was already ſubjected by the arms of Peter the Great. His father was only a Lieutenant in the Ruſſian armies, of Scotch extraction, being deſcended from the family of Loudon, though the orthography of the name has undergone ſome alteration in the lapſe of time, or in the change of country. It reflects no little honor on the Scottiſh and Iriſh nations, that they have given ſo many illuſtrious commanders to Europe, during the courſe of the preſent century. Keith, Brown,

Elphinſtone, Lacy, Laudohn, as well as various others of inferior reputation whom I could name, in the Imperial, Ruſſian, Saxon, and Pruſſian ſervice, are proofs of the aſſertion. At a very early period of life, Laudohn, as much from neceſſity as from inclination, embraced the profeſſion of arms; and he actually fought in the ranks, as a private ſoldier, under the Imperial Generals, during the war of 1733, between the Emperor Charles the Sixth and France. When peace was concluded two years afterwards, finding himſelf without proviſion of any kind, he was again compelled to ſeek for employment. At the other extremity of Europe, the Empreſs of Ruſſia, Anne, had juſt engaged in hoſtilities with the Turks; and it is indiſputable that Laudohn walked from Heidelberg in the Palatinate, to the banks of the Black Sea, with his knapſack on his ſhoulder. Lacy and Munich being then occupied in the ſiege of Oczakow, Laudohn ſerved under them; as he did during the whole progreſs

progreſs of the war, till its termination in 1739.

Returning once more into Germany, he firſt attempted to enter, as a ſubaltern officer, into the Pruſſian army; but his endeavours proving ineffectual, he therefore in the end of the year 1741, or the beginning of 1742, found means to procure an Enſign's commiſſion in the Auſtrian ſervice. Frederic could not then foreſee, how dear the rejection of ſuch an officer would coſt him. Laudohn, unaided by friends or connexions of any kind, roſe ſlowly in military honors. While a Lieutenant, quartered in Hungary, he married a Sclavonian woman, who poſſeſſed neither attractions of mind, nor of perſon. She is of an obſcure family, and brought him little or no fortune. Sickly, uneducated, plain, ſhe never appears in public; and her principal merit conſiſts in the attachment that ſhe feels for her huſband, which riſes to a ſort of idolatry. They have no children, nor, as I believe, had they ever any iſſue.

When Laudohn attained to the rank of Captain, Prince Kaunitz firſt diſtinguiſhed him, and honored him with proofs of peculiar eſteem; a circumſtance, of which that Miniſter is with reaſon vain. During the war of 1741, he was wounded, and it is the only material hurt he ever received in the courſe of ſo many campaigns.

The eminent ſervices which he rendered to Maria Thereſa between 1757 and 1763, were rewarded by her after the late peace, with the donation of an eſtate in Moravia. She afterwards purchaſed it of him for the ſum of eighty thouſand florins, or about ſeven thouſand pounds ſterling; and he may now be eſteemed wealthy, according to the eſtimation of competence in Auſtria. His military appointments, which in time of peace, do not fall ſhort of near a thouſand pounds ſterling a year, will be greatly augmented in caſe of a war, as there can be no doubt of his ſervices being wanted; and his private fortune is, beſides, ample. We are pleaſed, when we reflect that ſo

illuſtrious

illuſtrious a man is not ſubjected in his age to any privations; and that he cannot complain of the ingratitude or neglect of thoſe whom he has ſerved. But, if he has experienced the bounty of the Sovereign, or the protection of the Miniſter, he has felt not leſs ſenſibly the jealouſy of the courtiers, as well as the enmity of the nobility. They treat his perſon with cold alienation; accuſe him of being unfit, from the conſtitutional melancholy of his temper, to contribute to the pleaſures of ſociety; and even attempt to attribute his greateſt exploits more to fortune than to merit. There are nevertheleſs, even in Vienna, many perſons of the higheſt rank, who do juſtice to his ſuperior abilities, and who conſider him as the beſt prop of the Auſtrian greatneſs in a time of war.

It might be invidious, and even improper, to attempt a cloſe compariſon between two living commanders, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo much in different lines, and who may yet add new laurels to thoſe which

which they have already acquired. We may however ſafely aſſert that Lacy's talents are more univerſal, Laudohn's more concentrated. One is greater in the theory of war, in the vaſt detail requiſite for enabling an army to act with effect, and in combining or directing a variety of military operations. The other has no equal in rapid, deciſive, and ſucceſsful execution. Lacy is more reſpected at Vienna: Laudohn is more dreaded at Berlin. The former enjoys all the confidence of Joſeph: the latter poſſeſſes all the eſteem of Frederic. If the Auſtrian officer looks up to the firſt; the Auſtrian ſoldier has his eye fixed on the ſecond, crowds to his ſtandard, and eſteems himſelf certain of victory, under ſuch a leader. Both have performed the moſt ſignal ſervices. But, it would be unjuſt to compare the affair of Maxen, or the retreat of Torgau, where Lacy acted in a ſubordinate capacity under Daun; with the capture of Glatz and Schweidnitz, or the victory of Landſhut, in all which Laudohn commanded

commanded without a ſuperior. If Lacy is more conſidered by the preſent age, in the circle where he moves; Laudohn will probably fill a much higher place in the volume of fame, in diſtant times, and among foreign nations, when the little malignities, prejudices, and partialities of the hour are buried in oblivion. But it is time that I cloſe this letter.

LETTER XIII.

Preparations for War.—Arrival of Troops.—Croats.—Empreſs Queen's Repugnance to Hoſtilities.—Advantages poſſeſſed by Pruſſia.—Efforts of the Archduchеſs Chriſtina to prevent a Rupture.—Propoſition of diſmantling Vienna.—The Imperial Palace.

VIENNA, *March* 19th, 1778.

THE die ſeems at length to be thrown, and war is about to begin as ſoon as the ſeaſon will permit. This city, which leſs than four months ago, when I arrived here, preſented a picture of general tranquillity, is now transformed into an Arſenal. The ſtreets, as well as the public places, are crowded with cannon, ammunition, baggage, and all the apparatus of an approaching campaign. Every day, new regiments arrive; who, after having been reviewed, continue their march towards Bohemia or Moravia.

Nothing

Nothing can convey a more ſtriking idea of the greatneſs of the Houſe of Auſtria, the magnitude of its reſources, the extent of its dominion, and the number of provinces ſubject to Maria Thereſa, than the ſcene to which I am daily a witneſs. From the ſhore of the Adriatic, and from the foot of the Appennine, to the frontiers of Moldavia and Walachia, troops are conſtantly pouring in to maintain her quarrel. Albanians, Croats, Hungarians, and Italians, ſucceſſively arrive under the walls of Vienna. So many different nations, united in one cauſe, remind me of the fabulous ages of the Earth, when all Greece, or the leſſer Aſia, flocked to a common ſtandard, and fought under the ſame leader.

It is in the irregular forces which Maria Thereſa can bring into the field, that ſhe poſſeſſes a great ſuperiority over her adverſary. The Croats and Hungarians, fierce, undiſciplined, and ſubjected to ſcarcely any military laws, are attached to the Houſe of Auſtria by prejudices and predilections of

of religion, manners, and education, peculiar to themſelves. Frederic has no troops of a ſimilar deſcription to oppoſe to them, equally faithful and loyal. The Croat rarely or never deſerts: he is even incapacitated by his ignorance of German, from mixing intimately with the ſoldiers of that nation. A degree of primeval rudeneſs and ſimplicity characterizes them, totally unlike the ſpirit which animates the mercenary ſtipendiary of modern armies. Fathers of families, followed by their ſons, at the command of their Sovereign, cheerfully quit their habitations on the diſtant banks of the Drave, the Teiſs, and the Lower Danube, to ſpill their blood in her cauſe. Hitherto the Croats have never been conſidered as regular troops; but, it is now intended to clothe and diſcipline them like the other regiments in the Auſtrian ſervice. It is a ſight equally novel and pleaſing, to ſee theſe corps arrive, dreſſed in the rude garb of their reſpective provinces, and preſenting in their whole

appearance, a contraſt to the ſoldier of every other European ſervice. From the great magazines in the neighbourhood of this city, they are furniſhed with arms, accoutrements, and all other requiſites, before they proſecute their march towards the frontiers.

Maria Thereſa derives nevertheleſs, little gratification or pleaſure from theſe exhibitions of her power, and teſtimonies of affection to her perſon. It is no longer a ſecret that ſhe deprecates a rupture, and is reluctantly dragged forward by her ſon. From the moment that intelligence arrived of the Elector of Bavaria's death, ſhe foreſaw with regret its probable conſequences. Having paſſed the active period of life, and only deſirous of repoſe, ſhe is not to be rouſed by objects of ambition, or impelled by a recollection of paſt injuries ſuſtained from Pruſſia. Thoſe who have acceſs to her, witneſs the dejection of her ſpirits, and the agitation of her mind on the arrival of every courier: they ſee her

eyes

eyes perpetually red with weeping, or ſuffuſed in tears. Inſtead of demonſtrating her ſatisfaction at the promptitude, with which her orders for putting the Auſtrian forces in motion, have been obéyed; ſhe averts her eyes from every diſplay of her military ſtrength. Only a few days ago, when one of the fineſt regiments in the ſervice arrived from Mantua, on the Eſplanade, under the walls of Vienna, no entreaties could induce her to look upon them, from the apartments of the palace. She runs with eagerneſs to cloſe the ſhutters, whenever troops paſs under her windows. Anxious to prevent ſo great a calamity as war, ſhe paſſes half her time in prayer; and yeſterday ſhe remained for three hours on her knees, in the Cathedral, invoking the Divine bleſſing to aid her efforts for maintaining the peace of Germany. Prince Kaunitz is gloomy, thoughtful, and leſs communicative in ſociety. His ſituation, which is a ſingular one, demands conſummate addreſs, in order, while he preſerves

preſerves the affection of the mother, not to irritate, or alienate the ſon. During his long adminiſtration, he has not, probably, found himſelf in ſo painful, or ſo delicate a predicament. The Emperor alone appears unaffectedly gay, conſtantly in action, on horſeback before the ſun is riſen, and ready to receive with alacrity the various bodies of troops on their arrival.

Whatever may be the final event of the war which impends, two great advantages attend Pruſſia at its commencement. The firſt reſults from the juſtice of the cauſe in which Frederic is engaged: for, even here in Vienna, the claims of the Houſe of Auſtria are by no means conſidered as inconteſtable. In addition to ſo important a circumſtance, which is neither to be deſpiſed nor forgotten, we ſhould recollect the alliance and co-operation of Saxony. That fertile and powerful Electorate, covering the whole frontier of Brandenburgh, is already in Frederic's poſſeſſion, and muſt be protected by his arms. If it is the

cauſe of the German Empire in general, it is the cauſe of Saxony in a ſpecial manner, for which he is about to ſhake off the infirmities of age, and to appear again in the field. Supported by the Saxons, while he is ſupplied from Miſnia and Luſatia with proviſions, he can commence offenſive operations, and render Bohemia the immediate theatre of war. His intimate knowledge of that country, where he has made ſo many campaigns, muſt neceſſarily give him a vaſt ſuperiority, and perhaps enable him to wreſt the northern provinces from Maria Thereſa.

Beſides the other motives which impel the Empreſs Queen to deplore hoſtilities, is the peculiar poſition of her daughter, the Archducheſs Chriſtina. That Princeſs, who is tenderly beloved by Maria Thereſa, was married near twelve years ago to Prince Albert of Saxony, ſon to the late King of Poland, and uncle of the reigning Elector. He has ever ſince reſided principally in the Court of Vienna, and he has apartments

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in the Imperial palace. Having been conſtituted Governor of Hungary, he and the Archduchеſs occupy the caſtle of Preſburg; but they are now here on a viſit to the Empreſs, over whom her daughter poſſeſſes a great aſcendant. She is warmly attached to her huſband; who, on his part, from intereſt, as well as from a ſenſe of honor and gratitude, feels himſelf not leſs bound to eſpouſe the Auſtrian cauſe, and to ſhed, if neceſſary, his blood in the preſent quarrel. As it is ſuppoſed that he will command one of the armies deſtined to act againſt the common enemy; in the diſcharge of that duty, it may be his lot to enter Dreſden, and to deſolate the dominions of the family from which he ſprings. Such a conflict of principles and obligations, cannot fail to be deeply painful to a mind of ſenſibility. The Archduchеſs, his wife, is known to be affected by it in the livelieſt manner. She deprecates the proſpect of a rupture, which muſt involve her huſband in unſpeakable embarraſſments; and ſhe has

more than once thrown herſelf at her mother's feet, conjuring her with tears, while it is ſtill time, to recede from her pretenſions on the Bavarian ſucceſſion, and to ſtop the effuſion of human blood. The Emperor can neither be unacquainted with this fact, as may naturally be preſumed; nor is he ignorant of the Archduchеſs's influence over the Empreſs. It is poſſible that he may one day reſent, and even puniſh her oppoſition to his favorite meaſures.

The Carnival is now at an end; and Lent, which is here obſerved with extraordinary rigor, in compliance with the Empreſs's devotion, leaves me more at leiſure to viſit the principal objects of curioſity in Vienna. This capital conveys no mean idea of the grandeur of the Auſtrian line, in whom are united ſo many kingdoms and provinces. Thoſe which have been diſſevered from it in our own time, within the laſt fifty years, would form of themſelves a potent Monarchy. Naples, Sicily,

Sicily, Sardinia, Servia, Bosnia, and Silesia; all belonged to the late Emperor, Charles the Sixth, at different periods of his reign. Marshal Colloredo told me, a few days ago, that he had been in garrison at Belgrade, at Messina, and at Breslaw, when each of those places formed a part of the Austrian dominions. Vienna is not only populous, but the streets are crowded with people of various nations. In my walks, I constantly meet with Hungarians, Greeks, Turks, and Poles, all habited in their peculiar dress of their respective countries. Nothing is more picturesque and amusing than such a diversity, which rarely occurs in London, or in Paris.

It is not, however, the city of Vienna, strictly so denominated, which displays either the extent or the magnificence of a capital, suitable to the Chief of the German Empire, the Sovereign of so vast a tract of Europe. The necessity, whether real or imaginary, of fortifying Vienna, contracts it to a very narrow compass; indeed, to so

ſmall a ſpace, that I have walked completely round the ramparts, at a quick pace, within fifty minutes. But, the ſuburbs, which inveſt it like a belt, and which are only ſeparated from it by the Eſplanade, are far ſuperior in magnitude, as well as in beauty and elegance, to the city itſelf. There the great nobility principally reſide in ſummer, when not abſent on their eſtates, or not ſerving in the field. Probably, the next century will ſee Vienna diſmantled, and rendered, like Peterſburgh or Berlin, an open place. I have heard the queſtion frequently agitated during my ſtay here, whether it might not be made ſo at this time, without danger. The Turks are no longer terrible, as they were in the ſixteenth century; and the ſiege of 1683, when Leopold fled to Paſſau, will not be ſpeedily renewed in our time. Againſt the King of Pruſſia, the moſt formidable adverſary of the Houſe of Auſtria, the Danube alone forms almoſt a ſufficient protection, if guarded by the Imperial forces entrenched

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behind the river. But, Maria Thereſa has not yet forgotten that in 1741, the French and Bavarians advanced to St. Polten, ſcarcely four leagues diſtant; and that in 1758, when Frederic beſieged Olmutz, terror and conſternation pervaded Vienna. The recollection of theſe diſaſtrous ſcenes is too deeply impreſſed on her memory, ever to be eraſed; and as often as the ſubject of diſmantling Vienna has been mentioned to her, ſhe exclaims, "I have already twice "ſeen this city a frontier garriſon, expoſed "to hourly attack: I will not unneceſſa-"rily expoſe myſelf to ſimilar or greater "misfortunes in my old age." It is however, more than poſſible, that Joſeph, whenever he ſucceeds his mother, may adopt an oppoſite line of policy and conduct.

The palace of the "Favorita," ſo frequently mentioned by Lady Wortley Montague, in which Charles the Sixth expired, is now converted by his daughter, into a ſeminary of education. Never was any reſidence leſs princely, or even commodious. Reſembling rather a Nunnery, than the ha-

bitation of a Sovereign, it ſtands in one of the ſtreets of a duſty ſuburb, without the ſmalleſt court or area in front, and commanding no proſpect whatever. The "Belvidere," which belonged to the great Prince Eugene, and which was purchaſed by Maria Thereſa, from his only daughter and heireſs, the Princeſs of Saxe Hilburghauſen, is far more ſplendid. Conſtructed on a fine eminence, at the extremity of the Carinthian ſuburb, it enjoys an extenſive view, terminated to the ſouth by the lofty mountains of Styria. Magnificent as it is, none of the Imperial Family ever inhabit it; and the Emperor has, therefore, converted it into a repoſitory for paintings. Some of the houſes of the great nobility far exceed in beauty, as well as in elegance and grandeur, either the "Favorita," or the "Belvidere."

The Imperial palace itſelf, which is ſituate within the walls of Vienna, where both the Empreſs Queen, the Emperor, and ſo many other members of their Family are lodged, conveys ſcarcely any idea of the Majeſty of the modern Cæſars, the ſucceſſors of

of Charlemagne, and the pretended repreſentatives of Auguſtus. A vaſt, confuſed maſs of building, without ſymmetry, plan, or architecture, it conſiſts of ſeveral courts communicating with each other, erected in different ages, and occupying a prodigious ſpace; but deſtitute of any, even the ſmalleſt garden. The apartments which her Imperial Majeſty inhabits, are indeed pleaſant, becauſe they have a ſouthern aſpect, and in winter may be ſaid to form a comfortable, if not a princely reſidence: but, before the end of May, the heat commonly renders them inſupportable. Within the circuit of the palace, are not only compriſed various houſes, appropriated to ſome of the great Officers of State and Miniſters, who are lodged at the expence of the Sovereign; it includes beſides, in its immenſe circumference, a ſuperb Manege; the German play-houſe; the royal library; the cabinet of natural hiſtory; the jewel-office, where are preſerved the Imperial and Bohemian Crowns; no leſs than three chapels, in one of which the Empreſs uſually hears maſs every

every day, and the "Jeu de Paume," or Racket Court. The Emperor plays frequently at this game, in which he is tolerably expert. I saw him yesterday, in a grey jacket, and thick worsted stockings, engaged at it for a considerable time, with his brother-in-law the Duke of Saxe Teschen, and two noblemen who made the party. The exercise is violent, and might prove peculiarly fatal to the Emperor, who has an anurism in his leg. When he is heated, the pulsation of the artery is so strong, that it may be perceptibly felt with the finger, through the thickest stocking. It is curious to reflect that the destiny of Germany and of Europe might be materially changed in an instant, by the bursting of a blood-vessel, the coat of which cannot exceed the thickness of a wafer.

Early in the course of next month, I may probably visit Hungary; but I shall write again, before I quit this capital.

LETTER XIV.

Anecdotes of Metaſtaſio.—State of Public Affairs.—Departure of the Emperor, to join the Army in Bohemia.

VIENNA, *April 9th* 1778.

INSTEAD of wearying you with details of the military preparations, which here occupy the attention and converſation of every ſociety; let me, before I ſet out for Buda, gratify your curioſity on another ſubject. You aſk, whether I have ſeen Metaſtaſio, and you deſire to hear ſome particulars relative to ſo illuſtrious a perſon. He is ſo little ſeen in Vienna, that a ſtranger, unleſs introduced to him at his own houſe, may paſs many months, I had almoſt ſaid years, without often meeting him. I have been twice in company with him at Prince Colloredo's, where he is commonly found on great feſtivals: but, neither his inclination, his ſtate of health, nor his period of life,

life, allow him to mix much in crowds. To Prince Kaunitz's he never comes; for they are not on terms of amity. Whether the misunderstanding has originated with the Minister, or may be attributed to the poet, is a point much contested; and on which I am unable to give a decided opinion.

If however, he does not enjoy the friendship of the Minister, he has, for near fifty years, been constantly honored with the smiles of the Sovereign. The invitation of Charles the Sixth induced him to quit Rome for Vienna, and the patronage of that Monarch fixed him here for life. Though he has exchanged the banks of the Tyber, and the classic air of Italy, for the ungenial climate of the frozen Danube; his fancy does not appear to have suffered either in delicacy, or in luxuriance, from the transplantation. Yet the late Emperor, while he rewarded Metastasio with munificence, and loaded him with caresses, did not scruple to fetter the powers of the poet, by imposing on him laws scarcely compatible with

with the enthuſiaſm of genius. Metaſtaſio, in compoſing his fineſt pieces, was always obliged to accommodate the opera to the length of time which the Emperor indicated or commanded. Endowed with more than ordinary ſenſibility, it may naturally be ſuppoſed that he could not reſiſt the effect of beauty. The Counteſs d'Altheim, one of the moſt charming women of the Court of Vienna, was the object of his paſſion. She had been previouſly beloved by Charles the Sixth himſelf, who was ſuppoſed to have been admitted by her to the uſual privileges of royal lovers; nor was it till after the deceaſe of his Imperial rival, that Metaſtaſio ventured to divulge his flame. Even then, as if conſcious of his temerity, he drew acroſs it the myſterious veil of poetry and fiction. He has celebrated the Counteſs d'Altheim under an imaginary name, in various of his compoſitions. Whether ſhe returned his affection, is doubtful; but Meteſtaſio's attachment, like Petrarch's for Laura, or Taſſo's for

Leonora

Leonora d'Eſté, never exceeded the limits of reſpectful homage, and demanded no improper ſacrifices.

This celebrated perſon, who is now near eighty years of age, though he enjoys uncommon health, begins to bend under the preſſure of time. Thoſe who know him intimately, aſſure me that he is exceedingly broken and altered within the laſt five years. In his perſon he is ſhort and thick, but not corpulent. His countenance is expreſſive; his noſe diſproportionately large, and his complexion pale or rather ſallow, like an Italian. He always wears the dreſs of an Abbé, and nothing can be ſo methodical as his manner of life. Metaſtaſio riſes betimes, goes out every day at a quarter before twelve to hear maſs, returns home, and dines punctually at two. For near, or quite thirty years paſt, he has never dined out any where. In the evening he repairs conſtantly, when his health permits, to the houſe of Mademoiſelle Figarolle. She is a woman of quality, has a very cultivated mind,

mind, and though no longer young, ſhe has not ceaſed to be agreeable in Metaſtaſio's opinion, whoſe attachment to her is of antient date. Preciſely at ten he leaves her, and retires to reſt.

Baron Hagen, Preſident of the Aulic Council, divides with Mademoiſelle Figarolle, his friendſhip and his leiſure. They paſs much of their time together, occupied in literary purſuits, peculiarly in the peruſal of the great writers of antiquity. Metaſtaſio ſpeaks French, and converſes in that language with facility; but, like every Italian, he prefers his native tongue. He is well lodged, on a third floor, in the "Cole Marck," and the apartments which he occupies, are given him by the Crown. Maria Thereſa, emulous of her father, during the courſe of her long reign, has diſtinguiſhed him by every poſſible mark of favor and conſideration. He receives from her bounty at this time, an annual penſion of ſix thouſand florins, or near five hundred pounds ſterling; and if we except

Voltaire, I believe he is, without diſpute, the wealthieſt poet now exiſting in Europe. From his infancy he ſeems to have been not leſs favored by Fortune, than enriched by Nature. No perſon here with whom I have converſed, ventures to aſſert poſitively the name of his parents; and even the preciſe place of his birth is hardly leſs conteſted than that of Homer. He was born either in Tuſcany, or in the Papal territories; but, of an origin very inferior and obſcure. When a boy, like Pope, "he liſped in "numbers;" compoſed verſes without effort or almoſt premeditation, and recited them in the ſtreets of Rome, to which city he had been carried in his childhood. It was there that his uncommon powers excited the wonder and attention of Gravina, one of the moſt eminent legal practitioners of Italy, in the beginning of the preſent century. Such was their effect on him, that he took the boy home, educated him; and finding his capacity expand with his years, Gravina adopted him, and made him heir to his little

little fortune. Even his real name is totally unknown, or at leaſt very problematical. The denomination which he bears, and which he has rendered ſo celebrated, was given him by Gravina, either to conceal his original name, or as a ſubſtitute; Metaſtaſio being a word of Greek derivation, and evidently factitious. Charles the Sixth, by inviting him to Vienna, and amply rewarding his talents, placed him above dependance. The preſent Empreſs has rendered him wealthy. He now paſſes the evening of life, in the midſt of the moſt delicious repoſe, ſurrounded by every comfort, eaſy in his circumſtances, and ſecure of immortality as long as poetry and genius are admired among men.

This morning, the Duke of Saxe Teſchen ſet out for Olmutz, accompanied by the Archducheſs his wife, who quitted him at the diſtance of ſome leagues, to return to this city: a ſeparation which did not take place, without violent emotions on her part. It is underſtood that he is to com-

mand the army of Moravia, aided by Marſhal Haddick: an appointment probably choſen, as removing him to a diſtance from Saxony. All the preparations and indications of a ſpeedy rupture, continue. Laudohn, who at length has been created a Field-Marſhal, is already arrived in Bohemia, where the ſtorm is expected to burſt. Yet, negotiations ſtill ſubſiſt, and couriers come almoſt daily from Dreſden or Berlin, which keep alive the hope of peace. The Emperor's departure is however ſuppoſed to be imminent, after which every rational proſpect of an accommodation muſt be at an end. We know that the Archduke Maximilian and Marſhal Lacy are to accompany him. My next letter will be written from ſome part of Hungary.

POSTSCRIPT.

April 12th.

The Emperor went yeſterday to join the army. He and his brother Maximilian roſe at four o'clock in the morning; and as

as ſoon as it was light, they walked for ſome time on the ramparts, waiting for the Empreſs Queen, in order to take leave of her. When ſhe was ready, they repaired to her apartment, and proceeded together to the chapel in the palace. There, on their knees, they paſſed above an hour in prayer, invoking the Divine aſſiſtance on the Auſtrian arms. Maria Thereſa was extremely agitated during the whole ſervice; but, when at the concluſion, ſhe prepared to bid her ſons adieu, her grief became too ſtrong for her frame. She held the Emperor long in her arms, ſobbed, and, at ſeparating from him, nearly fainted. Joſeph tore himſelf from his mother's embraces, carrying with him her parting benediction. Marſhal Lacy is gone with them, and they took the road to Olmutz, whence they repair to Prague. I am ſetting out for Eſterhazi in Hungary.

LETTER XV.

Buda.—Flagellants.—State of Hungary.—Turkiſh Edifices at Buda.—Public Baths.

BUDA, *April* 19th, 1778.

I LEFT Vienna a few hours after I had concluded my laſt letter, and have been already three days in this city. The contraſt between the Hungarian and the Auſtrian capital, is one of the moſt ſtriking to be conceived. Never were two nations more diſſimilar in manners, dreſs, and appearance, than the German and the Hungarian. Even the ſuperſtition of Vienna, is far outdone by that of Buda. The firſt object which I ſaw from my windows, on the morning after my arrival, were flagellants, marching ſlowly through the ſtreets, covered with blood, and dragging along croſſes of a vaſt weight, followed by crowds

of people. It was Good Friday, and the whole city ſeemed to be animated by the ſame ſpirit of penitential and gloomy devotion. I could have fancied myſelf at Madrid, half a century ago. The flagellants wore hoods or ſacks over their faces, in order to conceal them; but their backs, which were entirely naked, bore the ſanguinary marks of the ſcourge at every ſtep. I am aſſured that the perſons who inflict on themſelves this voluntary puniſhment, are frequently men of rank, and that the practice is by no means confined to the inferior orders.

It is not my intention to enter on the particulars of my journey through Hungary. I ſtopped for a few hours at Räab, a city memorable for being the termination of the Ottoman conqueſts towards Germany. Sultan Amurath the Third made himſelf maſter of it, towards the cloſe of the ſixteenth century; a period when the Houſe of Auſtria, under the feeble government of Rodolph the Second, was ſunk into the

moſt deplorable ſtate of political annihilation. Much of the road to Buda lies near the bank of the Danube, which is of very conſiderable magnitude. It is ſtriking to behold ſo noble a river flowing majeſtically in ſilence, through one of the richeſt countries in Europe; but almoſt deſtitute of commerce, navigation, or population. From Räab to this city, a tract of near a hundred miles, I ſaw ſcarcely a ſingle boat of any kind upon the ſtream. All is ſolitary and inanimate; unlike the ſcenery of the Rhine or the Loire, where, at every curve of the river, villages, caſtles, and habitations preſent themſelves to the eye. It is not in the tyranny or incapacity of the preſent government, that we muſt ſeek for the principal cauſe of this deſolation. Hungary, till the acceſſion of the late Emperor Charles the Sixth, was, for more than two centuries, the moſt unfortunate kingdom of Europe. The provinces of the new world were not more cruelly plundered or ravaged by the Spaniſh conquerors,

querors, than Hungary was desolated by the Turkish Sultans. Solyman the Magnificent and his successors, repeatedly carried off the greater part of the inhabitants into slavery, without distinction of age, rank, or sex. Completely masters of the kingdom, if we except the royal title and ornaments, scarcely any thing else remained to the House of Austria. It is only ninety-two years since the expulsion of the Turks from the city where I am now writing; Charles the Fifth, Duke of Lorrain, at the head of the Imperial forces, having entered it at the Breach, in 1686, after a long and desperate resistance. To the Ottoman devastations, succeeded the oppressive tyranny of Leopold and Joseph the First. Perpetual insurrections, and attempts at emancipation, were repressed with all the severity of arbitrary power. The scaffold of Eperies, a town of Upper Hungary, continued for many months to exhibit a scene of blood the most revolting to human nature, and which has no parallel in mo-

dern hiſtory. A great length of time, and a wiſe adminiſtration, ſuſtained by the judicious encouragement of induſtry, arts, and manufactures, can alone, by their united operation, reſtore Hungary to its juſt rank in the ſcale of nations.

Buda preſents at this time many curious monuments of the Mahometan taſte, as well as ſuperſtition. In the lower town, on the very edge of the Danube, ſtands a moſque, with its minaret, in perfect preſervation, which is now converted into a manufactory of ſalt-petre. Though defaced by time and neglect, it conveys no unfavorable idea of Turkiſh architecture. Its figure is an octagon, and it conſtituted the principal religious edifice of the city, while Buda was under the Ottoman yoke. But the hot baths, from which I am juſt returned, are a ſtill more amuſing object of inſpection. It was impoſſible not to recollect, while conſidering them, the deſcription given by Lady Wortley Montague, of the baths of Sophia. Men, women, and children

children were bathing promiſcuouſly, or lying round the baſon, ſtretched in a variety of attitudes. The females, though not altogether naked, were nearly ſo, and the greater part excited no ſentiment except diſguſt. I ſaw, nevertheleſs, among them, one or two tolerably pretty figures, occupied in combing each other's hair.

The Turks, while in poſſeſſion of Buda, ſeem to have paid particular attention to the conſtruction and preſervation of the public baths. They are large, and ſtill form a principal recreation of the inhabitants, who paſs many hours almoſt every day, either in bathing, or on the ſides of the baſon. The heat is, nevertheleſs, ſo great, occaſioned by the vapor which ariſes from the water, that it is ſcarcely ſupportable beyond a few minutes. Every part of the building is compoſed of ſtone, the vaulted roof being perforated with holes, in order to admit the light. The water, which pours continually into the baſon, through two or more channels, is ſtrongly impregnated with

with mineral qualities. Though the price paid for bathing by the common people, which is only about a halfpenny, cannot exclude even the loweſt vulgar, yet no diſſolution of manners is found to ariſe from ſuch a promiſcuous concourſe of both ſexes, in a ſtate approaching to nudity. The baths in the Raſcian or Sclavonian ſuburb, are ſtill hotter than thoſe in the Hungarian town. Both merit peculiar attention, as being, I believe, the only edifices of the kind that exiſt in Europe, which have been conſtructed by the Turks, beyond the limits of the Ottoman dominions.

Every country has had its periods of comparative felicity, glory, and tranquillity. The golden age of Hungary, was unqueſtionably the reign of Matthias Corvinus, in the fifteenth century; when Buda, one of the moſt poliſhed and civilized capitals in the world, the ſeat of arts and letters, looked down with contempt upon Vienna. The Emperor Frederic the Third, driven from that city, and reduced to wander ignominiouſly

miniouſly over Germany, beheld his Palace occupied by Matthias Corvinus; who little imagined that the Houſe of Auſtria, from ſuch a ſtate of depreſſion, would ſo ſoon emerge into power and proſperity. But, with their independence, the Hungarians loſt their political pre-eminence; and Buda, like Prague, abandoned by its Princes, ſucceſſively ſunk into the deſerted capital of a Turkiſh or an Auſtrian province. The Archduchefs Chriſtina and her huſband, rarely or never viſit it: when not at Vienna, they reſide at Preſburg, where the inſignia of the crown are always preſerved. Yet, the ſuperb ſituation of Buda, in the center of the kingdom, and the local beauties, as well as advantages of its poſition, might well challenge the preference. To-morrow I ſhall continue my journey towards Schemnitz.

LETTER XVI.

Journey from Buda.—Mines at Schemnitz.—Mines of Cremnitz.—Preſburg.—The Caſtle.—State of Affairs at Vienna.

VIENNA, *May* 16th, 1778.

IT is full ſeventy miles north from Buda to the mines of Schemnitz, through a wild, mountainous, and in many parts an almoſt uninhabited country. The peaſants, male and female, partake of the rudeneſs of the ſoil, and appear to be in a ſtate of penury, or rather of miſery. Few of the women had any covering below the knee, except boots; while the men were wrapt in black ſheep ſkins, with the wool outward. Even the poſtillions who drove us, had no other covering; and their long mouſtachios, added to their fur bonnets, gave them the appearance of Tartars, more than of Europeans. The town of Schemnitz, where I paſſed three days, in order to viſit the mines, ſtands

ſtands in a valley ſurrounded on all ſides by lofty hills. It may be ſaid to impend over a hollow abyſs, the ground on which it is built, being every where excavated or undermined. Even in the midſt of the principal market place, there are ſhafts or openings, by which one may immediately deſcend many hundred fathoms into the earth.

Having put on a miner's dreſs and bonnet, preparations which are indiſpenſable, on account of the water that every where drips through the fiſſures of the mines; I entered them by means of ladders that conduct from one ſubterranean gallery to another, through paſſages ſo narrow as ſcarcely to admit a ſingle perſon at a time. Four little boys attended, holding lamps. In proportion as we deſcended lower into the earth, the heat perceptibly increaſed, 'till it became, in ſome places, almoſt too cloſe or ſuffocating for reſpiration. Though it was ſcarcely eight o'clock in the morning when we entered the mine,

we

we did not arrive before eleven, at "the "gallery of the Emperor Francis;" ſo called from its having been conſtructed under that Prince's reign. Here I found myſelf full fifteen hundred feet under the opening of the higheſt ſhaft. This ſtupendous catacomb or gallery, which extends in length near ſixty thouſand feet, or more than ſeven Engliſh miles, has coſt immenſe ſums to make, as well as to repair and maintain; the incumbent earth being every where ſupported by beams of wood, frequently double and triple. Some hundred thouſand florins are annually expended for the purpoſe. Below the Emperor Francis's gallery, there are two other ſtories, the deepeſt of which is three hundred feet beneath; but, as they contained no particular object of curioſity, we declined viſiting them. In no part does the interior of the mine open into caverns or chambers of conſiderable ſize; the largeſt which I ſaw, being ſcarcely capable of containing forty perſons: a point of view in which they are very inferior

ferior as objects of admiration, to the mines of Danmora in Sweden.

Though gold, silver, copper, and lead, are all found in the mines of Schemnitz, the last forms the predominant metal. Their original discovery is almost lost in the barbarism and obscurity of the middle ages; but, it is indisputable that they have been worked for eleven hundred years. At this time they find employment for near twenty-six thousand men, women, and children, in the different departments or processes. An admirable police is maintained; no criminal or malefactor being ever sent there, and no female permitted even to enter the mines. Unlike those of Sweden, Carniola, and many others in various parts of Europe, which are a sort of subterranean colonies, the workmen at Schemnitz never sleep below. After six, eight, or twelve hours of labour, they remount, and are relieved by others. The Turks, who were so long sovereigns and masters of the far greater part of Hungary, never

never took poſſeſſion of Schemnitz, though they penetrated to a village only two miles diſtant. Content with exacting an annual tribute of ſome thouſand florins, they indolently abandoned the mines to the Auſtrian Princes.

Nothing can be ſo precarious, fluctuating, and incapable of calculation, as the annual profits derived from them to the Crown; becauſe, at moments when the veins of ore are moſt abundant, they ſuddenly diſappear, and frequently deceive or diſappoint the gueſs of the moſt experienced miners. About twenty-three years ago, juſt before the great war of 1756, they yielded ſo little, that it became a queſtion, when all the expences attending them were defrayed, whether the Empreſs Queen was a gainer or a loſer. But, preciſely at that time, when ſhe ſtood moſt in need of pecuniary aid, the workmen diſcovered veins ſo rich and productive, that during ſome years the gains were prodigious, amounting annually to ſeveral millions of florins. They have

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ſince been gradually diminiſhing, though by no means to ſo reduced a degree as in 1756. At preſent they continue to be highly profitable; and beſides employing ſuch numbers of people, bring in a conſiderable revenue to Maria Thereſa. The Baron de Seeberg, a Tranſylvanian gentleman, who is one of the Intendants, accompanied us through the mines, and furniſhed me with the moſt ſatisfactory information reſpecting them.

Directing my courſe to Cremnitz, which is near twenty miles north, and at no very conſiderable diſtance from the foot of the Carpathian mountains, that divide Hungary and Poland, I arrived there in a few hours. The mines of Cremnitz produce only gold and ſilver excluſively; neither iron, lead, nor copper, being found in them. They fall far ſhort of Schemnitz in magnitude, as well as in value and importance; only about eighteen hundred perſons being conſtantly occupied in the various departments; and of ſeven mines which are worked at this time, two

alone produce any conſiderable profit. I was let down into the mine of St. Matthias, one of the deepeſt, ſituate about a mile from the town. Having been placed on a ſort of leathern ſeat, faſtened to an iron chain, in twelve minutes I found myſelf at the bottom; during which time I had deſcended eight hundred and ſeventy-five Engliſh feet. I was afterwards drawn up in the ſame manner. The ſenſation is rather pleaſing than diſagreeable, as the conſciouſneſs of being thus ſuſpended over a dark abyſs, is accompanied with a conviction of the abſence of all real danger. I traverſed a conſiderable part of the mine, ſometimes walking, at others crawling on my hands and knees, or deſcending from gallery to gallery, by means of ladders. The heat was more oppreſſive than at Schemnitz; but the paſſages were dry, whereas in the former, water oozed or poured down in almoſt every part of the mine. Here I had an opportunity of ſeeing the two ſpecies of gold ore, the pale and the red, which lay

ſcattered

ſcattered in heaps. The produce is however, if poſſible, ſtill more precarious than at Schemnitz. Two years ago, after every expence defrayed, they yielded about eighteen thouſand pounds ſterling; laſt year, only ſeven thouſand entered the Imperial treaſury, free of deductions. No certain calculations can be made on that head.

It is near a hundred and twenty miles from Cremnitz to Preſburg, through a very beautiful and romantic, as well as populous part of Hungary. Inferior to Buda in population and extent, Preſburg is more compact, and the buildings are more modern. On a very ſteep hill, at the extremity of the city, overhanging the Danube, is built the Caſtle, which forms the ordinary reſidence of the Duke of Saxe Teſchen, Governor of the kingdom. The apartments command an extenſive view over the vaſt plains of Hungary and Auſtria: even Vienna may be deſcried, at the diſtance of near five and twenty miles. Below flows the river, divided into ſeveral channels,

and encloſing a number of ſmall iſlands, covered with wood.

In one of the turrets of the Caſtle, are kept the Crown and royal ornaments. So jealous are the Hungarians of their preſervation, that they cannot be ſeen by any perſon, unleſs upon a written order from the Empreſs Queen herſelf. Even then, a deputation of the nobility and clergy muſt attend, for the expreſs purpoſe. No European nation has manifeſted a more tenacious and inflexible ſpirit of independence, than the Hungarian. None has made more deſperate, though often ineffectual efforts, to maintain their political freedom. This remark muſt nevertheleſs be underſtood of the nobility only; for the people at large are equally ſtrangers to the theory, and to the practical benefits of liberty. It is by conceſſion, not only to the rights of the nobles, but to their prejudices and national cuſtoms, that Maria Thereſa, during more than ſeven and thirty years, has maintained her influence over them. In the Hungarians, when driven from

from Vienna at the commencement of her reign, ſhe found the ſureſt and beſt ſupport of her tottering crowns. I could not ſurvey the great hall of the Caſtle of Preſburg, without recollecting that it was the ſcene where the Nobles unanimouſly drew their ſabres, exclaiming, "Our lives and our blood for "your Majeſty!" Neither ancient nor modern Hiſtory preſents any event more affecting, or productive of more important conſequences.

In my way to Vienna, about three leagues from Preſburg, I viewed the remains of the Roman colony of Carnuntum, conſtructed on the ſouthern bank of the Danube, in order to repreſs the inroads of the Quadi and Marcomanni. Mounds of earth, and one very decayed gateway of Roman workmanſhip, mark the ſpot. I paſſed over the ground upon which ſtood the camp of Cara Muſtapha in 1683, when he beſieged Vienna. It covered more than two leagues in extent, and tradition points out the preciſe place where the Vizier's tent

was erected. His ignorance, temerity, and avarice, ſaved the Auſtrian capital, by allowing John Sobieſki time to come to its relief.

The political aſpect of affairs is not materially changed ſince my departure from this city; and war ſtill impends, though it is not actually begun. The great Auſtrian army is aſſembled in Bohemia; and the Emperor, who remains at Prague, is occupied in accelerating its motions. Frederic is in Silèſia, at the head of his forces, accompanied by his two nephews, the Prince Royal, and the Hereditary Prince of Brunſwic. The Elector Palatine continues to preſerve a pacific and inglorious neutrality, while Saxony is armed and zealous in the Pruſſian cauſe. It is pretended that negotiations are again opened between Joſeph and the King, for adjuſting the points in conteſt. But, if ſuch be the fact, we are here in total ignorance of their nature, progreſs, or probable reſult. The Empreſs Queen is already gone to the palace of Schon-

Schonbrun, where ſhe may indulge her emotions, undiſturbed. Vienna itſelf has loſt much of its gaiety, from the abſence of ſo many officers employed on ſervice. In a few days I ſhall probably ſet out for Poland; all means of paſſing through Bohemia being ſuſpended by the circumſtances of the preſent criſis.

LETTER XVII.

Journey to Cracow.—Aſpect of that City.—Palaces.—Ruinous Condition of Cracow.—Poliſh Dreſs.—Marriage Feſtivities.—State of Poland.—Enterprize of Choiſy, and his Defence of the Caſtle of Cracow.—Mines of Vielicza.

CRACOW, *June* 3d, 1778.

AFTER a ſtay of near ſix months at Vienna, I left it on the 24th of May, and reached Olmutz the following evening. That city, the capital of Moravia, preſented an intereſting and animated ſcene, full of troops, and prepared againſt invaſion. Every precaution has been taken for its ſecurity, in caſe of an attack. All the convents are converted into magazines or barracks; the univerſity is removed to Brinn, and the ordinary garriſon is conſiderably augmented. I walked round the place, as it is not permitted to mount the ramparts; and I am not ſurprized at the long reſiſtance

ance which it made, or at the final repulſe that Frederic experienced before it, when he beſieged Olmutz in 1758, juſt twenty years ago. The river Morau, as well as ſeveral other ſtreams that unite near the walls, form a continued moraſs round the town, which renders all regular advances difficult, ſlow, and hazardous. Prince Albert of Saxony and Marſhal Haddick, who have under their command a numerous army, will probably protect it againſt any ſimilar attempt during the preſent ſummer.

Continuing my journey through Auſtrian Sileſia, I arrived at Teſchen, a miſerable town; whence I had only eight leagues to Billitz, which, previous to the late partition of Poland, formed the limit of the Empreſs Queen's dominions. The country, rich, fertile, and populous, formed a ſtriking contraſt to the towns, in which every ſpecies of poverty and wretchedneſs ſeemed to reſide. I croſſed, beyond Teſchen, the river Viſtula, there a ſhallow torrent, ſcarcely twelve miles from its ſource in the Carpa-

thian mountains; and after being detained for ſeveral hours at Billitz, I entered the Imperial Poland. Before the partition of 1772, the Palatinate of Cracow extended to the frontier of Auſtrian Sileſia; but, ſince that memorable event, Maria Thereſa's dominions are puſhed to the edge of the Viſtula, and to the ſuburbs of Cracow itſelf. I had flattered myſelf with reaching that city, the evening of the ſame day on which I left Billitz, the diſtance between the two places being only ſixty-ſix miles; but, about two leagues from Cracow, the horſes having tired, we were obliged to paſs the night in a wood. A peaſant, after ſome hours, relieved us from our embarraſſment, and I arrived early next morning, the 30th of May, on the bank of the Viſtula, oppoſite to Cracow. Croſſing the river over a looſe floating raft, as it might more properly be termed than a bridge; after a fatiguing journey from Olmutz, I gladly found myſelf in a tolerable houſe, kept by a Frenchman, on the great ſquare of the

the antient capital of this diſmembered kingdom.

Cracow cannot be viſited by a ſtranger, without exciting, at every ſtep, emotions of mingled compaſſion and indignation: pity, on contemplating the fallen ſtate of a city once flouriſhing, populous, and celebrated; now ruinous and deſerted: indignation, when we reflect on the abject ſtate to which a country is reduced, where public ſpirit is extinct, the Crown degraded, the Nobility enſlaved, or driven to wander in exile, and its faireſt provinces divided among foreign Powers. On entering Cracow, every object preſented the image of deſolation. Houſes, uninhabited and tumbling into ruin, as if recently ſacked or abandoned by an enemy, ſtruck me on all ſides. Even in the moſt frequented ſtreets, many of the fineſt buildings are falling to decay. The Caſtle, which once conſtituted the royal reſidence of the Poliſh Kings, built on an eminence at the ſouthern extremity of the city, partakes of the general deſtruction.

ſtruction. In the apartments, which now begin to admit the inclemencies of the weather, are ſtill to be ſeen the devices and cyphers of the Sovereigns of the family of "Vaſa," who governed Poland for more than eighty years, during the laſt and the preceding century. The walls, as well as rooms, bear melancholy teſtimony to the actual calamities of the country. They are full of the marks of ſhot and cannon balls, diſcharged againſt the Caſtle, when Cracow was beſieged by the Ruſſians, only ten years ago. General Apraxin, after a deſperate reſiſtance, entered it by ſtorm in Auguſt 1768, putting to the ſword all who oppoſed him. From the hill on which it ſtands, the view is beautiful, commanding the city, the courſe of the Viſtula, and the country to a great diſtance, bounded towards Hungary by the Carpathian mountains, whoſe ſummits are white with ſnow, or loſt in the clouds.

Within the walls of the Caſtle, cloſe to that part of it which may be denominated the

the Palace, ſtands the cathedral, where repoſe the bodies of the various Kings, from Sigiſmund the Firſt, of the line of Jagellon, in the ſixteenth century, down to Auguſtus the Second of Saxony incluſively, who died in 1733. John Sobieſki is among the number; but, to my aſtoniſhment, he has no monument erected to his memory. About a mile out of Cracow, to the north, is likewiſe another palace, which, though now in a ſtate of total dilapidation, bears the marks of former ſplendor. In the gardens, which are converted to purpoſes of huſbandry, and covered with grain, a Tumulus, thrown up more than four hundred years ago, by Caſimir the Great, King of Poland, attracted my attention. It is deſigned to commemorate the ſpot where his miſtreſs is buried. She was a Jeweſs, named Eſther; and ſuch were her charms, as well as her aſcendant over the King, that to them her countrymen are ſaid to have been eminently indebted for the immunities civil

and

and political, which to this day they enjoy in Poland.

National barbariſm, no leſs than political humiliation, perpetually impreſs the mind, on ſurveying the aſpect of the city from which I am writing. Till within the laſt two years, it was not wholly paved; and nothing can be ſo execrable as the preſent paving, which ſcarcely deſerves the name. There is not a ſingle lamp in the place. No precautions are uſed to cleanſe the ſtreets, which of courſe become infectious in ſummer, and almoſt impaſſable in winter. Spouts that project from every houſe, inundate the paſſenger whenever it rains. The bridge laid acroſs the Viſtula, is only a collection of planks, floating on the ſtream; over which a waggon ſcarcely ventures to paſs. I viſited the Univerſity yeſterday. It is mean, ruinous, and deſtitute of every thing requiſite for the education or inſtruction of youth. The arſenal is converted into a ſtable; and the population of Cracow has diminiſhed with its

its grandeur. On numbering the inhabitants a little time ago, they were found to fall ſhort of ten thouſand, among which are included a great proportion of beggars, or perſons in the laſt ſtage of wretchedneſs. The town of Caſimir, which is a ſort of deſerted ſuburb, ſtill more miſerable than the city to which it is joined, may contain likewiſe, it is ſuppoſed, about five thouſand perſons, principally Jews; no individual of that nation being permitted to reſide in Cracow. If we eſtimate the whole number at fifteen thouſand, we ſhall rather exceed, than fall ſhort of the truth. Yet, this was the ancient metropolis, and is ſtill the ſecond city of Poland in ſize, population, and extent.

The Poliſh dreſs continues here to be much worn by perſons of every rank, though it inſenſibly and annually becomes leſs univerſal. At Warſaw, I am aſſured that it is in a great meaſure ſupplanted by the German modes and manners. There

is

is ſomething martial, rude, and characteriſtic in the Poliſh habit, which by no means diſpleaſes. It breaks that tame and inſipid uniformity of external appearance, which, in the courſe of the preſent century, has almoſt entirely ſupplanted the antient national diſtinctions of Europe. The Portugueze, the Ruſſian, and the Neapolitan, are now no longer diſtinguiſhable from each other, and all the former originality of garb, which diſcriminated one nation from another, is loſt. The Poles alone, who have ſurvived their independence, have nevertheleſs tenaciouſly preſerved their former habit, which hitherto the Ruſſians have not attempted to compel them to renounce. A "Piaſt," or gentleman, thus clothed, preſents a ſtriking contraſt to thoſe of every other country. His head, which he ſhaves, is covered with a large fur bonnet. He wears a ſort of huſſar's dreſs, with long hanging ſleeves, a ſabre that reaches to the ground, and boots. His enormous Mouſtachios

tachios complete the fierce ſingularity of his figure, and remind us of his Sarmatian origin.

I was witneſs, two days ago, in a cottage not far from this city, to the revelry and feſtivity obſerved on the marriage of two Poliſh peaſants. The bridegroom was a tall, handſome young man; and the intended bride, though not beautiful, might be termed very agreeable in her perſon. She wore a jacket laced with gold, which fitted exactly to her ſhape; and while it modeſtly concealed her neck, betrayed the formation of her figure. Her hair, parted on the crown of her head, was ornamented with a cap, compoſed of gold thread, and a garland of flowers. Behind, her hair, in great quantity, fell down her back, braided with roſe-coloured ribands. When I came into the room, it was filled with peaſants of both ſexes, half intoxicated. The young bride ſupported herſelf againſt the wall, while her lover, quite unreſtrained by the preſence of ſo many ſpectators, paid

his court to her by every teſtimony of drunken and ſavage pleaſure. He leaned againſt her, howling, whiſtling, ſinging, and hallooing by turns in her ear. From time to time, he preſented her glaſſes of beer, which ſhe never refuſed. But, when he attempted to take liberties with her perſon, ſhe affected to oppoſe his careſſes, and to repulſe his freedom. At a little diſtance was ſeated the bride's mother, in a pleaſing ſtate of partial inebriation, regarding attentively the two lovers. Round them were ſeveral young men, who attended on the bridegroom; and ſix Poliſh girls in waiting on the bride. They were dreſſed exactly like her, having circlets of flowers about their heads, and ſeveral rows of coral round their necks. In the adjoining room, were a number of peaſants, male and female, engaged in dancing. The men wear enormous boots with iron heels, which they ſtrike continually againſt each other. It formed altogether a moſt entertaining exhibition of barbarous mirth.

Such

Such is the ſubjected condition of this city, that its internal protection and police are not entruſted to the Poles. Catharine the Second, who placed Staniſlaus on the throne, not only maintains him in it, but extends her maternal care to every part of his remaining dominions. Her troops, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, are quartered in Cracow, and ſubſiſted at the expence of the inhabitants. Nearly as many more, of whom a third part are Coſſacks, diſperſed in the ſurrounding villages, awe the country, and maintain the publick tranquillity. On the Southern bank of the Viſtula, not a muſket-ſhot diſtant from the ſuburbs, where the Auſtrian territories now commence, a guard of their ſoldiery is ſtationed. For, in conſequence of the late partition of Poland, Cracow, which previouſly ſtood in the midſt of the Palatinate of the ſame name, is become a frontier place, expoſed to hourly inſults, whenever circumſtances may impel or induce Maria Thereſa to cauſe her forces to advance fur-

ther into the kingdom. It is difficult to conceive a tenure more precarious than the one by which Staniſlaus continues to hold the city, over which, in fact, his ſupremacy is merely nominal. In the ſuburb of Caſimir, there are, it is true, between one and two hundred Poliſh troops, who are paid by and in the ſervice of *the Republic*, not of *the Crown* of Poland. But, they cannot act, except in ſubſerviency to the orders of the Ruſſian Commander, who receives his inſtructions from Warſaw, and whoſe pleaſure is paramount to all laws, or control of any kind.

During my ſtay here, I have had opportunities of enquiring every particular, relative to the celebrated enterprize of Charlot and Choiſy, who, little more than ſix years ago, ſurprized the Caſtle of Cracow; and afterwards maintained it for ſeveral months, againſt the whole Ruſſian force, ſtationed in this part of the kingdom. Few attempts of a ſimilar kind have been more hardy, better concerted, or more ſucceſsful. The detail,

detail, which is not unintereſting, will convey an idea of the incapacity, as well as puſillanimity, that have diſtinguiſhed the conduct of the confederate Poles, in all their attempts to ſhake off the Ruſſian yoke, and to emancipate their country. During the inteſtine troubles and civil wars, which deſolated this unfortunate kingdom for ſeveral years, ſince the election of his preſent Majeſty to the Crown; he has owed his protection and preſervation ſolely to the Muſcovite troops of his powerful ally, Catharine the Second. They entered Cracow, at the Breach, in 1768; and more than fifteen hundred were ſtationed here as a regular garriſon, in the commencement of the year 1772. At that time, an army of Poles, confederated under various leaders, in order to oppoſe the tyranny of the Court of Peterſburg, having approached the place, encamped ſcarcely a league off, higher up on the Viſtula. In the camp were many French Officers, who had either been ſent to aid the Confederates by the

Duke de Choiſeul, when firſt Miniſter of France; or who, in time of peace, had ſought fortune and employment among the Poles.

Of the number was Monſieur de Choiſy, a man whoſe intrepidity rendered him capable of conceiving and executing the boldeſt deſign. Having been apprized that the Ruſſians, ſtationed in the Caſtle of Cracow, were negligent and careleſs in their guard, he found means to corrupt a Poliſh ſutler, who lived in the fortreſs, and who ſupplied the garriſon with proviſions. Encouraged by a promiſe of reward, this man offered to aſſiſt the Confederates in ſurprizing the Caſtle, and even engaged to become their guide. He acquainted them, that there was only one entrance unguarded, by which they could effect their deſign; which was a common ſewer, or neceſſary, that emptied itſelf acroſs the wall, on the outſide of the hill. Through this channel, it was therefore determined to make the attempt; and on the

day

day agreed, the ſutler facilitated its execution by giving an entertainment, in honor, as he pretended, of the anniverſary of his daughter's birth. The Ruſſian Lieutenant, who commanded in the fortreſs, was invited to the banquet; and after ſome hours of convivial feſtivity, was carried off from table, in a ſtate of intoxication. The number of ſoldiers ſtationed within the Caſtle, did not exceed fifty, and many of them were in the ſame condition with their Commander.

Meanwhile the confederate army having approached the city, on the ſecond of February 1772; Choiſy, at the head of about three hundred followers, favored by the night, advanced along the bank of the Viſtula, unperceived, quite under the Caſtle walls. In Choiſy's little band, there was a young man, called Charlot, a native of France, who having been reduced, on account of his irregularities, to the neceſſity of quitting his country, had joined the Poliſh inſurgents. He was ſelected to conduct the

party deſtined for the enterprize; a commiſſion which he undertook with alacrity. Accompanied by about thirty volunteers, chiefly French or Germans, he mounted the hill, which is exceedingly ſteep at that place; having previouſly turned their coats inſide out. I went this morning, to inſpect the hole, which is ſtill appropriated to the ſame uſe of a common-ſewer, and has undergone no alteration, except that over it is now laid a grating of iron. But, inſtructed by experience, a Ruſſian ſentinel mounts guard perpetually on the ſpot, to prevent any repetition of the experiment. It is indeed, matter of ſurprize, that ſuch a place ſhould ever have eſcaped obſervation.

Charlot having entered the ſewer firſt, his companions followed ſingly, it not admitting more than one abreaſt. After wading for ſome way, up to their armpits, they effected their object; and as every inſtant was precious, they began by diſpatching the ſentinel, poſted at the place where they got out of the ſewer. The

ſutler

ſutler having joined them, Charlot, with about fifteen of his followers, haſtened to the Lieutenant's apartment, which he entered ſword in hand. Waking with the noiſe, the Ruſſian officer inſtantly diſcharged a loaded piſtol at him, the ball of which broke his thigh. He ſtaggered back, and ſupported himſelf againſt the wall, while his companions diſpatched the Lieutenant. They then proceeded to put to the ſword, or to ſecure, the remaining part of the garriſon; while others, without loſing a moment, opened a little poſtern gate, at which Choiſy entered, with his troop of two hundred and ſeventy.

Being now completely maſters of the Caſtle, Choiſy left a ſmall number of men to guard it, and ſallied out into the city, at the head of the remainder. So admirably had the enterprize been executed, and with ſo little noiſe or diſturbance was it attended, that the Ruſſian forces quartered in Cracow, were perfectly unapprehenſive of danger, as well as unprepared for reſiſtance.

ance. According to the plan concerted between Choiſy and the Chiefs of the confederate Poles, it was ſettled, that as ſoon as he had got entire poſſeſſion of the fortreſs, he ſhould without delay attack the Muſcovite ſoldiery poſted in the town. On their part, the Confederates engaged to make themſelves maſters of two gates, than which nothing could be more eaſy; and to fall upon the enemy in the rear, who would thus have been encloſed between two fires.

Choiſy fulfilled his part of the agreement, with equal punctuality and ſucceſs. He even advanced with ſo much ſilence and ſecrecy, through the ſtreets of Cracow, that he got within fifty paces of the grand guard, before he was either perceived or diſcovered. The Ruſſians then beat to arms, and repulſed his little troop. Under theſe circumſtances, totally unſupported, he nevertheleſs ſuſtained the action for more than two hours, continually retreating, in momentary expectation of being ſuccoured by the confederate forces; but, none appeared.

peared. On the contrary, with unparalleled puſillanimity, they retired without making any effort, and abandoned him to his fate. Thus deſerted, and overpowered by numbers, Choiſy fell back, regained the Caſtle, and ſhut the gates on the enemy. Though deſtitute of all aſſiſtance, he defended himſelf with no leſs bravery than ſkill. It became neceſſary to march troops from Warſaw, to the aid of thoſe at Cracow, and the united forces did not fall ſhort of four thouſand. Near nine hundred Ruſſians periſhed in the various aſſaults, given during the courſe of the ſiege; and it was not till near five months after the ſurprize of the Caſtle, that the beſieged, having totally exhauſted their ammunition and proviſions, were under the neceſſity of ſubmitting at diſcretion. They were ſent into Siberia, according to the laudable principles of Catharine's policy, in order to deter others from following their example. Choiſy himſelf was not exempted from ſo rigorous a puniſhment. Charlot being rendered

rendered incapable of walking by reaſon of his wound, remained a priſoner in the hands of the Ruſſians. It is with pleaſure I add, that both thoſe gallant, but unfortunate gentlemen, together with ſome others of the French taken in the Caſtle of Cracow, have ſince been permitted to return to their native country.

Thus terminated an attempt, which, had it been properly ſuſtained, might have had great and important conſequences: perhaps, might have at leaſt delayed, if not averted, the partition of the kingdom, that took place immediately afterwards. But, the Poles, though enthuſiaſtic in their efforts to maintain, or to recover the independence of their country, have always been deficient in judgment, deſultory in their conduct, and precipitate in their projects. To theſe characteriſtic defects, may in great meaſure be attributed their deſtruction. Before I quit the ſubject of Cracow, I ſhall ſubjoin the fate of the ſutler who introduced Charlot into the Caſtle, which is not the leaſt

leaſt tragical or intereſting part of the narration. No ſooner had Choiſy got poſſeſſion of the fortreſs, than his firſt care was to ſend the man away, after rewarding him with a hundred ducats, and enjoining him inſtantly to leave Poland. The ſutler obeyed, and in a few hours reached Billitz, the firſt town in Auſtrian Sileſia, where he might have remained in perfect ſafety. His wife and two children were preparing to follow him. But, after ſome ſtay at Billitz, he had the imprudence to return to Cracow in diſguiſe, having perſuaded himſelf that the Ruſſians would not diſcover him. Being ſoon recognized, he was condemned to the puniſhment of the "Batogs;" a mode of execution common in Muſcovy, which is inflicted by flogging or ſtriking the criminal on the back with a thong, in which is contained a piece of lead. Under this ſentence he expired, the victim of his own folly and temerity, on the very ſpot where Charlot had been admitted into the Caſtle.

I returned

I returned yeſterday from viſiting the ſalt mines of Vielicza, ſituate two leagues off, on the ſouthern ſide of the Viſtula. After being let down by a rope, as in thoſe of Cremnitz, to the depth of about two hundred and thirty feet; our conductors led us through galleries, which, for loftineſs and breadth, ſeemed rather to reſemble the avenues to ſome ſubterranean Palace, than paſſages cut in a mine. They were perfectly dry in every part, and terminated in two chapels compoſed entirely of ſalt, hewn out of the ſolid maſs. The images which adorn the altars, as well as the pillars and ornaments, were all of the ſame tranſparent materials; the points and ſpars of which, reflecting the rays of light from the lamps which the guides held in their hands, produced an effect equally novel and beautiful. Deſcending lower into the earth by means of ladders, I found myſelf in an immenſe hall or cavern of ſalt, many hundred feet in height, length, and dimenſions, the floor and ſides of which were cut with exact regularity.

gularity. A thouſand perſons might dine in it without inconvenience, and the eye in vain attempted to trace, or to define its limits. Nothing could be more ſublime than this vaſt ſubterranean apartment, illuminated by flambeaux, which faintly diſcover its prodigious magnitude, and leave the imagination at liberty to enlarge it indefinitely. After remaining about two hours and a half under ground, I was drawn up again in three minutes, with the greateſt facility.

The mines of Vielicza, if conſidered as objects of curioſity, afforded me higher gratification than any which I have viſited in Europe. They have been already worked above five hundred years, and appear to be inexhauſtible; more ſalt being found in them than can poſſibly be ſold, though they ſupply all Poland with their produce. It is ſcarcely mixed with any extraneous, metallic, or earthy particles, in the places where the workmen principally dig. They have in fact little more trouble than merely

to

to collect, pound, and put it into barrels. Only four hundred and thirty-five men are employed at this time; but in winter they amount to double the number. At Vielicza, as in Hungary, they never ſleep below; the horſes alone, about fifty of which are uſually in employment, remaining conſtantly under ground. No woman is allowed to deſcend into the mines; a regulation of great propriety. All the Intendants and Overſeers are Germans: the miners are univerſally natives of Poland. They enter at four o'clock in the morning, and continue till the ſame hour in the afternoon, when they are drawn up and relieved by others. In depth, the mines of Vielicza fall far ſhort of thoſe at Schemnitz, being no where above twelve hundred feet below the ſurface of the earth. But, they are in every reſpect far eaſier of acceſs; and the air, which I found ſo oppreſſive in the Hungarian, was cool and pleaſant in the Poliſh mines.

Their

Their loſs to the Republic is not to be eſtimated; and as they conſtituted a chief ſource of the royal revenues, having always been part of the domain of the Crown, the preſent King muſt doubly feel the defalcation of ſuch a ſource of national wealth. Maria Thereſa and her ſon ſeem to be fully aware of the value, as well as importance of the acquiſition. Vielicza fell to their ſhare, in the memorable partition of this country, ſix years ago. Every precaution is now taking, in order to ſecure it; not againſt the Confederates; for thoſe miſerable combinations are completely quelled, and Poland, from one extremity to the other, is ſubjugated under the Ruſſian deſpotiſm: but the Court of Vienna juſtly dreads a more formidable enemy. Cracow and Vielicza are not far removed from the frontiers of Sileſia; and Frederic, whoſe attention is ever active, may eaſily make an irruption into Poland. The Viſtula would form no ſufficient barrier againſt his inroads. Batteries are therefore erecting, " Chevaux

de Friſe" are already placed, and a body of troops is ſtationed, for the protection of the mines. Time will ſhew whether theſe meaſures are ſufficient for their effectual ſafety and preſervation.

My next letter will be from Warſaw, for which city I ſhall ſet out to-morrow.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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